

The Smart Screen Magazine



SCREENLAND

February

15c
20¢ in Canada



Ruby Keeler

Charles Sheldon

PRIZES *from*
RUBY KEELER IN BIG NEW CONTEST!
Man and Wife in Hollywood by **Beth Brown**
Mickey Mouse Feature

Both for Beauty's Sake

HER COAT,

\$2500

HER TOOTH PASTE,

25¢



**All women welcome the
cleanliness and brilliance
this tooth paste affords**

SURPRISING to some but not to us were the results of a survey recently made in several midwestern cities. Listerine Tooth Paste was revealed as the constant preference of many of the wealthiest people.

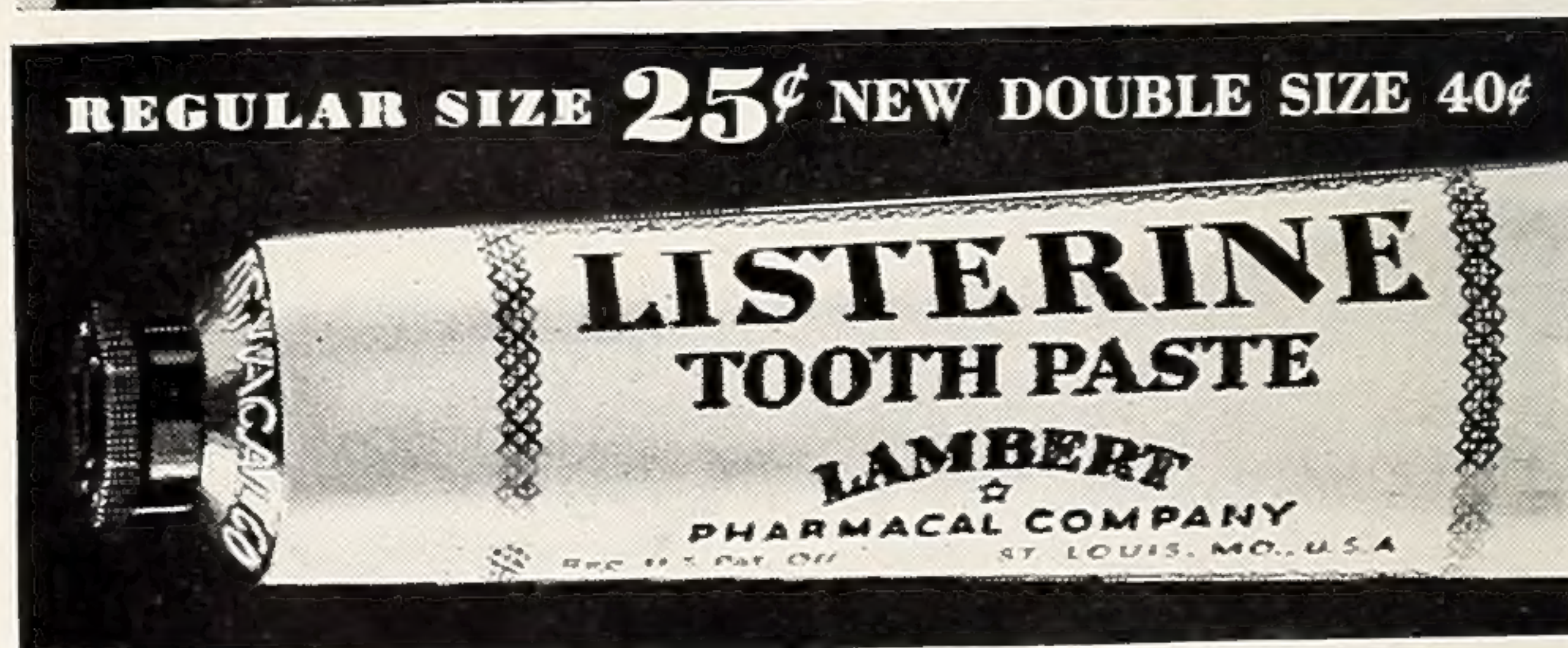
The 25¢ price obviously could not be the deciding factor with women able to buy clothes worth a fortune, or men rich enough to maintain large estates. No, indeed; these people were won to this dentifrice by its merits and held by its permanent results in keeping teeth healthy, clean, and sparkling.

They, like three million others, have discovered that Listerine Tooth Paste pretty nearly approaches the ideal.

If you haven't tried it, we urge you to do so now. Note how swiftly and how thoroughly it cleans teeth—enters hard-to-reach crevices.

See how quickly it attacks unsightly tartar and discolorations—particularly those due to smoking. Observe the flashing brilliance and lustre it gives to your teeth—modern polishing ingredients so gentle in action are responsible.

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Broadcast by **LISTERINE**,
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Complete operas . . . 3 hours . . . Every Saturday . . . all
NBC stations . . . see your newspaper for time

NAPOLEON'S MASTER

with the troops . . . with the ladies

Arliss surpasses himself!

Wellington, the Iron Duke,
who out-maneuvered
Napoleon on the battle-
fields and in the ball-
rooms of France!

Thrillingly portrayed by
the electrifying genius of
George Arliss!



GEORGE ARLISS IN The IRON DUKE

Directed by Victor Saville



COMING
TO YOUR FAVORITE THEATRE . . .

NOVA PILBEAM, in *LITTLE FRIEND*;
CHU CHIN CHOW; *POWER*;
EVELYN LAYE in *EVENSONG*;
JACK HULBERT in *JACK AHOY*;
JESSIE MATTHEWS in *EVERGREEN*;
EVELYN LAYE, HENRY WILCOXON
in *PRINCESS CHARMING* . . .



GAUMONT BRITISH PRODUCTIONS

FEB 28 1935

The Smart Screen Magazine

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SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, *Editor*James M. Fidler, *Western Representative*Tom Kennedy, *Assistant Editor*Frank J. Carroll, *Art Director*

NEXT ISSUE— ALL-STAR!

Greta Garbo—

By Henry Albert Phillips!

Merle Oberon—

By Leonard Hall!

Many Stars—

By Beth Brown!

Elizabeth Bergner—

By Hettie Grimstead!

George Arliss—

By Tom Kennedy!

Dick Powell—

By James M. Fidler!

All these stars, and star-writers, will appear, exclusively and sumptuously presented in the inimitable SCREENLAND manner, in the March issue on sale January 25.

February, 1935

THIS MONTH

Vol. XXX, No. 4

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2 YEARS *of waiting*

and now the motion picture
that wins

SCREEN FAME!



Two years ago it was the dream of its producers, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer! The theme was so daring, so exciting that nothing since "Trader Horn" could equal its brilliant novelty. Now it is a stirring reality on the screen. Out of the High Sierras, out of the wilderness that is America's last frontier... roars this amazing drama of the animal revolt against man. A Girl Goddess of Nature! A ferocious mountain lion and a deer with human instincts! Leaders of the wild forest hordes! A production of startling dramatic thrills that defies description on the printed page... that becomes on the screen YOUR GREATEST EXPERIENCE IN A MOTION PICTURE THEATRE!



Pronounced
"SEE-
QUO-
YAH"

SEQUOIA

**A GIRL GODDESS OF NATURE LEADS
THE ANIMAL REVOLT AGAINST MAN**

with
JEAN PARKER

Produced by JOHN W. CONSIDINE, JR.
Directed by CHESTER M. FRANKLIN

Based on the novel "Malibu" by Vance Joseph Hoyt

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Salutes and Snubs

Read what others say!
Write what you think!

The first eight letters receive
prizes of \$5.00 each

WHOM THE GOBS APPLAUD!

After living for twelve years under a white hat, I say with confidence: We American bluejackets are not movie fans, we are addicts! Yet Shirley Temple and Mickey Mouse are the only stars whose appearance on the screen is greeted by our applause. To Garbo and Hepburn, we say "phooey!"

Allen M. Hewlett,
14th Division,
U.S.S. Saratoga,
Long Beach, Calif.

MEDALS FOR SPEECH!

As a telephone operator, I can appreciate really good voices. My two favorites among the men on the screen are: Leslie Howard for his carefully modulated voice; and Fredric March for his clear "American" manner of speech.

Ida M. Pearson,
1403 Green St.,
Harrisburg, Pa.

HOPE YOU GET YOUR WISH!

I come to ask a boon of thee, Mr. Producer! Since I belong to the class of working men, I'd like to see a "down to earth" story in which the poor working boy does not go to work in an imported car and sit behind a mahogany desk when he gets there.

J. B. Jack,
Lock Box 461,
Pennsboro, West Va.

MAGNIFICENT BLAH?

How absurd and foolish are Cecil B. DeMille's attempts at great magnificence! They are so much inartistic bla-bla. Nothing is left to the imagination. Every scene



*Fredric March is
Top Man by man-
date of fan Sa-
lutes this month.*

If you want to know which way the wind will be blowing in the movie world tomorrow and the day after, read what the fans have to say about pictures and the stars! And here is the place where the fans talk right out in meeting.

Our present meeting, incidentally, brings up for sharp and lively discussion that moot question about the right of the stars to a private life, and you'll find the pros and cons swirling about Ann Harding in this particular debate.

You'll find also something that will surprise you in the testimony of one Uncle Sam's blue-jackets, because you'd never guess who are the two biggest screen favorites of the men on the men o' war!

And after you have read these interesting letters and enjoyed their pertinent comment on the films and the stars, how about putting your own views on the record? What are your ideas about some picture you've recently seen, the players who enacted it; or your opinions as to how Hollywood can make the picture theatres even more interesting for the movie fans?

Send in a letter now. It may be judged among the best eight letters for the month, in which case you will win a prize of \$5.00, and that may come in very handy. It's worth trying for—so send in a letter. Restrict it to fifty words and address to Letter Dept., SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th St., N. Y. C.

is smothered under a clutter of countless detail. His so-called realism is applied to the wrong thing and in the wrong place.

Sam Clements,
135 Corby Hall,
Notre Dame, Ind.

SPEAK FOR YOURSELF, ANN!

Having subscribed to SCREENLAND primarily to hear more about Ann Harding, I do hope she answers Delight Evans' "open letter" with a similarly "open" one.

Producers, please intersperse those martyr rôles Ann portrays with more rôles like Joan in "Double Harness." That was perfect entertainment!

Mrs. M. D. A.,
517 College St.,
Cleburne, Tex.

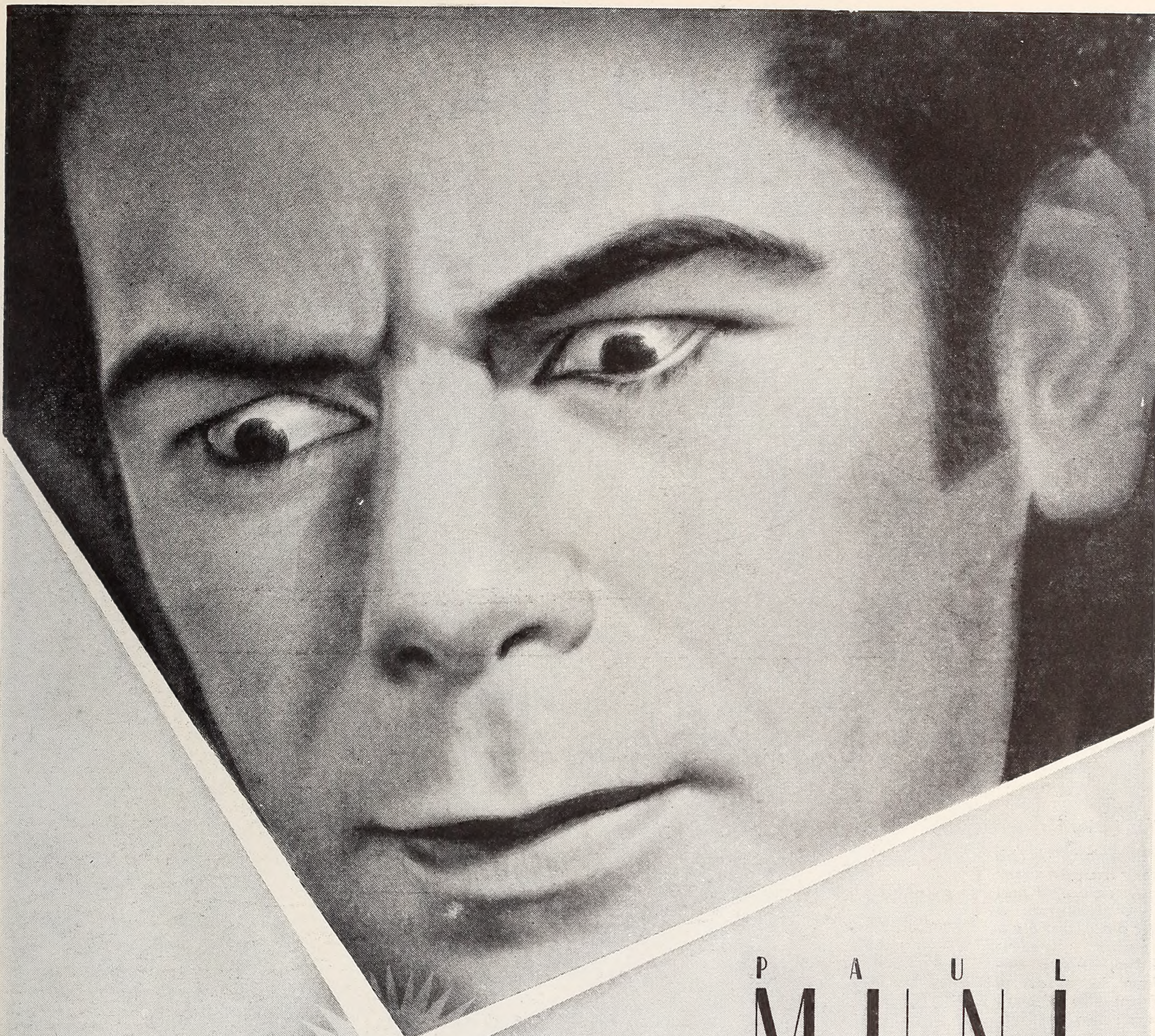
IS THE ACTING THE THING?

Delight Evans' letter to Ann Harding poses a question. Are we interested foremost in the "art" of stars—the characters they portray, the manner in which they portray them? Or do we concern ourselves with the personalities of the players instead? I believe the acting, not the actors, is paramount.

Coursin Black,
P. O. Box 35,
Chautauqua, N. Y.

ULTIMATUM!

A "Snub" to Ann Harding for her hauteur and high-hattishness of the press.
(Continued on page 79)



The Picture of the Month

P A U L
MUNI

the fighting fury of the screen
meets his match at last in

BETTE DAVIS

— a hellcat with murder on her
conscience and Muni on her mind

And then things happen! . . . Things
that will burn themselves into your
memory of a drama which combines the
best features of "I Am A Fugitive" and
"Of Human Bondage"—Warner Bros.

"BORDERTOWN"

with Margaret Lindsay and Eugene
Pallette delivering the other standout
performances in a tremendous cast,
superbly directed by Archie Mayo.



SCREENLAND Honor Page

To lovely Evelyn Laye, blonde British beauty whose voice and acting enhance the appeal of "Evensong," an English picture you'll want to see

"Evensong" is the very human story of a talented girl who becomes a great opera singer. Evelyn Laye, shown below in a scene from the picture with Emlyn Williams, popular British actor, plays the leading part with fine understanding and sympathy; and her own charming singing voice is admirably suited to her prima donna rôle.



"EVENSONG" is Evelyn Laye's farewell, for a while, to the English screens. Miss Laye has been signed to a Hollywood contract, and will be one of the pet "adopted artists" of our own cinema capital. But her "goodbye" to Great Britain is a picture that will keep her celluloid memory green over there—our English cousins will not soon forget her screen image after watching her reveal the emotions of a temperamental singer in youth and in old age as she does so splendidly in "Evensong." Farewell—and Hail, Evelyn Laye!

Gary Cooper, Fighting Man of all Nations!

by James A. Daniels

He has worn the uniforms of a half-dozen nations and twice that many branches of the various services. He has carried every known form of war weapon from a six-gun to a cavalry lance. He has soldiered in the Sahara, the trenches of France, the mountains of Italy and on the battlefields of our own Civil War. He has fought hand-to-hand, in the air and astride a horse.

That's the unique record of filmdom's best-beloved portrayer of warlike roles—Gary Cooper. Too young to see actual service in the World War, the tall Montana lad nevertheless has earned the screen title of "The Fighting Man of All Nations."

He "enlisted" first as an aviator in that never-to-be-forgotten picture, "Wings."

Then came brief periods of service in the French Foreign Legion in "Beau Sabreur" and again in "Morocco." Who can forget him as the American ambulance driver on the Italian front in "A Farewell to Arms"? Then there were the roles of the British Tommy in "Seven Days Leave," the U. S. Marine in "If I Had a Million" and the American dough-boy in "The Shopworn Angel." More recently he turned time back to don the uniform of an officer of the Confederacy in the Civil War.

Nor is Gary through with uniforms. He has just finished the stellar role in Paramount's "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer" and both Gary and the studio believe it is the most colorful characterization of them all. As the heroic young captain in this picked British regiment stationed on the northern boundary of India, Gary alternates between the English Army service uniforms and the picturesque Indian dress uniforms worn in honor of the native allies of the British.

But more important than the uniforms he wears is the part he plays. It's the tensely dramatic role of a British officer who goes gayly into danger in order that the honor of the regiment, the Bengal Lancers, may remain unsullied and that a soldier-father may never know that his son betrayed the regiment. Critics who have seen the picture agree that it marks a new high for Cooper and that the picture promises to be to talking pictures what "Beau Geste" was to the silent screen.

Surrounding Cooper in this colorful setting are such excellent actors as Sir Guy Standing, himself an officer in the British Navy in the World War; Richard Cromwell, Franchot Tone, C. Aubrey Smith, Monte Blue and Kathleen Burke. Henry Hathaway directed "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer," a picture which has taken three years to make, and which was partially filmed in India.



Lovely Dolores Del Rio greets you with Latin hospitality in a modernistic setting. Truly a thrilling experience, this latest SCREENLAND star visit! Del Rio reveals favorite dishes of her famous guests in her own charming way. Exclusive!



By
Betty
Boone

Special photographs
exclusively posed for
SCREENLAND by Bert
Longworth.

Inside the Stars' Homes

What a picture! Del Rio, above, presides at luncheon in her beautiful modern home. Don't miss a detail of her unusual table. Right, Dolores serves her celebrated salad—and that's a dish of "blini" in the large platter.



BECAUSE he liked the groups of huge and ancient cedar trees on land in a canyon near the sea, Cedric Gibbons bought it and built a modernistic house there for Mrs. Gibbons, more widely known as Dolores Del Rio.

It's an unusual and beautiful house of glass and chromium, copper and cement-colored composition block, with a blue tiled swimming pool and red doors to dressing-rooms and summer-house. The cedars tower over house and pool and tennis courts, as picturesque as though they had been designed by their artist owner.

The door to the house is of dull chromium steel, with an outline of vermilion and a tiny cylindrical peep-hole large enough for one eye to reconnoiter through it. The eye that looked out at me was dark and flashing, unmistakable with its long lashes and "half-moon" shape that laughter gives to the eyes of Dolores.

"My speak-easy!" she bubbled, and came to greet me.

"I tell you," she cried, her pretty hands rushing into enthusiastic gesture, as we crossed the foyer, "I have been thinking of what SCREENLAND would like and what the women who entertain would like, and I have made out a luncheon menu of unusual dishes that would be nice to serve when a small company is expected. So my

cook has prepared the dishes and you and I will try them together!"

The only color about her was in the shining plaids of the metal scarf at the throat of her black dress, but she seemed more vivid and radiant than another girl would be in silver and scarlet.

The butler who had previously pushed the electric button so that I could open the gates of the Gibbons' garden, announced luncheon and we proceeded to the dining room, our reflections moving also across the great mirrors that repeat the glass and metal and rose-beige finish of the entrance hall.

The long table in the dining room is made of a special glass that gleams like metal, and through it the greeny-blue of the supports makes a modernistic pattern. Chairs of the same greeny-blue are upholstered in the

yellow-white velvet of the window draperies.

"The first course I chose is avocado soup," Dolores informed me, as glass and silver plates were set before us. "My mother used to serve it when I was at home in Mexico, and it was always my favorite. It is a Mexican dish, but very few people know about it.

"It is very easy to make, which is nice for the cook, though I think real cooks do not care if a dish is a trouble to do, if only it is delicious! I know I love good food and I love to cook, too. Whenever I go out, if I have something good, I try to find out how it is made and when I come home I tell my cook about it and then we have it here.

"For this soup, you take four cups of consomme, seasoned to taste. Then you mash a ripe avocado, and just before you are ready to serve the soup, you add the avocado, stir it in and serve with croutons."

You may take my word for it that the result is something to dream about.

"Latin hospitality!" My hostess echoed my question. "I tell you—Latin hospitality is very much like that of your own Southern states. We love having guests and we like to make you feel at home and pleased that you came, just as your southerners do. I think guests *do* feel welcome and wanted. Latins like everybody to wish they did not have to go home.

"The only trouble with that sort of hospitality is that the hosts are so eager to have you enjoy your dinner or whatever meal it is, that you are likely to feel hurt if you don't eat everything. You perhaps are not hungry, or maybe you don't feel so well that day and would like to eat lightly, or your doctor has told you not to take rich food, or even you do not care for that dish, but you soon see that you must eat it or you will mortally offend your host.

"I like to see my guests enjoy themselves and I like to serve delicious things. I always work out the menus for this house with my cook every morning, that is my pleasure. No, I am afraid I never consider my guests' diets!"

Blini replaced the soup. *Blini* are really *crepes* (very thin French pancakes), spread with caviar, rolled and smothered in sour cream.

"I had *blini* for the first time years ago when I was in Paris, at a little Russian café," Dolores told me. "It is a Russian dish, not a Mexican one, but I adored it and could not get enough. Often I make a whole meal of *blini*, and so I want to tell you about it. Everyone likes it who comes here. Jack Gilbert is one—if he is coming, he always asks if I am going to have *blini*!"

Here is the recipe for this delicacy. You can increase the quantities if you wish to serve more people:

Crepes

- ½ cup flour
- 3 tablespoons powdered sugar
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- ½ cup milk
- 1 egg

Mix your dry ingredients, add milk, stir until perfectly smooth. Add egg, beat thoroughly and cook in greased pan.

Spread each crepe with caviar, roll and cover with sour cream.

A cupful of sour cream is beaten up with the juice of a lemon and a teaspoon of sugar, and this dressing is added just before the dish is served.

"Gary Cooper is also very fond of *blini*," remembered Dolores, as we disposed of the luscious rolls. "Gary is my best guest—he always has two helpings of everything! I am Latin enough to adore that! I feel so

(Continued on page 86)

Reduce your WAIST THREE INCHES

AND HIPS IN TEN DAYS

with the
PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE
or it won't cost
you one cent!

... Read how Miss Jean Healy reduced her hips **9 INCHES!**

"Why Jean! What a gorgeous figure, how did you get so thin?"

"I read an 'ad' of the Perfolastic Co. and sent for their FREE folder."

"They actually allowed me to wear the Perfolastic for 10 days on trial ..."

"and in 10 days, by actual measurement, my hips were 3 INCHES SMALLER!"

"I really felt better, my back no longer ached, and I had a new feeling of energy."

"The massage-like action did it ... the fat seemed to have melted away!"

"In a very short time I had reduced my hips 9 inches and my weight 20 pounds!"

"Jean, that's wonderful, I'll send for my girdle today!"

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THE MESSAGE-LIKE ACTION REDUCES QUICKLY, EASILY and SAFELY

The massage-like action of these famous Perfolastic Reducing Garments takes the place of months of tiring exercises. It removes surplus fat and stimulates the body once more into energetic health.

KEEPS YOUR BODY COOL AND FRESH

The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic is a delightfully soft, satinized fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

The new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere knead away the fat at only those places where you want to reduce, in order to regain your youthful slimness. Beware of reducing agents that take the weight off the *entire* body . . . for a scrawny neck and face are as unattractive as a too-fat figure.

SEND FOR 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER

You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce *you*. You do not need to risk one penny . . . try them for 10 days at our expense!

Don't wait any longer . . . act today!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

41 EAST 42nd ST., Dept. 732, NEW YORK, N.Y.

Without obligation on my part, please send me FREE booklet describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

By
Jane Whitney



Those who guide the stars and translate scripts into action are among Hollywood's unsung heroes, rarely commanding the public notice they rightfully deserve. In this series, SCREENLAND tells the true story about the important picture directors.

Mervyn LeRoy
resents being called
"genius," but he goes
on making hits

Contact with the theatre since he was twelve, has given LeRoy a deep-rooted sense of "audience values." At right, Irene Dunne, Director LeRoy, Louis Calhern and Cameraman Polito listen to an old song record between scenes for "Sweet Adeline."



Master of the Hit Formula!

ONE NIGHT, a little over a quarter of a century ago, a youngster, just turned seven, was sleeping the sleep of the very young. Suddenly his boy dreams were disrupted by an unearthly din, a screeching of wooden boards and iron hinges. The world, his world, was tottering. Pandemonium broke loose. It was the beginning of the San Francisco earthquake of 1906.

The air was filled with a deafening crash, a rising clamor of terror-laden voices, and down, down, down went Mervyn LeRoy and his little bed to the trembling earth below. Three whole floors below! The end of all material things? Not for Mervyn. Not by many amazing experiences yet to come!

Upon finding himself suddenly wide awake, unharmed,

mentally and geographically down to earth, his first fearless thoughts were of his bicycle. The one his father, then owner of a department store, had given him not long before. With the ground doing queer things under his feet, he made straight for the shed where his bicycle stood. An ever-widening glare of light crimsoned the sky. The shed, when he arrived there, was ablaze with flames. Men shouted and danced like demented wraiths in the livid glow. The city was on fire!

Mervyn forgot about his bike. There were other, bigger things to do. He must help put out that fire!

That was twenty-six years ago. Mervyn is now thirty-two, and though he has never again been called upon to stamp out the flames of a city on fire, he has been going about in a hectic (Continued on page 70)

The Editor's Page.

An Open Letter to G. G.

"KID" GARBO,
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios,
Culver City, Cal.

Dear "Chocolate":

How're you, kid?

Giving in?

Always thought you would, sooner or later. Of course, it's "later," all right; but maybe it won't be long now before you're answering fan letters and posing for bathing suit pictures again.

You know, you've never fooled me even a little bit. Perhaps because I am one of the few living persons who has ever really met you. I won't forget that meeting, either; I liked you, liked your frank and friendly greeting, your shyness, your genuine modesty; liked your good manners when you crossed the room to get me your special brand of cigarette; enjoyed your democratic difference to the other screen celebrities of the period. Yes, that was a long, long time ago. 'Way back in the Jack Gilbert era. Nevertheless, in your later motion pictures I'd catch brief, tantalizing glimpses of the girl I had met, beneath all the gloomy "Queen Christina" grandeur, chiefly when you'd grin. That grin, in fact, kept alive my interest and my enthusiasm in the Garbo Legend. And now—now is Director "Woody" Van Dyke smashing that legend to bits?

I hope so. Because somewhere under the layers and layers of Duse-Bernhardt business there must be a real Garbo who could thrill the world once more; who could go on to really great things on screen and stage. And if Director Van Dyke has found you out with his disarming honesty which places all troupers, stars or support, on the same genial footing, then I'll toss another hat in the air—and I've already tossed away too many hats over "The Thin Man." No, Greta—I'm afraid you won't be able to fool any of us any more, if it's true, and how I hope it is, that you



liked Mr. Van Dyke's directorial methods which included calling you "Honey" and "Kid"—to which latter you're rumored to have returned, "Just call me 'Chocolate.'"

It took Director Van Dyke to tear away the painted veil from the musty Garbo statue. Next, he'll probably topple the statue right off its pedestal if he has a chance. And whether you actually enjoy, at this late date, being treated as just another human being, as Van Dyke invariably treats anybody working on the set, instead of The Woman in the Glass Cage, you're a good enough business girl to like to make "hit" pictures. And a hit, Kid Chocolate, is what you need.

Delight Swann



Manners for Meeting Movie Stars

How to act and what to say when presented to cinema celebrities. Don't miss this original and exclusive feature!

By Dorothy Manners

(No pun intended!)

AFTER this, just call me *Emily Post* Manners. I, who recently forgot Norma Shearer's name during an introduction and once said to Corinne Griffith: "Goodbye, I'm so glad to have met you—hope I soon you again see!" am herewith compiling an essay on the etiquette of meeting movie stars, and how to go about it. Well, why not? Trial by error is almost as good a teacher as experience, proving that my Rules For Getting Off On The Right Foot with Connie Bennett, Joan Crawford, Ronald Colman *et al* may be followed with impunity by the most timid star greeter.

Of course, the first rule for meeting a movie star is to get to Hollywood or New York. On second thought, a lot of good that will do unless you're a relative of Louis B. Mayer's or one of the Warner boys.

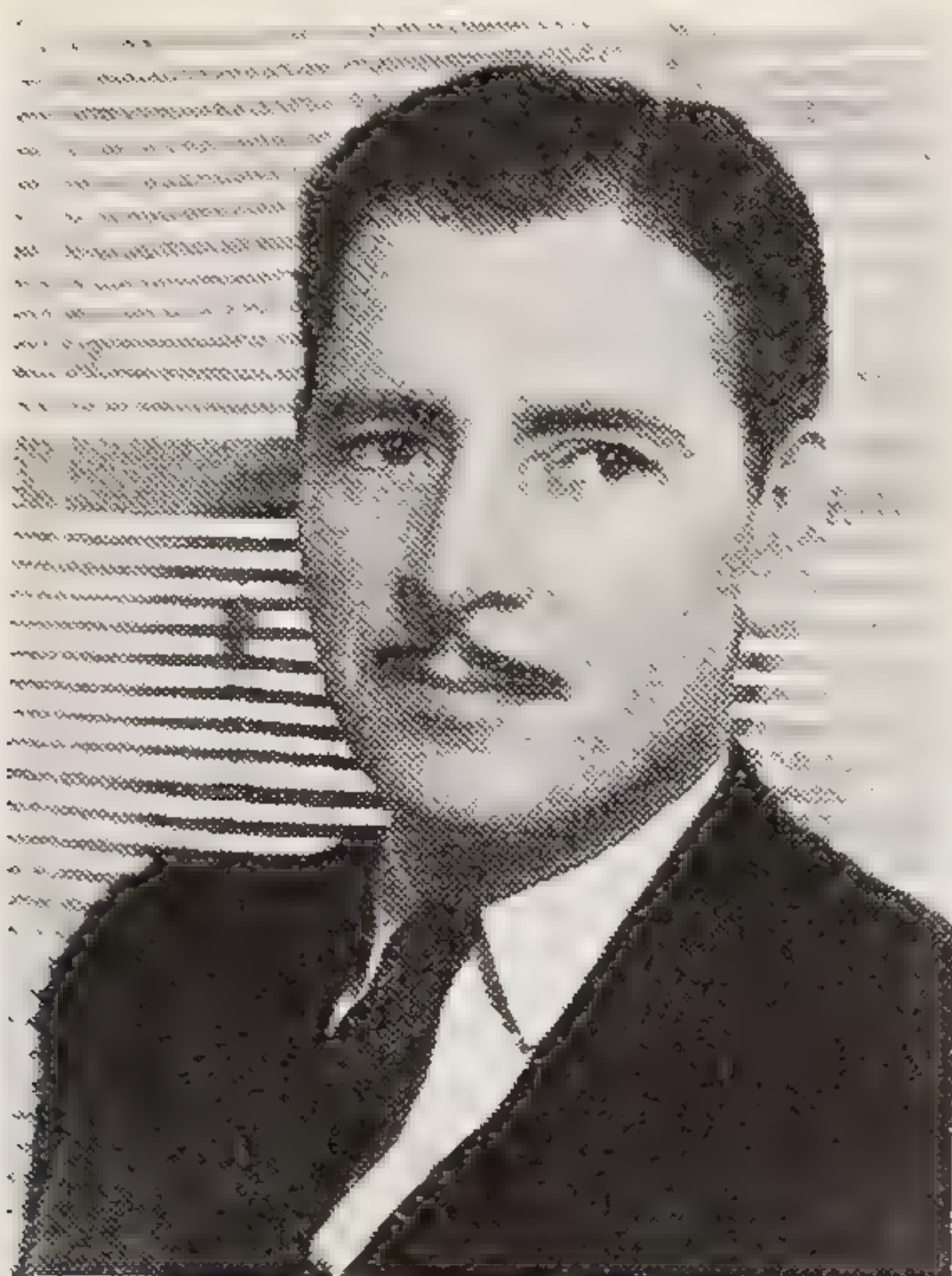


Connie Bennett disarms you when you meet her. It's even safe to tell her you didn't like her latest film, if she feels the same way about it! Effusiveness bothers Miss Bennett.

Elissa Landi, at left, is a lot more fun to meet than you'd imagine!

Clark Gable really likes all kinds of people and enjoys talking to them.





You would be graciously "received" by Swanson, with that slight edge of "royalty unbending" that still clings to Gloria's manner. Don't, however, mention the word "come-back" to La Swanson! That would never do.

Believe it or not, you can flirt a little bit with Ronnie Colman, above!

But Maurice Chevalier, right, just doesn't "meet" well. Read the reason.



If you just can't manage to be a relative to someone who matters or have a friend who has a friend who is on social footing with the elite, the only other approach is the fan-album-in-hand-I've-always-admired-your-work-so-much system at the Vendome or one of the various Brown Derbys. Gate-crashing is absolutely frowned upon, and ringing home door-bells or calling up over the telephone is a direct cut to ostracization. In fact, it is downright "pest-y" and will rate you nothing but a door in the face or a receiver in the ear from even the most approachable celeb.

The second rule is to pick your star—in other words, there's nothing like meeting someone who will be met, and surprisingly enough there are plenty of them. If I were you I'd skip Greta Garbo or Katharine Hepburn for my first encounter with a star in the flesh because Greta is still her frightened-faun self, and so is Kathie Hepburn, by gum!

Off-hand I can think of no one better to start with than Joan Crawford, for if Joan is not the most cordial stellar person in Hollywood to meet, she's so close to it you can skip the difference. Joan not only smiles and bows to the crowds that line-up after previews and before dinners, she actually shakes hands and calls "Hello" right back!

But there's one little trick of standing out from the crowd so far as Joan is concerned—something that will set you apart from the other meeters and greeters—and that is, a sincere handclasp and a remark that is personal to her, and could not apply to any other ermine-coated celebrity present. Then, indeed, you have Joan's undivided attention! If you can prove that you have been writing her letters for years and years and have always adored her on the screen and that she has been something of an inspiration in your life, you need not worry that you'll bore her. Tears have actually welled in Joan's eyes following an effusive tribute from a stranger. She is so touched she usually murmurs "God bless you"—and you rate ace-high with her ever after. Ten-to-one she'll get your address, write you a nice letter and send an autographed picture.

On the other hand, I wouldn't try "inspiration" on Connie Bennett. Effusiveness bothers Connie and gets in her sleek. (Continued on page 95)



By
Leonard
Hall

Personally,
Mrs. Lew Ayres.
Professionally, still
Ginger, in a love scene,
above, with Lederer.



No More Nonsense!

Ginger Rogers settles
down to taking her
romance and her career
seriously

TWO great events have recently taken place in the life of our little carrot-topped girl friend, Ginger Rogers.

One, of course, is her marriage to Mr. Lew Ayres, the eminent juvenile actor who tootled a saxophone in a jazz band before the lightning of Hollywood fame struck him.

The second, perhaps, is even more important. In fact, I think that the peppery one has just won the greatest artistic battle of her brief but florid screen career.

The minx has flatly refused to twinkle for the camera clad only in the armor of righteousness and her little pink undies—and has gotten away with it! This thrilling episode marks a turning point in Ginger's classic career. No longer is she the pliable little song and dance cutie—she is now a woman and an actress, like Garbo,

Helen Hayes and ZaSu Pitts. You never catch an artist like La Pitts' scooting around a scene in her step-ins!

No longer will Ginger's director coo: "Now, Ginger, a weentsy close-up of you brooding before the fire in your pink 'uns"—and make it stick. The Rogers has Dared for Decency—and Won!

For several years, as you know, no Ginger Rogers picture was considered kosher unless the sorrel-topped child, garbed only in her prettiest lacy doo-dads, was playfully pursued by the leading man through several hundred feet of raw stock. Now, this may have been very uplifting for us boys, but I can understand the young lady getting fed to the back teeth with such childish antics. Was she an actress, she reasoned, or was she just a brassiere demonstrator?

Having decided, in jig time, (*Continued on page 85*)

George Brent's Future

By

Mabel Smith

As told to Franc Dillon

EVERY week dozens of people ask me questions, not only about their own personal problems, but about those of the motion picture stars. On account of his recent successful pictures and particularly due to the fact that he was chosen to play the lover in "The Painted Veil" with Greta Garbo, I have been kept busy answering questions about George Brent.

"Will he marry Miss Garbo? Why didn't his romance with Ruth Chatterton last? Why wasn't his first success, 'The Rich Are Always With Us,' followed by others? Why wasn't he the big hit Warner Brothers expected him to be? Why is it that he is now in demand for important pictures at every studio in Hollywood, when only two years ago he was hanging around Hollywood unwanted? Will this sudden enthusiasm for him last? Will he fulfill the promise made in 'Desirable' and

others of his recent pictures and become one of the most popular stars?"

Are you out of breath? Those are but a few of the questions asked me every day by friends and fans of George Brent. What influence, they ask me, have the stars on his career? Of course the skeptics will say the stars have nothing to do with it, but we'll pay no attention to the skeptics because the stars are seldom very good to them, anyway.

George Brent was born on the 15th of March, which makes him a Pisces. Pisces is the sign of the Zodiac which rules the period from February 20th to March 20th, and is often called the birth sign of poets, artists and dreamers. Caruso, Mary Garden, Geraldine Farrar and Michelangelo, to mention a few, were born under this sign.

Every sign has a ruling (Continued on page 72)

George Brent is Garbo's "other man" in "The Painted Veil," below. Will he be her leading man in real life? Read what this story predicts about the future that faces George.



Editor's Note: Mabel Smith is Hollywood's pet astrologer. For years she has advised the stars in their business and personal affairs. In the article on this page she explains, according to his horoscope, what the future holds for George Brent.

Famous author presents fresh new angle on screenland's most interesting problem—Marriage among the stars



The Jimmy Gleasons, above, give Beth Brown their recipe for permanent marriage.

Charles and Elsa Laughton, brilliant sophisticates, believe in marriage and work at it.

George Arliss computes his wedded bliss in decades. Right, Mr. Arliss with his wife.



Man and Wife

WHEN a star in Hollywood gets a divorce—that's two columns on the front page of any newspaper. When a star in Hollywood gets married—that's half a column on page two. But when a star in Hollywood stays married—you don't even hear about it!

Yet the Hollywood marriage is much more interesting than the Hollywood divorce.

It's one step ahead of the week-end marriage. It's two steps ahead of trial marriage. It's strides ahead of marriage in Soviet Russia. Hollywood, maligned as the hot-bed of divorce, is actually the successful exponent of the most modern note in matrimony—the professional marriage.

Show folk are a strange people with a language of their own. Like the royal houses of Europe, they prefer to intermarry. The list is long and imposing. Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg. Ruby Keeler and Al Jolson. George Burns and Gracie Allen. Charles Laughton and Elsa Laughton. You could start now and finish next Wednesday singing out their names.

And to your surprise, you find yourself attending silver and gold wedding anniversary dinners. C. B. DeMille has been married to Mrs. C. B. DeMille for 32 years. George Arliss computes his wedded bliss in decades. Eddie Cantor just celebrated 20 years of happiness with Ida. On the 26th of August, the Gleasons were married 27 years. Ralph Morgan has had the one

wife for 24 years. And so the list of longly-weds goes.

Yet the professional marriage is no lark. You are not only married to each other. You are married to your work. You are married to each other's work.

From Mrs. DeMille I got a most astute answer to the moot question: "What is love?"

"It's pretty hard to define love," she said. "All I know is that it's bigger than personality!"

There, in a nutshell, you have the secret of happy married life. Give Hollywood credit for finding it!

Where else but in Hollywood are man and wife as tolerant of each other as George Arliss and Mrs. Arliss? When Arliss is rehearsing his players, Mrs. Arliss is just another puppet in the show. Yet at home, exactly as you saw him pictured in "Disraeli," he never fails to bring her the morning's flower.

Gene Markey, the writer, is married to Joan Bennett, the actress. In "The Pursuit of Happiness," Lederer, the leading man, made love to Joan. Gene saw them together. He heard Lederer speak his love for Joan. It was Gene who had written those love scenes! It was all in the day's work.

Burns and Allen eat breakfast together. Together, they face that camera. George makes a sap out of Grace and Grace takes it like a sport. It's all in the day's work.

In Hollywood, marriage is a success because all the partners play their parts no matter if the script calls



Above, the happy Harry Joe Browns. She is Sally Eilers on the screen. Meet Harry, Jr.

Cecil B. DeMille has been married to Mrs. DeMille for thirty-two years. Left, the DeMilles.

Gracie Allen and George Burns laugh at most things but they take their marriage seriously.



By
Beth Brown

(whose popular novel, "Man and Wife," paved the way for her to write this highly entertaining exclusive feature for SCREENLAND)

in Hollywood!

for an unsympathetic rôle, or simulated love for another.

For a long time, the curious searched for the hidden meaning behind Marlene Dietrich's devotion to Josef von Sternberg. Yet there was a time in Germany when the glamorous Dietrich was only a bit player, and Rudolph Sieber, her husband, was the great director. One night, at the theatre, von Sternberg happened to be in the audience. He was frantically searching for a leading lady to play in his picture "The Blue Angel." He saw Dietrich, hurried back-stage, offered her a contract.

Sieber understood that here was an opportunity of a lifetime. He not only insisted that Dietrich accept but he kept Maria, the baby, with him so that Dietrich would be free to go to America to follow her career. Now the three are in America together—and inseparable. Von Sternberg has made Sieber assistant director on Dietrich's pictures.

Where but in Hollywood would you find a triangle with a happy ending?

Yes, where but in Hollywood could you find two writers happily married to each other? Say Harlan Thompson is in heat on a play. He goes to work at midnight, works all night, and sleeps all day. Does Marian Spitzer, his famous author-wife, retire to her bedroom to weep? No. She knows he has a script on his mind. Harlan's in labor pains.

With his feet propped up on the desk at Paramount

where he's employed as both writer and director, he confided that: "We know what the other is going through when in the throes of creation. Work comes first."

They each drive their own car, lunch together if convenient, and feel no hesitancy to call up at the last minute to say they won't be home to dinner. Their home life is made to conform to them rather than making them conform to home life. And where but in Hollywood would you find a marriage like that?

The biggest battle the Ken Maynards ever had was fought the day after they were married. They were spending their honeymoon up in Arrowhead. The only reason they couldn't separate was because she had no money with which to get down from the mountain and he was in the middle of a picture being shot there at Arrowhead. Now both of them confess that they've forgotten what the battle was all about.

The marriage survived. They accumulated their first \$500. Neither of them had ever before owned a bank-book. They did not know what to do with the money. So Mrs. Maynard carried it about in her stocking. A man on the set finally noticed the bulge. He asked a question. He listened to a naïve answer. He said "Come with me!" And he led the way to a more substantial bank.

For a long time, the Maynards lived in a humble flat and kept one house-boy. They (Continued on page 94)

Madge Talks About Una

Here's the gay, intimate, and sparkling story of two unique actresses, who have made five pictures together and are still speaking!

WHEN I told Madge Evans that I had received an assignment to do a story on her and Una Merkel for SCREENLAND—and I told her in my most annoying you-should-be-grateful-dear-child manner—Madge merely flicked a strip of pimento from her cottage cheese in the most unconcerned fashion and casually remarked, "But, Liza, I don't like the stories you write about your friends. They're always stupid."

Well, you could have knocked me over with a feather, had there been any feathers on the Fox lot except those in Peggy Fears' hairdress, and I made a funny, sputtering noise in my tea-cup that would have upset Emily Post considerably. There was a pregnant pause, and Madge burst into peals of laughter. "Liza," she screamed, "you do the most marvelous 'slow burn' I have ever seen. You should see your face. Remember your high blood pressure. Come, now, don't be mad. I think you're a grand writer—why, I read you more avidly than I do Fannie Hurst or Mary Roberts Rinehart, and I am that pleased that you are going to do a story on me. You know I didn't mean a thing I said, so snap out of it and have a tart, a nice tantalizing strawberry tart with whipped cream."

Now just between you and me, and I want you to keep it confidential, I've suspected for a long time that Madge puts a lot of truth into her little jests. Anyway, she certainly had found my heel of Achilles that day, for I have been aware for lo, these many years that when I try to write about my friends in the picture colony I either get sappy or cynical, and definitely stupid. But no one has ever dared tell me so before. And I'll let no ex-child



The rather shy Madge Evans, like all sensitive souls, has a brightly shining and smartly cracking defense mechanism, which fools most people but can't fool Una!

star, and one who has been called "Primrose Madge" in her day, get away with *that*. Quite coldly, and hoping fiendishly that "this will burn her up" I said apropos of nothing at all, "I read in an interview that Mr. Temple gave the press that after four years he expects to send Shirley to Europe and finishing school, at the end of which time she will come back to Hollywood with such a bang that she will make Madge Evans, former child star, look like an extra."

"Indeed," said Madge with a cute giggle. "You can tell Mr. Temple that it doesn't take a trip abroad and a finishing school to make Madge Evans look like an extra. Many a director and cutter has accomplished that."

Madge is mean like that; she just won't "burn." Well, that was as near a feud as I ever got with Madge Evans, so I decided to make the most of it. I decided to be very dignified and hurt about the whole thing and let Una and Madge write about each other, rather than write about them myself. Of course Madge and Una



And here's the girl friend, Una Merkel, who tells you some interesting things about Madge Evans you never knew before. Una's husband calls her pal Madgie "Eye- tonic!"

And Una Talks Right Back!

By
*Elizabeth
Wilson*

refused to consider it a feud at all and said I was only being lazy. (I still suspect that Madge puts a lot of truth into her jests.) But with a laconic "Write!" I stuck a pencil and paper in her hand and wandered on down to the other end of the dressing-room corridor, almost to Garbo's private runway, where Una was going over her lines with Charlie Butterworth. "Write," I said, "write why you like Madge Evans—that is, of course, if you do."

So having distributed pencils and paper like a parlor guessing-game I sat myself complacently down and contemplated the removal of the Marion Davies bungalow which seemed to call for more drilling than a skyscraper. The base driller reminded me rather uncomfortably of the dentist and I began to work up quite a hate for Marion Davies whom I have always liked. But that awful drilling—well, I decided in fifteen minutes I could stand it no longer, and if those girls couldn't write down why they liked each other in a quarter of an hour it was just

too bad for the cause of intimate literature. In case, my readers, you have been in the South of France for the last two years, you cads, and don't know your Hollywood, I guess I had better take the trouble to tell you that Madge and Una have accomplished the unaccomplishable. They have been in five pictures together in that short time and still speak to each other. Furthermore, they are the best of friends. And their friendship is based on good old fundamental friendship bases, and not on "name," "importance," and "publicity"—as is the Hollywood manner. They are both unselfishly and keenly interested in the success and happiness of the other, and never has anyone seen one spark of jealousy. Friendship in Hollywood is such an elusive thing, here today and gone tomorrow, depending mostly upon the convenience and publicity values in it, that when I find two girls who really like each other for being each other, who are loyal to a fault, then I get mist in the eyes and remember my hay fever. They are two grand gals, Merkel and Evans, and don't let me hear you say different.

When the fifteen minutes were up I dashed into Madge's dressing-room, only to discover that she had left for the set, and on her dressing-table was my slip of paper with "sense of humor . . . playmate . . . home . . . comfortable . . . happy . . . excellent actress . . . friendly . . . thoughtful" written on it. So, Una, in case you want to know, that's why Madge likes you.

With Una I had more luck, for she had an hour to spare before she had to return to her set, and there's nothing Una likes to talk about more than Madge Evans. "I started writing it down," (Continued on page 97)

Ruby Keeler Invites You to Enter Her Contest!



Ruby Keeler poses for you in the lovely gown identical with the prize gown offered in the contest. It's a Studio Styles creation by Warner Bros.' famous fashion designer, Orry-Kelly. Sheer black marquisette with shirred sections at the neckline and sleeves—and don't miss the three jewel-like clips, which add the note of contrast.

Here is something really new in contests! SCREENLAND, co-operating with this charming star, presents imposing prizes in a competition that is entertainingly different

We're listing the prizes here. Now turn the page to read what you must do to enter the Ruby Keeler contest



Ruby wears Mojud Clari-phane stockings, in one of the smooth Screenlite Shades designed by Orry-Kelly. Forty-five pairs of these stockings are offered as contest prizes.

Prizes!

FIRST PRIZE:

\$150.00 in cash.

SECOND PRIZE:

Fur Coat. *Studio Styles, pictured.*

THIRD PRIZE:

Orry-Kelly Studio Styles Gown. *Pictured.*

FOURTH PRIZE:

\$50.00 in cash.

FIFTH PRIZE:

20 pairs of silk stockings.
In Screenlite Shades, by Mojud Clari-phane.

SIXTH PRIZE:

15 pairs of silk stockings, same.

SEVENTH PRIZE:

10 pairs of silk stockings, same.

TEN ADDITIONAL PRIZES
of \$5.00 each.



Smart fur coat for some smart contest winner! Ruby Keeler adds her own chic to this Studio Styles coat, which has set-in raglan sleeves and the loose-fitting box effect.

RULES OF THIS CONTEST:

1. Fill out the coupon, as explained elsewhere. Retain this coupon as the first step in this contest. The March issue of SCREENLAND, on sale January 25, 1935, will contain the second step. Then you mail the coupon, with your answer to the second step, thus completing the contest.
2. This contest will close at midnight, February 25, 1935.
3. In the event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded the prize tied for.
4. When you have completed both steps in this contest, mail your entries to Ruby Keeler Contest, SCREENLAND Magazine, 45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.



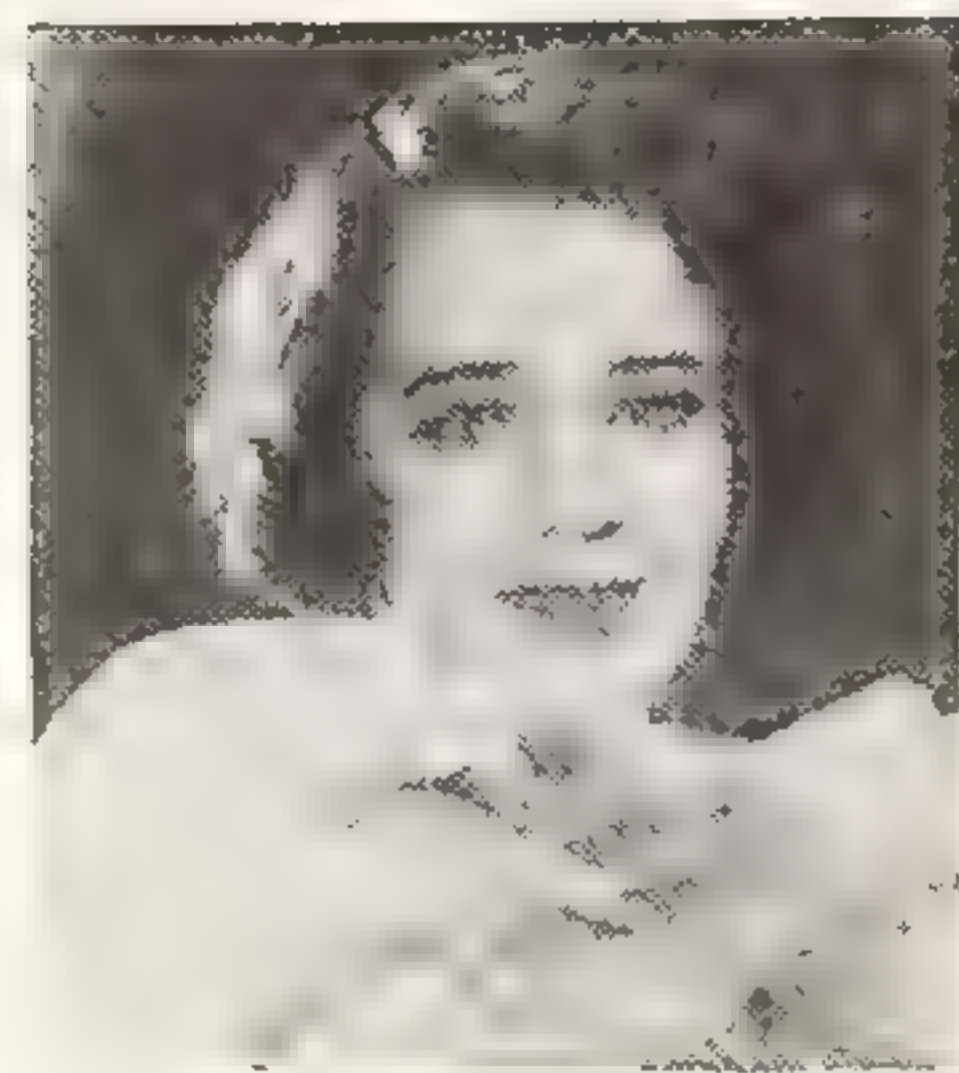
A motion picture "set" in action! The artist has drawn for you the big set at the Warner Brothers Studio where "Go Into Your Dance" is in work. Lights! Camera! The thrill of creating a

great new musical comedy movie! And everywhere the earnest intensity of men and women who know their jobs, and who do them well; all vitally interested in the success of "the new picture!"

TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE *of*



Jack Warner,
producer.



Ruby Keeler,
co-star.



Orry-Kelly,
fashion designer.



Archie Mayo,
director.



Glenda Farrell,
featured player.



George Barnes,
cameraman.

YOU'RE Hollywood-wise, or you wouldn't be reading this! You follow the films and their players. You pride yourself on being "in the know" about things cinematic. Now you have your chance to test your knowledge and your skill! At last a contest offers you the opportunity to exercise your interest in and enthusiasm about motion pictures. You've read articles about how a screenplay is made, from the scenario through the casting to the actual production. You have enjoyed stories dealing with the producers, the directors, the writers, the stars and technicians of the great film studios. All right—you're with us! Ruby Keeler's contest is designed for you! Use your wits; your keen interest in Hollywood and its hard-working picture-makers.

The object of the first step of the contest, is for you to name correctly each of the twelve persons indicated in the drawing of a set for the Warner Bros. picture, "Go Into Your Dance" at the top of these pages. Write on the coupon printed on opposite page, alongside the number corresponding with the number of the person in the drawing, the name and duty of that person. Details of position in the drawing indicate the duties of each

of the twelve persons engaged in producing the scene shown in the drawing. Select the name for each person numbered in the drawing from the names appearing under the photographs of twelve important production figures which also appear on these pages. In naming the persons, use your skill, your interest in Hollywood and its workers by establishing their identity to correspond with the number of each person in the drawing.

The photographs of the twelve people who participate in our drawing of a typical studio scene are not numbered. The persons in the drawing are; and each of these twelve persons fulfills a separate and distinct and important function in the production of a picture. It is up to you to fill out the coupon on the opposite page by writing in, after each number, the name and duty of each person indicated in the drawing by his or her number. The drawing is clear, there is no mystery about it—if you know your Hollywood this contest is enjoyably easy! Next month we announce the second step in this contest. All you have to do this month is presented clearly on these two pages. Read the details, then go to it!



Original Drawing by Rossi.

You will find in the above drawing: a producer, a director, a star, a co-star, a featured player, a script girl, a chief property man, a cameraman, a chief electrician, a fashion designer, a make-up man, and a wardrobe mistress—all shown performing their respective duties on the set. You will enjoy studying this drawing and working on the contest—it's new and different. Try it and see!

HOW MOVIES ARE MADE!



Al Jolson,
star.



Albert C. Wilson,
chief property man.



N'Wass McKenzie,
wardrobe mistress.



Percy Westmore,
make-up man.



Maude Allen,
script girl.



Frank Murphy,
chief electrician.

- 1.
- 2.
- 3.
- 4.
- 5.
- 6.
- 7.
- 8.
- 9.

- 10.
- 11.
- 12.

I have fulfilled the above requirements in
SCREENLAND's Ruby Keeler Contest.

Name

Street Address

City

State

HEADLINE



Adrian, whose clothes created for Garbo, Shearer, and Crawford have made him world-famous, here gives SCREENLAND'S readers the benefit of his highly valued advice.

Hollywood's most spectacular stylist tells you how to use his famous fashion ideas in your own clothes! Second in SCREENLAND'S series of exclusive articles bringing you the priceless advice of the supreme screen designers; an importantly interesting series no woman can afford to miss

EXTRA! Extra!! Scoop by Hollywood's spectacular stylist!

Extra!!! Adrian tells ALL!

Headline news, of course; headlines that blaze across three thousand miles affecting woman's sixth sense—her clothes taste—and leaving man a prey to her gifts, graces and glamor!

How often you have marvelled at the sumptuous beauty of costuming in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer productions; have secretly sighed for just *one* Norma Shearer creation or a Joan Crawford silhouette, sleek and suave. Then perhaps you noticed the label, "Adrian," among the names which fashioned the animated story, and wondered whether it were man or myth?

Let us find Gilbert Adrian. Follow me across sets, through endless serpentine halls, and into a room where fashions are conceived and edited with all the dispatch and finality of a city editor's desk.

This activity takes place against a background which offers pleasing contrast. The windows are white-shuttered, curtained in glazed chintz, and the color ensemble is carried out in cool, crisp shades of green, with white. There are numberless tables, with vases holding bouquets of feathery flowers, and one wall completely lined with mirrors reflects, from day to day, characteristic



Shearer, gowned by Adrian!

posturings of the great Garbo, the patrician Shearer, the dynamic Crawford or Harlow, glistening and white as the walls themselves. We come face-to-face with a slender young man—he is now but thirty-two—Adrian, himself!

There is so much to ask, so much we want to know—and where to begin?

"Let us begin from the beginning," this man who

FASHIONS!

By Helen Harrison



Garbo, styled by Adrian!

knows the feminine mind intuitively, will suggest. His five-star fashion formula, of course!

"The first important factor in dressing a woman is to know her mind. The woman who is intelligent, and in addition has a *flair* for clothes, is infinitely smarter than her lovelier sister. (Continued on page 82)

★★★★★ Adrian's Five-Star Plan ★★★★★

- ★ 1. Turn your news sense into clothes sense!
- ★ 2. The "news" must be fit for prints, velvets, lamés, etc.
- ★ 3. Then the clothes must tell their own story!
- ★ 4. Exaggeration in clothes is often necessary to dramatize a rôle or a mood.
- ★ 5. Clothes news should be always authentic. The observer must never be misled!



Crawford, enhanced by Adrian!



Cantors, Cantors everywhere! Above, Eddie with his wife, his five daughters, and his father-in-law.

Bringing Up Daddy!



Join Eddie Cantor's
family circle for this
intimate visit

By
Maude Cheatham

IT'S a great family, the Eddie Cantors! Admitting he is top favorite in the amusement world—stage, radio, screen—I'm convinced after spending an afternoon in the Cantor home in Beverly Hills that Eddie's best rôle is that of Daddy to a brood of daughters. There are five of them. Beginning with Marjorie, who is 19, there are Natalie, 17, Edna, 14, Marilyn, 10, and Janet Hope, 7. All are pretty, with flashing dark eyes and olive complexions, and all are sweet, unspoiled, and very girlish.

There was a lot of excitement, for the Cantor family was leaving the next day for New York, Eddie having completed his latest picture, "Kid Millions."

Throughout the hubbub of ringing phones and door bells, a stream of messenger boys, and friends dropping in to say goodbye, Marjorie, Marilyn, and I sat on a big sofa in the living-room with Eddie snatching a moment now and then to join us.

Marjorie, watching little Janet and a cocker spaniel, Jolie, a new gift from Al Jolson, racing madly up and down the stairs, through the living-room and out into the sunny patio beyond, calmly turned to me saying, "There weren't enough of us, only eleven in our party

leaving tomorrow, so we add a dog! But he's so adorable that we couldn't leave him.

"We're used to traveling and love it. Daddy keeps us entertained every minute for his fun is so spontaneous and never seems to fail him. We've crossed the continent so often that even the Indians at Albuquerque know us.

"We always trail along with Daddy wherever he is playing and we've never missed being together at Christmas time. We have several little routines—one is that we always have dinner together no matter where we are and we never make any other engagements. When Daddy is too busy to come home, like matinée days or being detained at the studio, we all meet him and have dinner at some nearby place. Another is celebrating every anniversary, making them big events. There are our birthdays and a lot of other little occasions that mean much to us, so every month holds some special festivity for the Cantor family.

"Daddy," Marjorie sang out, as Eddie dashed in between phone calls, "are you glad we are all girls?"

"Now, now, that's a fine question," he exploded. "You know I am. What would (Continued on page 78)

Working Girl!

By William F. French



Jean Muir's Hollywood home is no more lavish than that of many commuting business girls; she devotes most of her time and energy to her job, and she's headed for success!

Jean Muir's job happens to be acting, but she works just as hard at it as any business girl—and likes it



THE first thing I heard when I came to Hollywood," says Jean Muir, "is that to get ahead you had to go out with the right people, and play studio politics. I didn't believe that then, and I believe it less than ever now.

"Because I happen to have proved to my own satisfaction that the way to make good in pictures is to work harder than you ever dreamed you could work, and to learn, and learn, and learn!"

There are plenty who smile politely at Jean's naïve viewpoint, and casually explain how so and so never could seem to get just the right part until she went to such and such a cocktail party.

Perhaps they are right. But Jean is right, too—for she happens to have proved her case, by traveling from a lineless bit in "The Bureau of Missing Persons" to stardom in "Desirable" in about eighteen months time.

Jean was nobody, net, when she came on the Warner Brothers' lot; she didn't know the right people and she never played the social game. And as for wielding the well-known feminine charms to sort of soften up the way—well, you should have seen Jean rolling in the grass with her Scottie her first day on the lot—and

noticed her long stride, her loose, careless clothing, her utter frankness and willingness to give an argument.

How she went up to the head office and made them re-write the first speaking part she ever had because she didn't think it was handled right and how she has driven directors half crazy by demanding why they did this and that, and offering criticisms and suggestions to the holiest of the holy—that's all history now.

Directors counted the proverbial ten about five times out of six before answering her, department heads shied at her approach and technicians would walk a mile to avoid her questions.

Lots of people on the lot didn't like Jean. She was altogether too disturbing. She always wanted to know the thing you had forgotten, or had never learned. She was continually asking the "why" concerning divine privileges and recognized practices. Jean just couldn't seem to do anything without knowing exactly how-come—and generally without a frankly expressed why and wherefore? All of which is to prove that if Jean didn't get ahead because of relatives, pull, knowing the right people or charm, she certainly did not through diplomacy. Jean said what she thought, and (Continued on page 80)

Are They Heroines

See the screen beauties through the eyes of those who know them best—or worst!

AND that's just one more point on which Hollywood differs vastly from the rest of the world!

Take New York City, for instance. Smartly groomed ladies may be faithful to one beauty salon for years. Yet their brief and business-like addresses to the operators they demand each time are usually delivered in the same icy, directorial tones with which they address the servant or servants in their apartments, penthouses or Fifth Avenue mansions.

Take any small town. The feminine gender in these hamlets is just as dependent upon the artistry of the beauty operator at the local "shoppe" as the debonaire miss of Manhattan. But aside from the interchange of juicy bits of local "dirt" these smaller town belles never get too terribly *tête à tête* with the girl who makes them seem just what they seem with the aid of an iron or deft finger work.

In Hollywood things are different. Quite different, in fact. The glamorous, the mighty, the worshipped and unapproachable sirens of the silver screen are really buddies with their hairdressers because they not only depend on them but they trust them with a childlike confidence that is awe-inspiring. When a million dollar baby is born to a screen star the first person to cast reverent eyes on this sterling silver offspring is the gal who sets the shimmering locks of mother's hair and anoints her grace-



Above, Claudette Colbert confers with Wally Westmore, one of the famous Hollywood family of make-up and coiffure experts. Left, Carole Lombard with her favorite hairdresser, Loretta Francell, also her good friend.

ful finger-tips with tints of royal hue.

There's the case of Norma Shearer. For the past eight years, more or less, a pleasant, trustworthy individual named Helen Hyde has taken care of Norma's brown tresses. Through each film rôle Helen was the guardian of those rippling waves. Night after night, when the cameras

to Their Hairdressers?

By
Jan
Fisher



Norma Shearer, above, proudly presents Helen Hyde, who tends the beautiful Shearer tresses and whose devotion to Norma is of long standing. Right, Adrienne Ames trusts her lovely tresses to clever Miss Francell.

had rolled far longer than they should have Helen Hyde waited in Norma's boudoir to set the wave demanded by tomorrow's shooting schedule. And when there were problems, either professional or personal—when a scene was puzzling or worrisome Helen's ears were the ones into which these troubles were poured. She was



the friendly advisor, the willing confidante, the constant sharer of each and every Shearer question. And how thrilling for Helen Hyde this friendship, this constant contact with one of the screen's greatest and most adored has been—and is today! For, as in every walk of life, Helen has had her problems, too. And Norma Shearer has never been too busy, too concerned with her own greater problems to share Helen's perplexities and to help her solve them. Look at Joan Crawford. Joan, who has perfected so steadily, so successfully, and so ultimately the camera angles of each and every feature. Could she have done this—with the need of experiment after experiment to find and to prove just what coiffure, just what make-up, just how much wave was best for her particular type—without the loving care and advice of "Syb," who gave up a portion of every single evening to wend her weary way to Joan's Brentwood residence despite the fact that she had worked hard all day in the famous salon of Jim's beauty parlor in Hollywood? And when Joan was in New York, doing Broadway and Park Avenue at the height of the social and theatrical season, didn't she publicly bemoan the fact that "Syb" was not along? Would a woman from anywhere but Hollywood ever stop to wish she had brought her hairdresser along on such a pleasure jaunt? Certainly not. Probably she wouldn't even remember her name. But the great Crawford would; she might even wire "Syb" to take the very next plane and join her so that she might really feel like her usual exotic self.

Over at Columbia studio, in a tiny room on the dressing-room floor, a girl named Helen Hunt holds court. In this (Continued on page 92)

DO YOU KNOW?

Try this new game that is amusing some of your favorite stars

By
James Marion



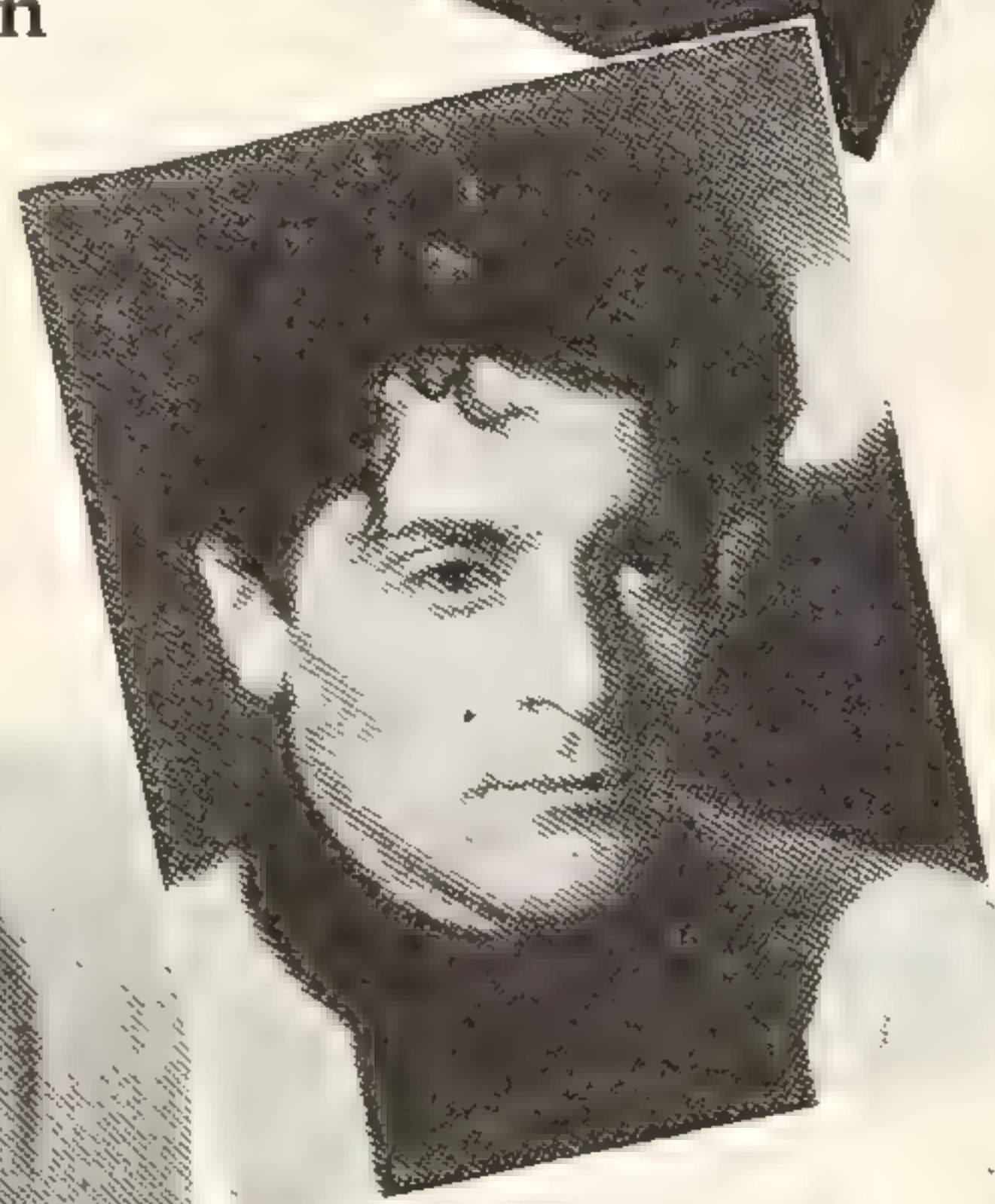
Stuart Erwin

Francis Lederer

Warner Oland



Mae West



Janet Gaynor



Will Rogers

John Boles

Virginia Bruce



Do you know that Shirley Temple weighs exactly her height—forty-three inches, forty-three pounds? And now read the story for many more interesting, strange, funny, or incredible facts about your film idols. You'll be more Hollywood-wise when you have finished this unusual feature.

DO YOU suffer from *host-deliriums*? Do icy chills chase up and down your spine when you are about to entertain a party of guests and don't know what to do to amuse them? If so, then you do suffer from *host-deliriums*.

Hollywood, the city of half-work-half-play, is everlastingly seeking novel new ways to entertain at home. The stars have played "Vegetable, Animal, or Mineral?" until they have raked the subject dry. They have indulged in "Coffee Pot," "Murder," "Fitting Movie Titles to Movie Stars," spelling contests, guessing games, and every other conceivable form of parlor amusement.

Now, Hollywood has through necessity invented a new divertisement. The stars call it a "Do You Know?" game. To play it, guests arrange their chairs in a circle, and then everybody relates something odd about another person present. For example, if among the guests at a party are Jean Harlow, William Powell, Mary Brian and Dick Powell, Jean may tell something about Mary, Dick may reveal something about Jean, Bill may tell on Dick, and Mary may tell something about Bill.

The prime idea of the game is to reveal something not generally known, either out of the past or of the

present. As a rule, the facts thus uncovered are amusing, odd, and sometimes almost unbelievable.

To my knowledge, "Do You Know?" was first played at the Beverly Hills home of director W. S. Van Dyke. If you know your Hollywood, you need not be told that Woody's parties are among the most popular in Hollywood, and few stars do not eventually appear at his home.

On the day Van Dyke introduced the game, an early autumn swimming party was in progress. Beautiful feminine figures; supple, masculine muscles were on every side. It was a colorful affair, and it became acutely intimate when "Do You Know?" was started.

Despite my own fifteen years in Hollywood, and my own widespread knowledge of the lives of the stars, I soon learned many things I had never known before; odd little things out of pasts of stars about whom I had thought I knew all.

For example, I learned that Mae West once played the saccharine *Lovely Mary* in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." She played "Little Lord Fauntleroy" too, and when you recall that Mary Pickford portrayed the same rôle, and when you compare (Continued on page 74)

"If we all danced we'd all have fun!" says Fred Astaire, and proving his point is his own personality which you'll meet here



"Envy me?" says Fred. "Don't be foolish, it's been work!" as he shyly returns the smile of two continents whose acclaim he won by sheer talent of the grace and rhythm of his dancing feet, and a charm that sparkles to their beat.

"Sometimes it's a tune that gets into your blood, or a poem—you just translate it into movement," says Fred in this interview that tells you all you want to know about the newest big star of the screen and his art of dancing.

Sing With Your Feet!

By

Dell Hogarth

"WHEN we're still we're either asleep or dead." Clippety clap, tap tap, clippety clippety clap—

dancing feet that tottered under a little tow-headed kid in Omaha and saluted, with respectful jubilation, their Majesties the King and Queen of England. Above the feet two slender legs, a lissome body, the elfin face of Fred Astaire. Shyly, he returns a smile of two continents.

"Everybody should dance," he is saying. "Not just ballroom stuff but individual creative effort. It's the oldest of the arts, the most gratifying. The body is the first medium to express what is in our hearts and minds. Movement gives joy and health. It's only natural that it should tend toward grace and rhythm. What person is so old and decrepit that he doesn't somehow keep time with music?"

Fred has a lot to say about dancing. It's his first love and his last.

"Some day it will have a renaissance—maybe soon. In old times everyone danced: folk dances, religious dances, tribal dances; celebrations of victory, ceremonies

for the spring, summer, fall. In every manner and shape people would express a mood or perform a ritual through the rhythmic use of their

bodies. If street dancing became popular once more we wouldn't think so much about the depression. We'd all have more fun!"

His own personality seems to prove the point. He exudes happiness. Not the feverish kind that people pretend to have in these hectic days, but the whole-hearted joy of being alive. His impish grin shows it. He's a sprite. Kipling would say he "looks like a lance at rest." He sits in a chair with one leg thrown lightly over the other. He walks with a jaunty swing. Ears are pointed like a satyr's, brown eyes dart eagerly here and there, his speech is staccato but seems to glide. Little things amuse him. Little things make him content.

From the time he was eight years old, Fred and his sister have been dancing on the stage—partners. Their path to fame and fortune led to the pinnacle of acclaim, a command performance before English royalty.

"Thrilled? Of course we were thrilled. An undercurrent of excitement ran (Continued on page 89)

You've been waiting to see her in a picture like this

SHIRLEY TEMPLE

in

Bright Eyes

with

JAMES DUNN

Produced by
SOL M. WURTZEL

Directed by
DAVID BUTLER

Fox





Russell Ball

BEAUTIFUL star makes a handsome gesture! Jean Harlow selected this portrait for her personal autograph to every SCREENLAND reader—and we're delighted to pass it along to you. Have you ever seen a more beautiful portrait of the glorious Jean?



L EADING *men*—not a leading man—is the new idea in the casting of Joan Crawford's next picture, and the plan has been carried out to perfection with Robert Montgomery and Clark Gable to make up a dazzling triangle you'll see in "Forsaking All Others."

Triumph in



Threesomes!

AND here's Claudette Colbert with the new motion picture actor, Fred MacMurray, left, and good-looking Ray Milland, chosen in preference to more prominent screen players for the romantic interest in the new Colbert comedy-drama.



The Affable Arlen!

HERE, in close-up, is the Dick Arlen personality expressed in a typical grin. A sort of confident Arlen assurance that Dick is going to give you the kind of personable impersonation you like when you see him in "Helldorado."



Otto Dyar

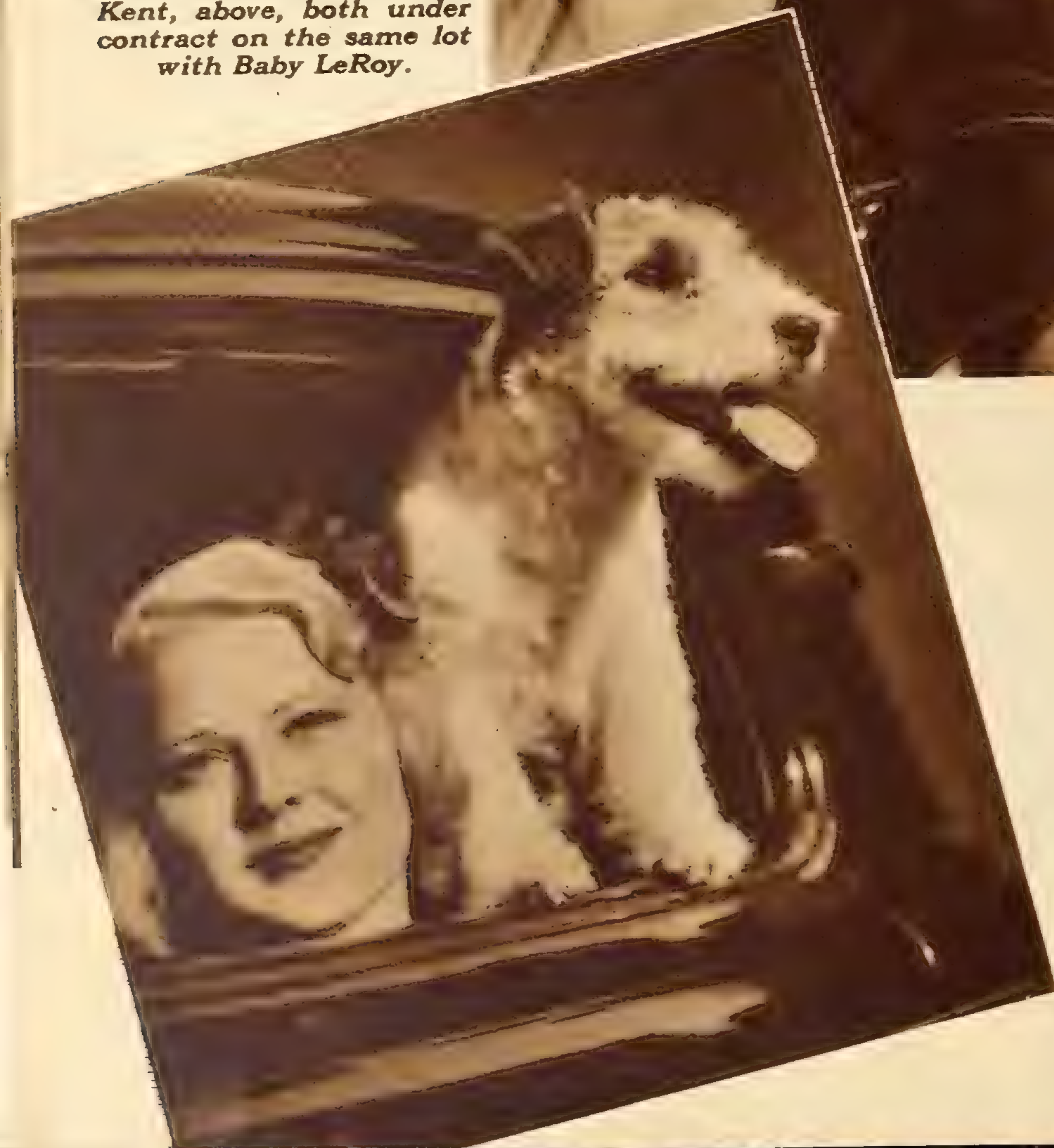
WARNER laughed at danger as an aviator in a romance with a war background, and now he's smiling because it again becomes his happy lot to play opposite Janet Gaynor in his next picture which is to bear the title, "One More Spring."

The Bland Baxter!

Let Youth Be Served!



Two of the younger young set! Billy Lee and Lois Kent, above, both under contract on the same lot with Baby LeRoy.



And above, of course you know it's Shirley Temple, the girl who started the youth boom, seen with her favorite leading man, Jimmy Dunn.

Right, Virginia, of the Reid sisters, now also sisters in reel, as well as in real life, and both very happy about it.

Young, blonde, and so fetching! Left, Mary Carlisle and her pet. Mary is our personal pick for sure-fire pep in any screen scene.



Our prettiest bow to youth, for bringing to the screen the zest and verve of its fine exuberance! Here are some of youth's representatives



Cora Sue Collins, above, now very much in the limelight as a screen actress, looking for more pictures to steal!



The newest star of the young group! Anne Shirley with O. P. Heggie in a scene from the film version of "Anne of Green Gables." In which Anne really stars.

Left, Marjorie Reid, who visited her actress sister on the lot and was signed to become an actress herself.

Right, the newest youthful team—Betty Furness and Robert Young. Watch them! Bob and Betty—it even sounds like a team.





William
Walling Jr.

Hail the New Team!

THE crowd of picture fans will roar "happy landings" when Myrna Loy and Cary Grant come to the screen as a new romantic team. Above we give you an idea of what thrills you can expect when you see them together in "Wings in the Dark." Very promising indeed.



Eugene Robert Richee

The Reunited Team!

SOMEBODY wisely decided that it has been too long since Sylvia Sidney and Gene Raymond—remember them in "Ladies of the Big House"?—appeared together, so here we have them again as hero and heroine of a new romantic drama.



Glorifying the Supporting Cast!



Edward Arnold, above, the busiest actor in Hollywood, lends his splendid talents this time to a sympathetic rôle, in "Wednesday's Child."

Mary Astor, above, beauty and good actress—and ever so appealingly sincere.



Walter Connolly, directly above, is about to leap right into star billing. Grand actor! Left above, the newcomer George Murphy, one of our promising young leads.

Sheila Mannors, left, is the pretty and talented girl in many films, lately Tim McCoy's leading lady.

Henry Stephenson's appearance in a picture is always a guarantee of good performance! His next is with Novarro and Evelyn Laye.



Otto Kruger, right, is one of the most impressive actors in pictures, even though he is a member of the supporting cast. You can count on Kruger!

Raymond Walburn, left, recent recruit from the New York stage, is going places in pictures, notably in "The Count of Monte Cristo" and "Broadway Bill."



Here are the Unstarred Stars!



Directly above, Phillip Reed, "tall, dark, and handsome," who stands out in any film cast. Right above, Charles Bickford. He returns in the cast of "Wicked Woman."

Florine McKinney, right, gets her first real chance to step out of the ranks in "Night Life of the Gods."



Sally Blane, not just "Loretta Young's sister," but actually star dust herself.



Helen Mack, above, is usually better than the rôles they give her to play. Her charm and ability hold audience interest in any picture.

Victor Jory, left, reaps the reward of good acting. A new contract and fine parts in "White Lies" and "Mills of the Gods."



Producers, in Billie Seward you have a potential bet! Seems to us she has everything—even to a flash of the old Clara Bow dash. Give her a chance!

Fred Keating, popular Manhattan stage actor and night-club star, clicked in his first film. Now watch Fred. He has the smile and the voice that win!





Dvorak Dances!

ANN celebrates her call to a new display of versatility as leading lady for Rudy Vallee with some appropriately agile steps, and also proves that the Dvorak beauty blooms anew, in the portrait above.

Rudy Grins!

HERE'S the soft-voiced Vallee registering smiles of approval that his new leading lady is the brunette Ann Dvorak. Aside from acting, singing, playing a sax and leading the orchestra, Rudy won't have much to do in his newest screen adventure.

His time is your time, and soon Rudy will be proving that he wants it to be a good time for everybody when he steps out on the screen as a romantic hero who supplies his own sweet music.



PREVIEWS of SCREEN CLASSICS

"The Little Minister"



Sir James Barrie's plays make marvelous movies! Here is Katharine Hepburn in "The Little Minister." Above, a stirring scene from the picturization.



Maude Adams was the beloved Babbie of the stage. Now Hepburn recreates the part for motion pictures. Right, an appealing glimpse of Katharine with John Beal, who plays the title rôle of The Little Minister.



Quaint, charming, sometimes humorous, often highly dramatic—"The Little Minister" should be a fine picture! Above, Hepburn as Babbie in a scene with John Beal, and David Torrence as Dr. McQueen.



Noted novelist and adapter, Hugh Walpole, also plays a rôle: the Vicar of Blunderstone.



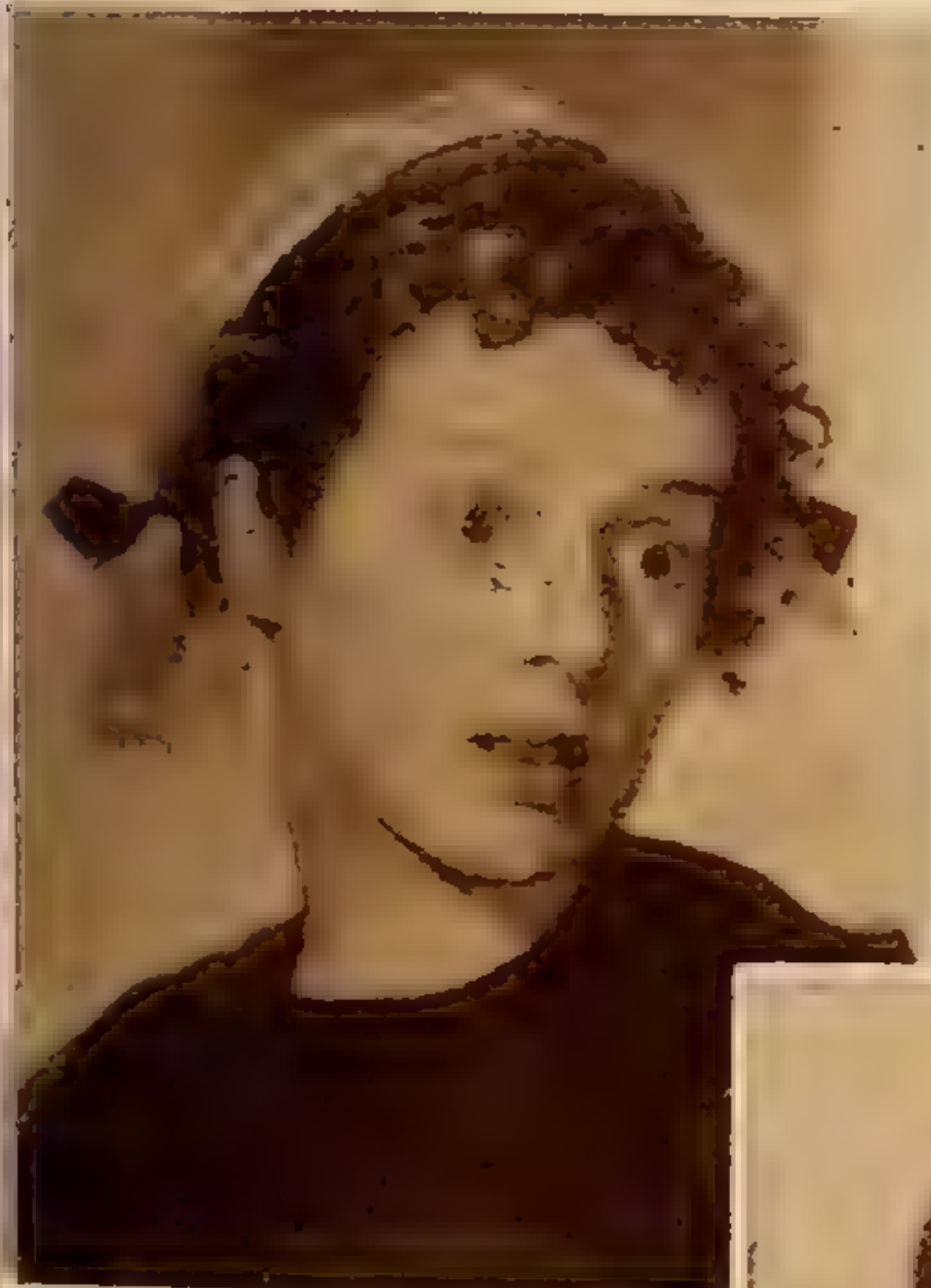
Basil Rathbone, below, as Edward Murdstone, the stern stepfather of Copperfield.



In the screen version of Charles Dickens' great novel, Frank Lawton and Maureen O'Sullivan, above, enact David and Dora. Left, above, Elizabeth Allen as David's young mother; Mr. Lawton, again, in the title rôle, upper right.



"David Copperfield" Lives Again!



W. C. Fields as Mr. Micawber—cheers! Can you wait to see him?



Freddie Bartholomew, with Fields in circle, plays the boy David.



Elsa Lanchester, as Clickett, slavey of the Micawbers.



Roland Young, right, seen as Uriah Heep, the dirty villain.



Edna May Oliver, above, appears as Aunt Betsey Trotwood.

Lionel Barrymore, left, plays Dan Peggotty, the fisherman.



The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

From Robert Flaherty's pictorial masterpiece "Man of Aran."



The smiling young man at the desk is the celebrated Mr. Disney, creator of "Mickey Mouse" and "The Silly Symphonies"—a public benefactor and Hollywood's particular pride! Read about Disney in this exclusive story which reveals hitherto untold facts about how he makes his inimitable cinema cartoons.

A Mouse in a Million!

Read all about Mickey and the man who made him famous, Walt Disney, in this special story

HUNDREDS of letters weekly bring a single startling message to the Walt Disney Studios in Hollywood. It is:

Thousands of children throughout the world have become so fond of mice, thanks to Mickey Mouse, that they nightly steal into their mothers' pantries, or their fathers' cellars, and spring the traps that have been set to catch the most infamous of household pests!

"We love Mickey Mouse," is the universal declaration of youngsters, "and we know Mickey won't like us if we let his little playmates be caught and killed!"

But while the mouse situation in private homes grows acutely worse, the mouse situation on the screen grows constantly better. Mickey has captured the niche in the hearts of children that was once occupied by Bill Hart and Mary Pickford.

Do not get the mistaken idea that the tremendous fan mail that reaches Walt Disney, creator and producer of the Mickey Mouse cartoon comedies, is entirely from children. At least fifty per cent of the letters come from adults.

By

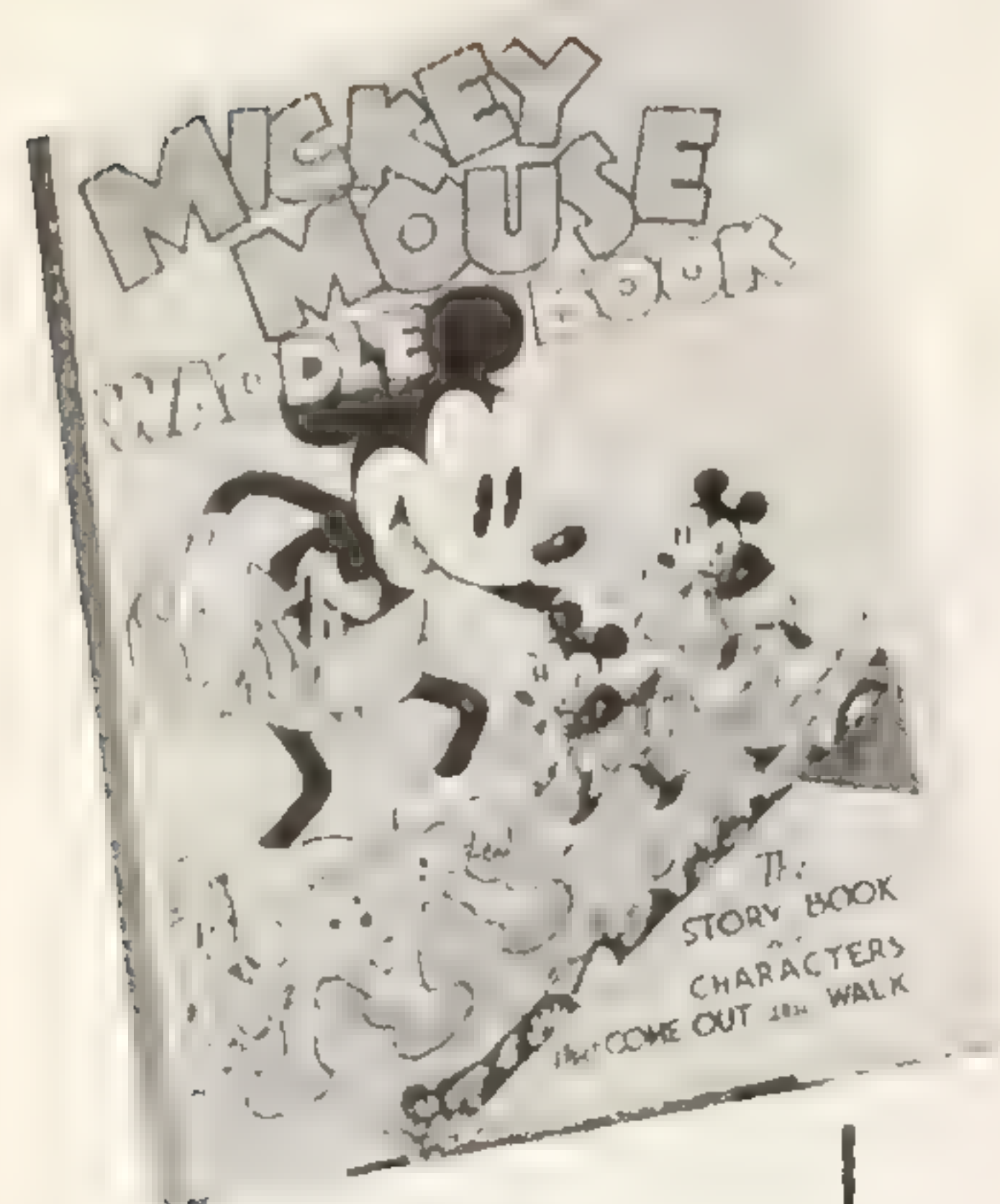
James M. Fidler

One man wrote that Disney should pay the costs of an appendix operation, because, so the man stated, his case was seriously aggravated by over-laughter caused by a Mickey Mouse comedy!

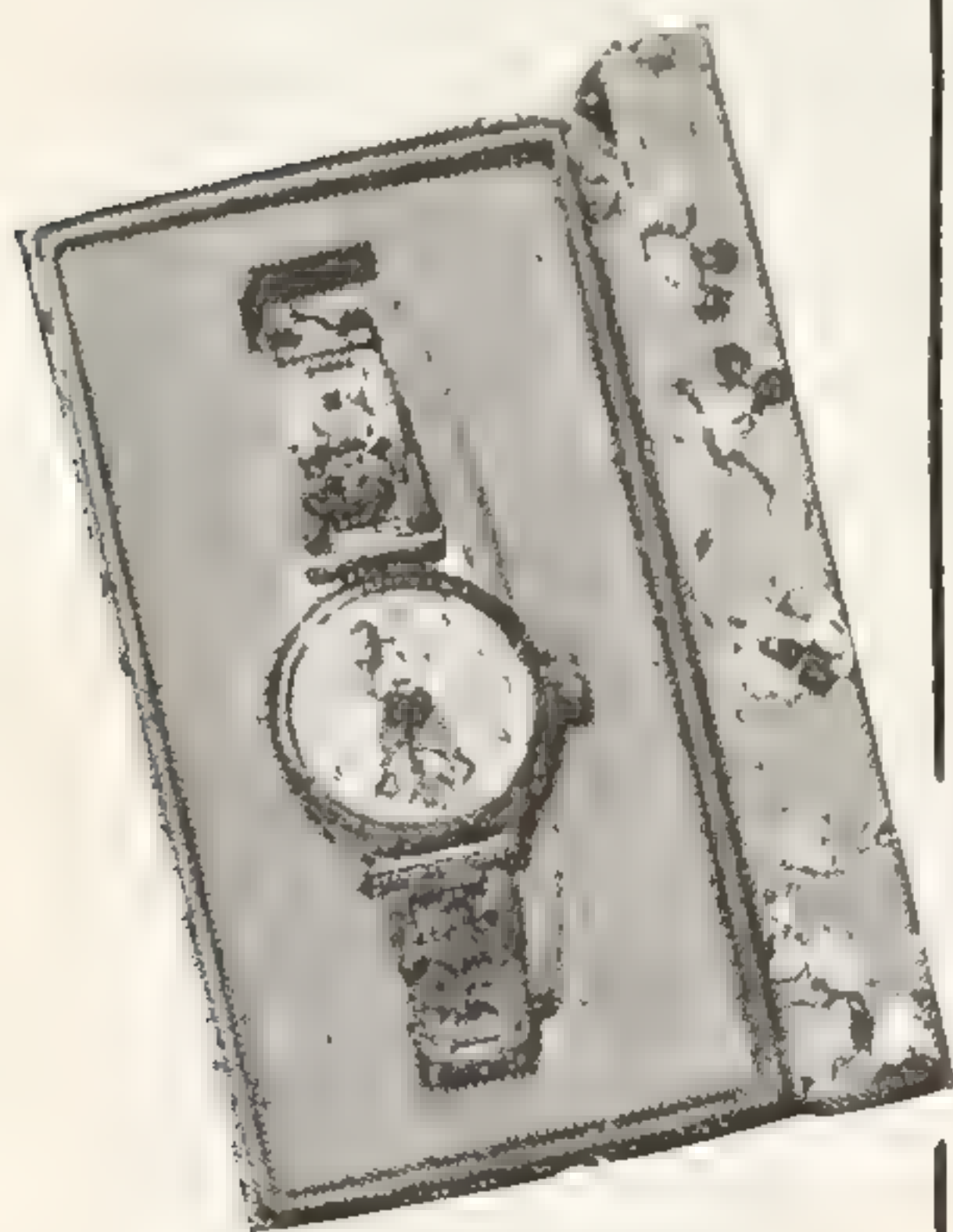
A woman wrote to say she had discovered her long-lost brother when, during a visit to Pittsburgh, she had attended a movie theatre and there had heard her brother's unmistakable guffaw during the showing of one of Mickey's absurd adventures. Until then, sister and brother had not seen each other in fifteen years.

A woman who had suffered with hiccoughs for more than two days was almost miraculously cured, after physicians had failed, when she attended a theatre and laughed uproariously at Mickey's cavortings. Her doctor told her that the physical exhaustion caused by her laughter had so completely relaxed her nerves that the hiccoughing stopped of its own accord.

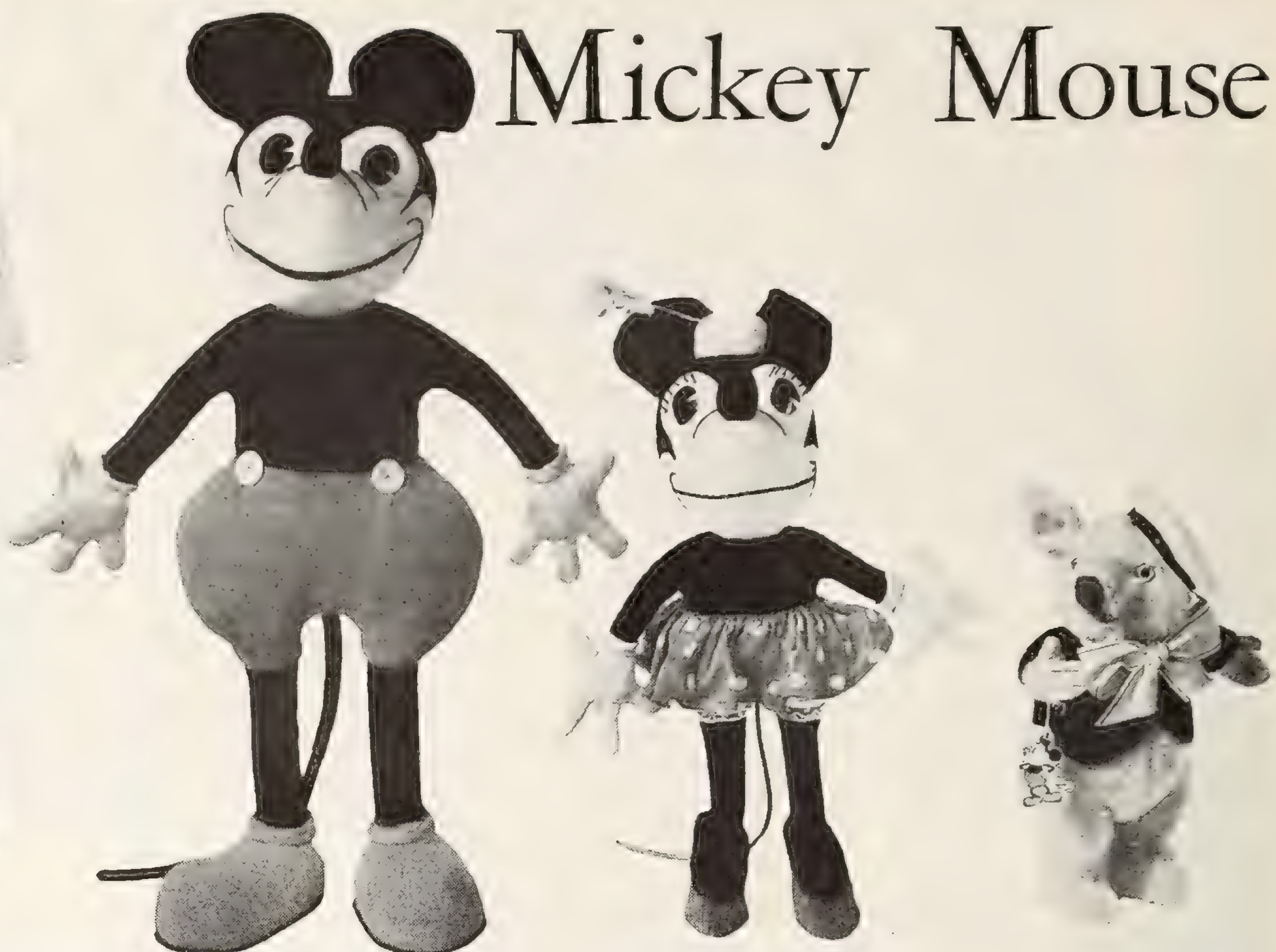
I could go on for pages, citing paragraphs from amazing letters that have arrived in Disney's hands. Thirty per cent of the writers treat Mickey as if he were a human being. To this (Continued on page 76)



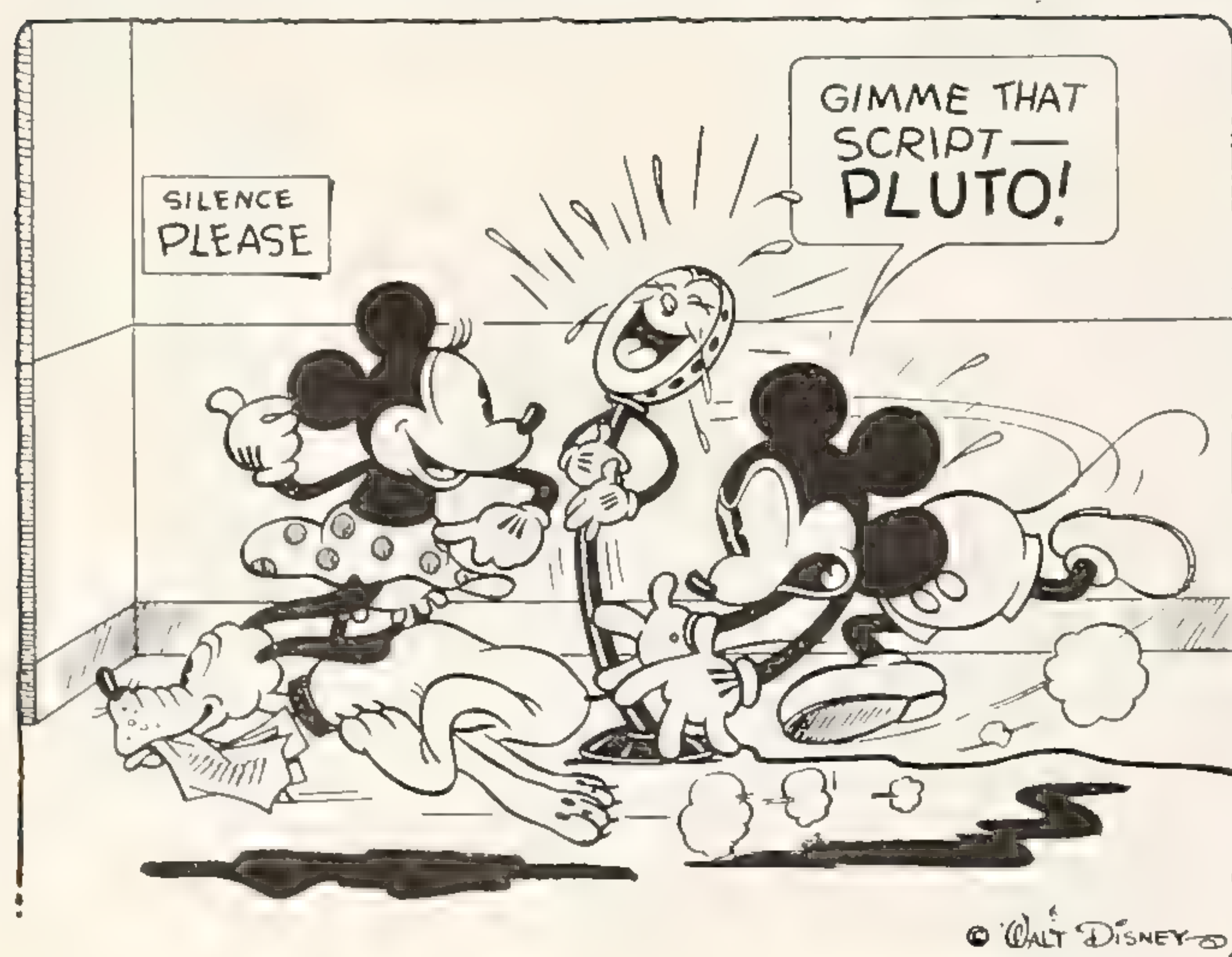
Ten "Mickey Mouse Waddle Books" like this!



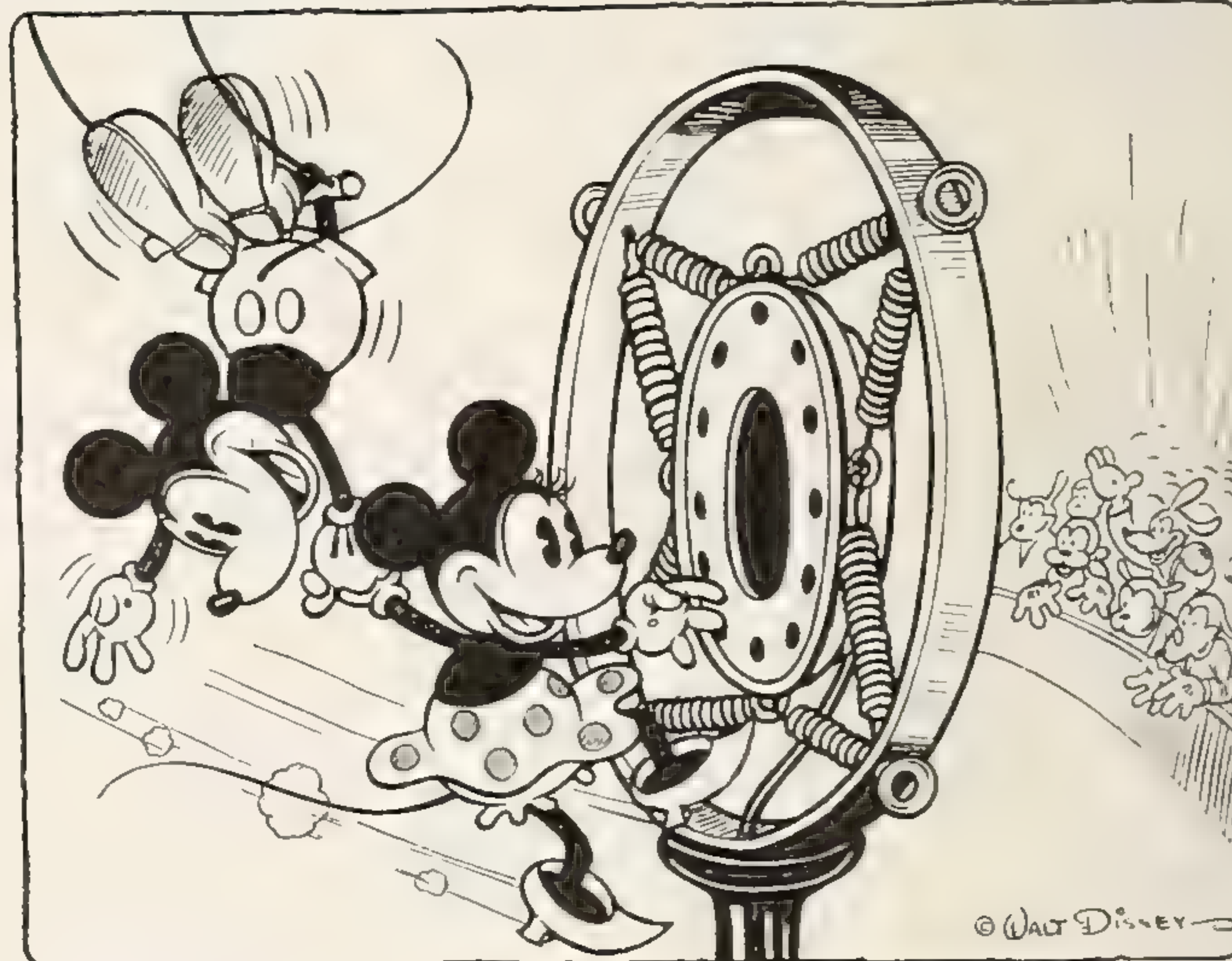
Three Mickey Mouse wrist watches like this!



Mickey Mouse



Above, an array of wonderful prizes! Left, large Mickey Mouse doll, very handsome! Next, smaller, but still good size Minnie Mouse doll. Then, the Musical Pig, which really plays a tune.



And still more prizes! Who wouldn't be proud to own an original Mickey Mouse drawing? Here's your opportunity! See the amusing drawing above? It's one of the prizes!

Mickey's A Radio Star!

MICKEY MOUSE on the air! Yes, your Mickey and ours, like most of the other screen celebrities, is in demand as a radio star! He's the leading man of the "Hall of Fame" program sponsored by the Hinds Honey and Almond Cream people at 10:00 P.M. Eastern Standard Time, Sunday, December 23rd. Of course you'd be listenin'! Well, that gave us an idea. Why not a Mickey Mouse contest to appeal to all the Mickey admirers? We asked Walt Disney, Mickey's boss; and he said, "Of course! Mickey and Minnie and all the company will be right with you!" So here you are—the Mickey Mouse Contest. You'll like it.



Not only one, but three original Mickey Mouse drawings are offered among the prizes in our Mickey Mouse contest! Above and left, we reproduce these original drawings.

Listen to "Hall of Fame" Program

MICKEY MOUSE, beloved hero of the famous Walt Disney screen cartoons, is also the hero of our contest to appeal to young and old alike! See the array of worth-while prizes offered in this contest—and you and all your family, children and grown-ups, will want to enter. Nothing difficult; just write a letter telling "Why I Like Mickey Mouse" in not more than 50 words. The best—meaning the most sparkling, original, and clever letters will be awarded the prizes listed on the opposite page. Please read all the rules carefully; fill out the coupon and enclose it with your letter. That's all there is to it. Now have a good time!

Contest!



More prizes! Directly above, Mickey Mouse doll. Isn't he cute?



Three Big Bad Wolf pocket watches like this!



Grand big Pig Doll, to delight any child or grown-up!



Right, fifty sets of the popular Hinds products, like this!

Fun for the family! Prizes worth competing for! If you like Mickey Mouse and his pals—and who doesn't?—you'll enjoy this contest!

PRIZES

in the

MICKEY MOUSE CONTEST!

FIRST PRIZE: \$100.00 in cash.

SECOND PRIZE: Mickey Mouse Doll (39 ins. tall):

THIRD PRIZE: Pig Doll (32 inches tall).

(3) FOURTH PRIZES: Original Mickey Mouse Drawing (suitably framed) with Walt Disney signature.

FIFTH PRIZE: Mickey Mouse Doll (18 ins. tall).

SIXTH PRIZE: Minnie Mouse Doll (19 ins. tall).

SEVENTH PRIZE: Musical Pig (plays a tune).

(3) EIGHTH PRIZES: Mickey Mouse Wrist Watch.

(3) NINTH PRIZES: Big Bad Wolf Pocket Watch.

(50) TENTH PRIZES: Set of Hinds Products.

(10) ELEVENTH PRIZES: Mickey Mouse Waddle Book.

RULES OF THE CONTEST:

1. Fill out the coupon.
2. Write a letter of not more than 50 words on the subject, "Why I Like Mickey Mouse."
3. This contest will close at midnight, January 24, 1935.
4. In the event of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded the prize tied for.
5. Enclose coupon with your letter and mail to Mickey Mouse Contest, SCREENLAND Magazine, 45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

I am entering the SCREENLAND Mickey Mouse Contest, with my letter enclosed.

Name

Street Address

City

State

75 Prizes in All! For 75 Winners!

Come on! Enter this contest! Every member of the family will be entertained!

SCREENLAND'S Critic Really Sees the Pictures!

We Live
Again
United
Artists



REVIEWS



of the
Best

Pictures

By

Delight Evans

Most touching picture of the month! You should have heard the women sob when I saw it at the Music Hall at Radio City—maybe you *did*; at any rate, you heard them sob wherever you caught the drama, and sobs are the same in Rockefeller Center as on Main Street. Anna Sten reverses the usual stellar order of things and becomes actually better in her second than she was in her first film. She is truly magnificent as the long-suffering Tolstoy heroine, the vital, warm, earthy farm girl who falls in love with a dashing prince, who rides away—only to meet again later after the prince has become a man of the world and the poor little peasant has touched the depths. Some of the crusading spirit of the great novel has been preserved, and certainly Mamoulian has directed with fine understanding and devotion to detail. Pictorially, "We Live Again" tops even the high Samuel Goldwyn standard. It secures Sten's stardom; it reinforces Fredric March's reputation as our most sensitive and versatile actor; and it provides a rich, splendid, and thoroughly satisfying experience. Anna Sten is that miracle, a beauty who is more concerned with characterization than with close-ups.

Evelyn
Prentice
M-G-M



Evensong
Gaumont-
British



If you had never met "The Thin Man" you would hail "Evelyn Prentice" as a new, fresh, and exciting event. But don't blame Evelyn if she does not burst upon you as a thrilling novelty. The super-sophistication of her predecessor took the edge off. The new co-starring vehicle of William Powell and Myrna Loy is excellent entertainment, even though it attempts to follow in the footsteps of their first audacious classic. You will enjoy, I believe, the latest adventures of Bill and Myrna—again a modern married couple, again involved in swift and sometimes sinister affairs, and this time augmented by a Tiny Tot who is a throwback to those screen kiddies of yesteryear who always lisped "Papa love Mama?" in time to avert domestic disaster. There's excitement aplenty in "Evelyn Prentice" what with the complications of a lawyer husband too busy to come home to dinner, a philandering poet who has the misfortune to be murdered, and the trial scene—and a good, suspenseful trial scene it is, too, with Miss Loy approaching poignant perfection, Mr. Powell at his brilliant best, and Isabel Jewell as the heart-rending "other woman." You'll welcome Una Merkel, gay and sparkling.



Comparison with Grace Moore's picture, "One Night of Love," is inevitable, so suppose we get it out of the way right now. Like La Moore's triumph, "Evensong" is the screen record of the career of a prima donna. Both heroines are beautiful, with lovely voices. Romance rears its head in both cinemas—not once, but often. And just as Grace Moore is the particular pride and joy of these United States, so is Evelyn Laye the pet of England. Now it is up to you to see "Evensong" and decide for yourself just who is really "the queen of song," if you must! Miss Laye is decidedly a pictorial and vocal treat as Maggie McNeil, the Irish girl who becomes *Irela*, the great opera singer. Leaving youthful love behind her, she embarks upon her operatic career with the aid of Kober, the impresario, who coaches her to triumph. A handsome Archduke pursues her with diamonds and affection—but there the story takes a new turn. The lovers part; and *Irela* goes on alone, still singing until age and weariness catch up with her, and a young rival breaks her heart. The supporting cast is excellent, with outstanding performances by Emlyn Williams, Carl Esmond, and particularly Fritz Kortner.

You Can Count on these Criticisms


Reviews without Prejudice, Fear or Favor!

The Month's Best Performances:

Evelyn Laye in "Evensong"
 Anna Sten in "We Live Again"
 Joe Penner in "College Rhythm"
 Frankie Thomas in "Wednesday's Child"
 Anne Shirley in "Anne of Green Gables"
 Fredric March in "We Live Again"
 Loretta Young in "The White Parade"
 Ross Alexander in "Flirtation Walk"
 Frank Morgan in "There's Always Tomorrow"
 Binnie Barnes in "There's Always Tomorrow"




Flirtation
Walk
Warners

 Fooled you *this* time! Here's a big musical that doesn't glorify the Busby Berkeley girls, but the West Point cadets! And if you want to know how *that* is done, see the picture. I'd see it anyway, if I were you. It's a great family show. It's clean, it's cute, it's wholesome, and it's always pleasant to watch. The master stroke that makes "Flirtation Walk" different from other musicals—besides that revolutionary step that gives the cadets all the glory—is having Frank Borzage direct. Yes, Frank "Seventh Heaven" Borzage, no less. Meaning that the intimate scenes of this production are imbued with as much charm and sincerity as any super-drama; meaning that the co-stars, Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell, are presented with more depth and sympathy than ever before; and their romance takes on reality. Of course you get a dash of girls, more than a *soupc on* of song, and considerable comedy. But you get, also, all the beauty and speed and spirit of West Point itself; this picture will make most small boys want to go there—and their mothers and their sisters and their aunts will wish there were more Dick Powells around—or more Ross Alexanders. He's a pet!




The White
Parade
Fox

 Really worth-while! Readily recommended to every woman who likes meaty motion pictures and prefers to grapple with human everyday drama rather than be whisked away by an "escape" screenplay. "The White Parade" is a minor epic of the hospital nurse, her duties and her rewards; and Jesse Lasky may take his usual bow for resisting the temptation to go Hollywood in producing it. Loretta Young is the heroine who will be regarded as having a "Florence Nightingale complex" by the hard-hearted; but to me it was rather refreshing to meet a movie beauty who was more concerned with her ideals of service than her marriage to a rich polo player. Mr. Lasky, tempering his own ideals with good showmanship, wisely chose the exquisite Loretta to lead the parade of earnest young nurses; somehow Loretta, when looking spiritual, can persuade audiences to believe anything. However, whether you take "The White Parade" seriously or not, you will be entertained by the reel record of the lives of young probationers, their work, their loves, their trials and temptations. John Boles does all possible to make the most unbelievable hero of the month convincing. Grand cast!



College
Rhythm
Paramount

 Here's one for laughs! Check your complexes and your critical faculties and prepare to enjoy yourself with this perfectly crazy picture. A troupe of the wildest and most talented performers ever assembled throws dull care and discretion right at the director's head and makes hey-hey, nonny-no and bango. (Aside to Director Taurog: of course I know *you* made them behave that way. But all the more credit to you if they look spontaneous.) Plot? Well, maybe Joe Penner's duck knows; I don't. What does it matter? Paramount has turned out still another radiantly insane comedy; that's all, and it's more than enough. Lanny Ross is the sanest member of the cast, and even Mr. Ross unbends to the extent of turning in a hundred percent better performance than in his first movie. Jack Oakie is general assistant, with Joe Penner clowning around, and Lyda Roberti looking delicious and dancing and singing delightfully. There's a football game to end all gag gridiron scraps; and there are hit tunes, and—oh, yes—there are dance numbers for those in the audience who still demand 'em. Beauty abounds in the persons of Mary Brian and Helen Mack. Everything considered, see it!

Let Them Guide You to the Good Films

One More Lawton!

"THIS season's stage star is next season's movie star" is almost a rule in modern theatricals. But one man's meat may be another's spinach. Movie audiences have often been known to yawn in the face of the stage's favorite personality.

Last season New York's matinée idolators found themselves a new type to sigh over—a young man who oozes charm, freshness and intelligence. This innovation in heroes is Frank Lawton, (f. o. b. London), who appeared in the Broadway play, "The Wind and the Rain," was recalled to Hollywood to appear in "One More River," and promptly proved therein that there were more movie rivers for him to cross—notably that coveted assignment of the rôle of the grown-up *David* in M-G-M's ambitious production of "David Copperfield." One of the real acting plums of the year.



You met him first on the screen in "Cavalcade." Then he wandered away—but "One More River" brought him back. Now "David Copperfield" wins him a long Hollywood contract.

This is Frank, no relation to Charles, but also a fine English actor and gentleman

By
Cecille Lyon Shawn

Frank Lawton is

1. Not tall.
2. Not broad-shouldered.
3. Not a smoothie.

Or not what you girls usually demand in a hero. He looks like somebody's kid brother, except that he's wearing a dinner jacket, and his hair's slicked. A whisky-and-soda, which he downed during this interview, looked incongruous in his hand. He swears, though, that he's 29, and has been on the stage for eleven years.

Now he is on his third trip to Hollywood. Three years ago he made "Cavalcade," then returned to London to appear in British plays and movies. Of acting in America he says: "It's a great experience playing here. It's entirely different—and I can't explain exactly why—from playing in England. One wouldn't expect to play the same rôle two ways, but—take my part in 'The Wind and the Rain,' for example—I played it much quicker here than I would have in London. Another thing, I have much more confidence here." Then he added quickly, "Although I lose it every now and again!"

He continued: "Maybe the speed of America has something to do with playing a rôle faster. You know, there's a general impression here that English actors who come to America talk very fast. Actually, we don't, but we're terrified to leave a gap!"

The son of actor-parents, Lawton, as a youngster, determined to go on the stage. His father, also Frank Lawton, was an American, who went to London during the Gay Nineties in the musical comedy, "Belle of New York." There he remained and married Daisy May Collier of the London stage.

Finishing Langley Hall (high school), in 1923, young Lawton persuaded André Charlot to give him a part in a revue. Several musical shows followed, in which Lawton did virtually nothing but stand around. Finally, he was given a chance to do a sketch.

"It was a very funny scene, and I had some good lines," he said. (Continued on page 90)



The happy Harmon O. Nelsons, above, are defended by the blonde film beauty at the right, Bette Davis, who is amazingly frank in this exclusive story about her married life.

Now It's My Turn!

Goaded by gossip, Bette Davis tells "the story to end stories" about her young husband

By Mark Dowling

I HAVE seen a boy named Nelson take it on the chin for the past two years. There have been rumors that we are on the verge of a divorce. Hints that I am supporting him. Whispers that I even pay for the clothes he wears. *Not only does he still love me, but most of the time he can laugh at the remarks people make.* I think that's one of the swellest things in the world!"

These vivid sentences are part of the notes Bette Davis gave me to help in writing this story, notes she had dashed off at high speed in a white hot rage over a gossip item printed about her husband in a Sunday newspaper. I had read the item myself, and knowing how Bette and Harmon Nelson have strived to keep their finances absolutely separate, in their difficult situation where the wife earns a salary much greater than the husband, I had suspected her reaction.

(The item stated that Bette had taken her husband to a department store and bought him a complete outfit of a suit, hat, and shoes, with a necktie thrown in. Emphasis was laid on the alleged fact that the star herself paid the bill. Final insult of all, it was titled simply 'And He Loved It!')

"I've kept quiet about this long enough," Bette told me over the phone. "I thought people would realize how fine and independent my husband is—how absolutely untrue these 'gigolo' rumors are. I believed if I kept

silent Hollywood would forget about us and let us alone. But now I've let everyone else have *their* say—I want to tell my friends *my* side of it. Come over and get the story!"

She met me wearing a pair of bright blue lounging pajamas which set off the pale brilliance of her hair, her great dark eyes, and the flaming scarlet of her provocative mouth. She looked modern and dangerous as tomorrow's airplane. She talked wittily, slangily, with no respect for the sacred cows of the movie town. She laughed with frank abandon when amused. She even—(are you listenin', Mr. Hays?)—livened her conversation with colorful words not permitted in Sunday school. And she had such a foundation of breeding, culture, and intelligence that she did all these things, which less self-assured stars dare not attempt, and remained quite definitely A Lady. A lady with fire in her eyes and rage flaming in her heart.

"I wish I could laugh these things off as my husband does," she told me. "But I can't help *burning*!"

"Ham," as she nicknames her husband, was out playing golf, so we sat in the living-room of their charming house. It's a long friendly room with a fireplace and French doors looking out onto a terrace. Two dogs, a Scotty and a Sealyham, raced up and down the rugs as we talked. Flowers and a half-filled bowl betrayed her occupation before I had arrived. (Continued on page 71)

SCREENLAND

Sophistication with a subtle hint of Spring-time! Ann Sothern shares with you her secret of how to be smoothly spectacular!

Edited by

Ann Sothern

Lovely Ann, right, shows you her new gloves of shimmering satin, set off by quaint high curled coiffure, shining jet bracelets and necklace.



Left, gown for a goddess! Black, off-the-shoulders, with Empire train. Don't miss the two gardenias worn on each sleeve! Right, hostess gown of striped velvet in brilliant red, blue, yellow, green, and white.



Gorgeous Girl looks ahead to Spring in this gray street suit, above, with its perky cape with kimmer collar. Ann's hat of wool has a wide bow.



Glamor School



Hollywood Beauty's new and original ideas in clothes and contours, chapeaux and coiffures, brought to you only by SCREENLAND

Girls, you may not wear your hearts on your sleeves, but put your money in purse-shaped hats and you'll be smart! Left, Ann Sothorn illustrates.

A dream within a dream: Ann in her negligée, left, of magenta colored chiffon, with its underdress of gold lame. Right, Ann's evening gown which whispers Spring with its turquoise-blue moire grace.



Going Russian? Well, Ann will join you with her tall turban, pictured above; but she softens the severity with her sumptuous silver-fox scarf.





Making Eyes!

With their long sweeping lashes, smooth, arched brows, these are the loveliest eyes in the world! You can encourage yours to be like them!

By
Josephine Felts

Miss Garbo's eyes owe so much of that glamorous charm to their curling lashes. They are real, too, all her own, though they may look like one of those things too good to be true, an intangible, enchanting beauty that defies analysis.

WE THINK there are no eyes in the world as lovely as Greta Garbo's.

There is something about Garbo's eyes that baffles explanation. It is a spiritual quality. You can no more analyze it than you can analyze the beauty of the changing colors of the sea. Her eyes seem to be looking far off at strange, enchanting things not visible to the rest of us. But then, true beauty is like that. It is intangible.

Of course true beauty is an intangible thing. But there are certain details about lovely eyes that you can note and copy. Long, luxurious lashes, for instance. Notice those in the picture. How they curl back over the lids and cast long shadows upon the cheek. Yes, they are real and they are Garbo! As much a part of her as the finely chiselled mouth and wide spaces between eye and brow. And you can encourage yours to be like them.

Everybody has grown eye-conscious. It is not a new fixation. Fascinating ladies from the early days, when Cleo was sweeping a wicked eyelash, and Helen looked up at Paris from under languorous lids, have known the advantage of eye-action. They may talk all they please about "flattery a-foot" but we are right here to tell you that flattery a-eyelash is a lot more fatal. It will turn any man's head. They even say that you can get anything you want if your eyelashes curl just the right way. They must be exaggerating because we tried it and we couldn't. But of course perhaps ours did not curl the right way!

Making up your eyes will make you brave and saucy. It will give you that beautiful feeling that you are the

loveliest girl in the world. And who wouldn't give her favorite fortune for that? It used to be considered very ultra. Today eye make-up is a matter of course. And so cleverly are most eyes accented that you can only tell their make-up by the fact that they are especially beautiful. Eyes that look "made-up" are dreadful. Eyes that are skillfully accented will double any girl's popularity.

So here we are with ideas guaranteed to keep you in a social whirl. We are going to reveal the secrets of one of the younger stars who is an expert at "making eyes," and who happens to be our friend.

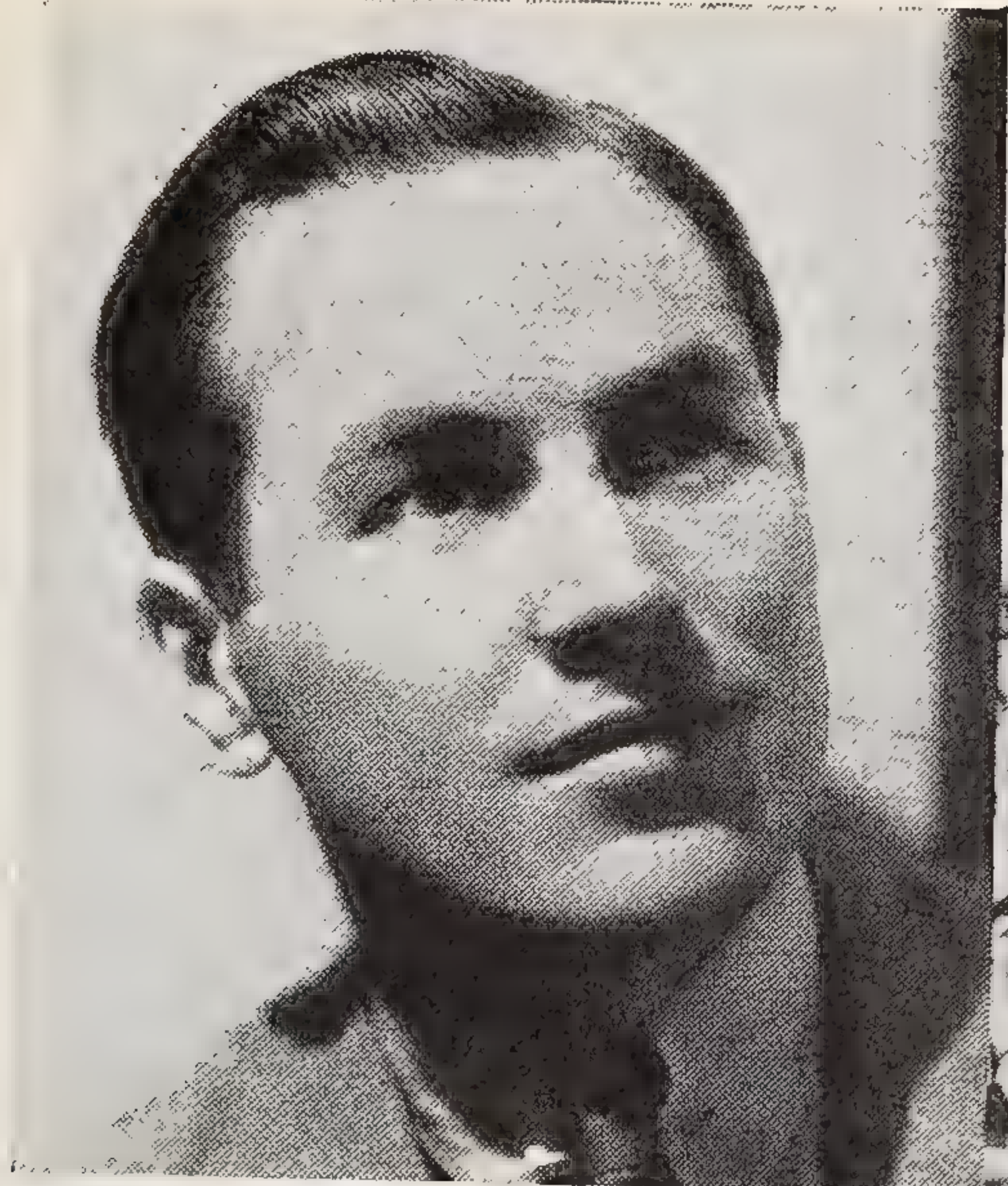
People who meet this glamorous starlet for the first time or who see her on the screen, rave about her eyes. Yet she has a pretty mouth, a smile that flashes, tumbled brown curls and as exquisite a figure as ever wrecked havoc on a stag line at a debutante's ball.

If she had any faults you forgot them. If her nose wasn't classic and her chin was too round, you never noticed. But you could not forget her eyes. They were something to write songs about.

Now the strange part of all this is that her eyes are not really extraordinary, when you come to analyze them. Yours and Sally's and mine are all just as exciting. It is the use she makes of them.

In the first place, she curls her lashes. They are not long, but she makes them look so, by brushing them up and by rubbing vaseline or some one of the special eyelash creams on them. When she wants to be very fetching, she curls them with a little device which a lot of girls are learning to add to their regular beauty equipment. It sets a glorious curl. (Continued on page 92)

RADIO PARADE



Lanny Ross, star of his own air show and the headliner of another, finds plenty to keep him busy in radio, and asked for his release from his movie contract.

Two stars who go musical in a way that's different from their style in radio, for a musical screen play—right, Joe Penner and Lanny Ross in "College Rhythm."



Another side to some Hollywood reports of fireworks when radio and pictures get together

By Tom Kennedy

ACCORDING to reports out of Hollywood, Lanny Ross stalked out of the cinema center in a good old-fashioned huff—the kind of a huff that would do credit to the most temperamental star that Hollywood itself could produce.

That's interesting, if true, we thought. Especially since the Hollywood version betrayed a hint of indignation that any but a Hollywood-made star could work up such a good huff—huffing in the grand manner so far has been the exclusive mark of the Hollywood aristocracy. So we thought we would find out about it.

Sure enough, Lanny did quit Hollywood in a huff—he admitted it quite frankly in the rehearsal room where he was preparing one of his "Log Cabin" programs. "I got a laugh out of it, too," added Lanny, "but not till I got back here and somebody asked me what kind of a 'huff' mine was—a six-cylinder or a twelve-cylinder 'huff!'" And with that last crack *bango* went another prospective yarn with plenty of hot angles about impending law suits, claims and counter charges, retorts and recriminations.

Nevertheless there had been a war, but no scars of

battle, no casualties, up to the time of going to press.

Now we'll give you just one guess as to what started the fireworks between radio's most romantic young singer and the film biggies with whom he signed for a period of five years—four more to go. Right! You can't miss if you guess that the big fight started in a studio story conference, no matter who the star or what the studio.

Lest there be any further misunderstanding of this particular feud, bear in mind that no serious difficulties arose until *after* "College Rhythm" had been completed. "We got along fine with the 'College Rhythm' company and I liked working under Director Norman Taurog," Lanny said.

Things started when time came for discussion of Lanny's next picture. It seems he had put his OK on a story, with music, titled "Mississippi," and then it was decided to make "Mississippi" a starring vehicle for Bing Crosby, which left Lanny out in the open for another story, and there were ructions when the subject of substitutions came up.

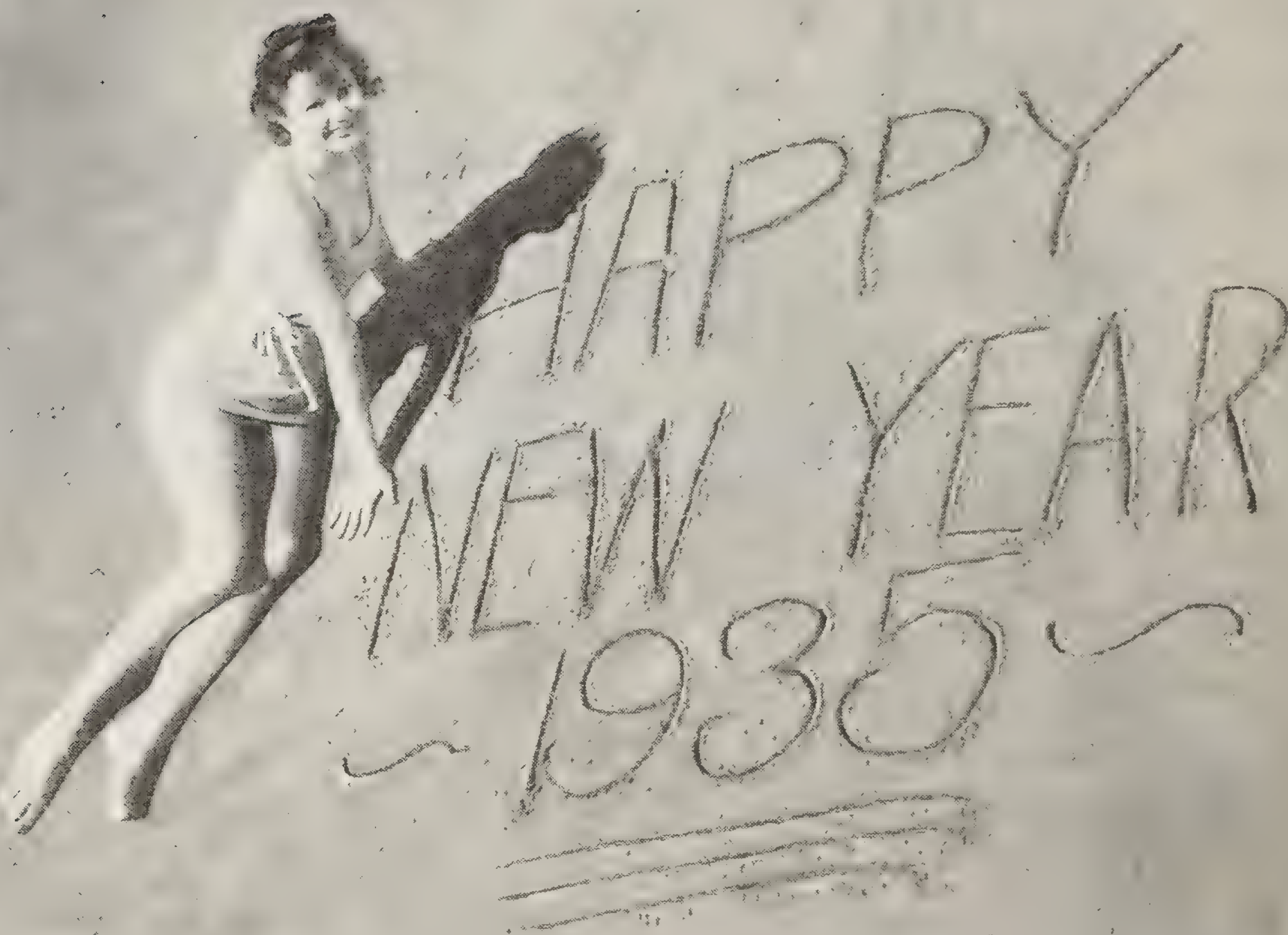
Maybe you'll be wondering why young Mr. Ross decided to ask for his release from a contract that assures him lucrative movie work for the next five years. Well, there are many reasons, according to young Mr. Ross, and all good and convincing, too, though it's hard to get any part of show business (and that means radio as well as pictures and the stage) to believe that a person wants to do something from a conviction and in accordance with a plan or a philosophy, and not solely for purely financial considerations.

"It's hard work doing both radio and pictures," said Lanny. "I don't mind working hard, but with this new program of mine I have something I have wanted for a long while. I want to devote a lot to it, want it to be the greatest possible success. And (Continued on page 84)

Here's Hollywood!

News and Talk of Screen Town

By Weston East



WHEN Marion Davies switched from the M-G-M to the Warner Brothers Studios, a major job of house-moving was involved. For not only did Marion transfer herself and her personal belongings, but she ordered her bungalow dressing-room moved. The building was cut in half, and at considerable expense the two portions were rolled twenty miles, through city and country streets alike. When the halves reached their destination, they were rejoined; and lo, there stood Miss Davies' M-G-M bungalow on the Warner lot.

CAROLE LOMBARD and William Powell, since their divorce, have the same trouble with their dog that some separated couples have with a child. They've compromised; Powell gets the dog on Sundays and holidays, and Carole keeps him the balance of the time.

The holidays may mean furs and ice-carnivals to you, but in California it's bathing-suits and the beach. Cecilia Parker, above, shows you as she sends her New Year's greetings.

WELL, guess what the studio janitor discovered when he cleared Greta Garbo's old dressing-room, after she had moved into sumptuous new quarters. Funny papers! Piles and piles of comic sheets! Not all comic sheets, but just the torn-out sections of one particular serial, "Pop Eye." She has even named her dog *Wimpy*, after a character in Pop Eye's strip. And of course, you knew her two cats were named *Olive Oil* and *Castor Oil*?

HERE is something I'll bet you didn't know about Isabel Jewell: She was so smart in school that she received "A" in everything, from her first year in high school to her final year in college.

HERE is a standing offer, open to all comers: Ned Sparks will pay the sum of one thousand dollars to any man, woman or child who will make him laugh. Of course, there is a catch. Any person attempting to evoke a grin from the "dead pan" comedian and failing, must contribute ten dollars to Ned's favorite charity. The odds are one hundred to one, but to date there have been few takers.

MOTHERS with children, beware; never give your young ones magnets, if you want them to eat spinach!

Shirley Temple's parents taught their chee-ild to eat spinach "because it had iron in it and would make her strong." Then they gave her a toy magnet. When it didn't pull the spinach, Shirley refused to swallow the "iron" story—and now she will NOT eat spinach.



Wide World

Introducing Norman Scott Barnes! He is the star of his very first picture posed with his proud and famous parents, Joan Blondell and her husband, George Barnes.



And here's the nursery that Joan and George had all ready for Norman's arrival, with every accommodation for the baby's comfort and safety—he ought to like it.

THE big social and matrimonial event of the season was the wedding of Virginia Katherine (Ginger) Rogers and Lewis Frederick Ayre (Lew Ayres).

It took place at the historic Little Church of the Flowers, and most of Hollywood's important people were present. Janet Gaynor, in pastel yellow and brown, and Mary Brian, in delft-blue, were bridesmaids. Phyllis Frazer, in blue-green, was maid of honor. Ben Alexander was best man.

The bride wore a gown of pale green Chantilly lace, and she never looked more beautiful. And by the way, Ginger is now sending small squares of the gown material to fans who write to her; it is a nice souvenir.

The wedding featured the short ceremony, with the word "obey" deleted. Walter Woolf sang, *Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes*, and the wedding march from

"Lohengrin" was another musical feature.

Following the marriage, wedding guests, about forty in number, met some two hundred other guests at the reception. The bridal bouquet was caught by Lois Wilson, who also departed with the first slice of the wedding cake. Incidentally, the bridal bouquet was comprised of white orchids and gardenias—well worth catching indeed.

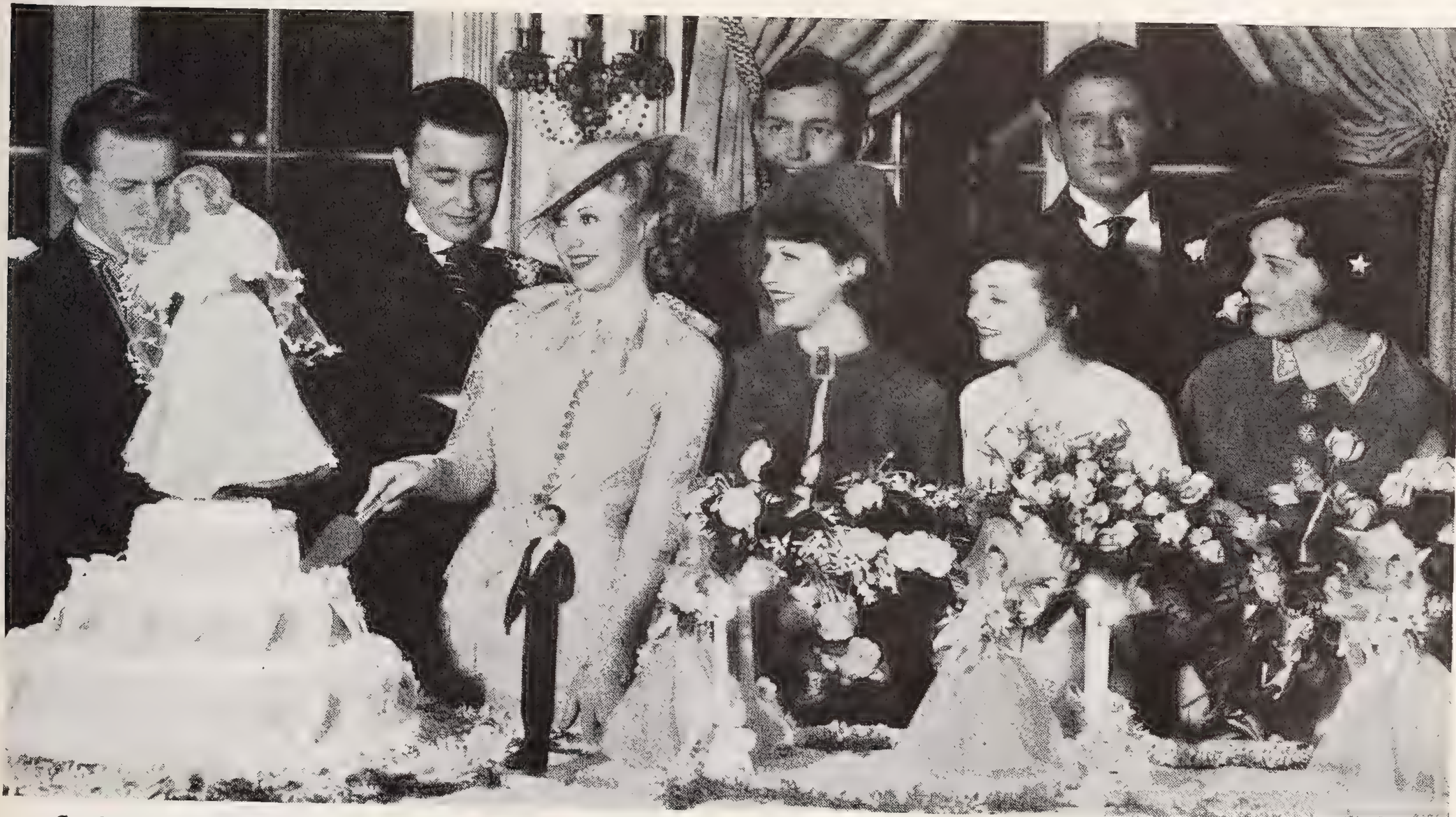
Following the reception, bride and groom hastened to Palm Springs for a brief honeymoon. They have taken a home in Beverly Hills.

NOTHING like keeping work in the family, these days. The Doyles think so, at any rate. So when Adalyn Doyle, who used to be Katharine Hepburn's stand-in, graduated to a contract as a regular actress, she called in her sister, Patsy, and persuaded Miss Hepburn that Patsy would make an even better stand-in.

WELL, the first screen collaboration of Margaret Sullavan and William Wyler as actress and director lived up to its title of "The Good Fairy" insofar as a new Hollywood romance was concerned, and Yuma, Arizona's "marrying justice," Judge Earl A. Freeman, added another to the imposing list of screen celebrities he has pronounced man and wife, when Margaret became Mrs. William Wyler.

The event was pleasant news to the Hollywoodites who know the newly-married couple. Wyler, 32, born in France, related to the Laemmle dynasty of the Universal lot where he directs, has been in Hollywood since 1920, became a full-fledged director after a short apprenticeship as an assistant. Lately he has been coming rapidly to the fore, with such fine productions as "Glamour" and "Counsellor at Law."

Here's SCREENLAND's very best wishes to you, William and Margaret!



Cutting the cake after the knot was tied! Above, the bridal party at the reception following the wedding of Lew Ayres and Ginger Rogers, who cut her cake and ate it too. In the group are: Ben Alexander, best man; the groom; the bride; Phyllis Frazer, maid of honor; Andy Devine, usher; Janet Gaynor, bridesmaid; Robert Burns, usher; and Mary Brian, bridesmaid.



A celebrity and a scholar! Even when the little Temple takes to learning her Three R's, she is the smilingly infectious girl who has won the hearts of millions. Above, Shirley with her teacher, Lillian Barkley, during school period at the studio.

JOAN CRAWFORD has a standing order at a book-shop for all new books. Those she likes, she sends to her friends. . . . Mary Brian has been reported engaged fourteen times, but she has never been seen with an engagement ring on her finger. . . . Funny item in a Los Angeles newspaper: "Ann Shirley is getting to be a grown-up girl; she went to a party unescorted for the first time. And Trent Durkin took her." *Unescorted?* . . . Somebody points out that on the day Ginger Rogers announced her engagement to Lew Ayres, her picture titled "The Gay Divorcée" was released. . . . Bing Crosby attended his alma mater for a football game. He gave the boys a "pep talk" between halves—and the opponents ran up a triple score.

WHEN Douglas Fairbanks returned to Hollywood from "deah old Lunnon" he brought along something new for men. Doug's innovation is a wardrobe of dress suits of varying colors. He owns a plum-colored, a brown, a gray, and a dark blue dress suit, all made of velvet.

SUCH fun! Margaret Sullavan stepped into her automobile at the studio, adjusted the gears, trod on the gas pedal—and the car didn't move. Investigation revealed that somebody had jacked up the rear wheels, so that they merely spun in air.

Margaret isn't the gal to die easily. She did a bit of quiet sleuthing and eventually learned who had perpetrated the joke. So when she invited him to have an ice cream cone, and he unsuspectingly accepted, was it her fault that the inside of the cone was filled with pure salt?

CRUDE as it may sound, Marlene Dietrich "rolls her own"—and I don't mean stockings. For her new picture, Miss Dietrich learned to roll cigarettes. At first, "rolling her own" was merely fun for the fastidious German actress, but apparently she grew to like her "home-made" cigarettes, because now she smokes them as often as she does the ready-made kind.

AS THIS is written, Russ Columbo's mother is still unaware of her son's death. Her own serious illness is the reason the sad news is kept from her. She thinks her boy is on a location trip to Europe. Meanwhile, she daily receives a bouquet of flowers, with a card attached, reading: "Love from Carole and Russ." Miss Lombard sends them.

AN anonymous friend sent Donald Cook a present in the form of a set of kitchen utensils. Cook, who lives up to his last name, was so pleased that he asked a local newspaper to publish that if the sender would identify himself, he would be treated to one of Donald's home-cooked meals. Cook received twenty-eight letters from would-be diners!

NOW that W. C. "Bill" Fields has purchased a ranch, he is announcing the most preposterous plans for his horticultural future. Here are some of his prospective "gardening ideas":

Square peas that will not roll off knives. Orange trees watered with gin, instead of *aqua pura*, the resulting fruit "juice" to be a ready-made cocktail.

A "burpless" onion; when eaten, it will produce no embarrassing public burps. Fields also hopes to achieve an onion that will have a violet aroma.

Blue-eyed peas for people who dislike black eyes.

A SCREENLAND close-up goes this month to Joe Morrison, because: when he was a beginner on the New York stage and barely made enough money on which to live, a comedian of the show took Joe's part, and helped him to get a salary rise. Recently Morrison ran across the comedian, out of work. Joe kept after his director until his old friend was given a picture-job.



Seeing Anita off! Tom Brown bids an affectionate *bon voyage* to Anita Louise as she boards the streamlined rail flyer for New York.



Think you could recognize those fearsome fellows above if we didn't tell you who they are? Well, that's Franchot Tone, left, and Gary Cooper, right, in disguise as Afghan tribesmen for the parts they play in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer."

ACCORDING to Alice White, she employs the world's shrewdest cook. Miss White is certain of this because of a recent incident. She had noticed that the cook, a short and very stocky negro girl, had been preparing only the richest and heaviest of foods. Alice instructed her maid to learn the reason for such a menu. Presently the maid returned with the answer: "The cook told me that if you just weighed ten or fifteen pounds more, Miss White, she could wear all your old clothes." With thoughts of the young fortune she has spent in body massage being wasted, Alice now plans her own bill-of-fare.

A NEW high in novel star-autographs was achieved by a young couple who were enroute to be married when they saw Fay Wray. Momentarily forgetful of their own joys, they hurried up to Miss Wray and requested an autograph. They had a pen, but no card or paper, so Fay signed the only available thing—their wedding license.



It takes good acting for two such nice people as Carole Lombard and Chester Morris to glare at each other as they do in this scene.



The famous humorist and actor enacts a celebrated character of fiction. Here's Will Rogers as "The County Chairman," his new screen rôle, in a scene with Gay Seabrook, Kent Taylor, and Robert McWade. Real Rogers flavor is evident.

ROMANCE AND RUE-MANCE DEPT.:

THE Jean Harlow-William Powell-Carole Lombard triangle is upsetting Dan Cupid. Jean dines with Bill nights, and Carole lunches with Bill days. While Powell helps Carole redecorate her home, Jean supervises the selection of furniture for Bill's new house. Further complicating matters, when Carole made a picture at Jean's home studio, a daily visitor on the set was Miss Harlow's mother. What do you make of all this, Watson? Of course, now that Jean has signified her intention of divorcing Hal Rosson, Cupid wagers a future wedding between the blonde charmer and William Powell.

The James Blakely-Mary Carlisle romance is another problem. They profess

marriage intent, but meanwhile Mary receives daily gifts of roses from Edgar Allen Woolf.

At last Ginger Rogers and Lew Ayres, bless 'em, have gone and done it. Everybody's wishing these two grand kids the best of luck. Sari Maritza and Sam Katz, the movie executive, climaxed their long engagement by eloping to Yuma. (Why do they call them elopements, when they aren't run-away marriages at all?) Kathryn Crawford is now Mrs. James Edgar. He's that very rich Detroit business man.

Gloria Swanson was actually nervous when she got her divorce from Michael Farmer. But rehearsal makes perfect, (this was La Swanson's fourth divorce), and proceedings went off without a hitch. Kathleen Burke, (*Panther Woman* Burke, they call her), has divorced her husband, after slightly more than one year of wedded bliss; Helen Chandler is reported getting a divorce from husband Cyril Hume. Londoners say this new separation between the Leslie Howards will be permanent.

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., has sent word to his Hollywood agent—(Junior is still in London)—to deny any rumors connecting his name in romance with that of Gertrude Lawrence.

The re-union of the Charles Farrells, (Virginia Valli), on his return from England would seem to falsify "family trouble" rumors about these two.

Cecilia and Linda Parker, sisters, are cooing with Vic and Ernie Orsatti, brothers. Sally Blane and Pat de Cicco are very much inclined. Lyle Talbot seems more serious about Peggy Waters than those other girls with whom he has been mentioned. Wedding bells appear to be definite for Nancy Carroll and millionaire Van Smith.



And how do you like Ronald Colman in the silks and finery of an eighteenth century gentleman? We thought you'd like it, so we show you this scene of Ronnie and Loretta Young as his alluring leading lady in "Clive of India."

MAE WEST merits one of SCREENLAND'S big close-ups this month, because when Mae heard that the Motion Picture Relief Fund was low, thus endangering the very existence of many indigent actors, she voluntarily sent her personal check for one thousand dollars. So Mae, here's our very special close-up to you.



Rugged individualism backed up by sharp-shooting! Above, Richard Dix in a scene for "West of the Pecos."



Yep, it's Maurice all right, landing back in America to star in a new and important Chevalier musical picture.



Close-up of the new star from Vienna, and her leading man: Mady Christians and Charles Bickford in "A Wicked Woman."

JOAN CRAWFORD'S new automobile license plate is just a flock of sevens . . . Greta Garbo, after clinging to her ancient dressing-room for years, has moved into gorgeous new quarters . . . Gloria Swanson strained the arches of her feet and has been ordered to wear low-heel shoes for several months . . . Carol Ann, Wallace Beery's adopted daughter, aged three and one-half years, has actually piloted Wally's airplane—but of course with Papa Beery at hand to guard against accidents . . . Thirty-one chorus girls dyed their hair for rôles in "Red Heads On Parade," because flaming tresses were a definite requisite . . . Alice Faye changed from one expensive apartment to another, because the first refused to admit her dog.

EVER hear of a screen star being spanked? On first thought, that seems ridiculous, doesn't it? This star happens to be Shirley Temple, and if you think her \$1500-a-week movie contract exempts her from parental applications of the open palm, you're quite mistaken. Little Miss Temple has her disobedient moments, and when they occur, little Miss Temple receives her just deserts in the same embarrassing place where other children suffer.

A MOST amusing sight is to see Carole Lombard's dachshund when he visits her dressing-room.

The room is practically lined, sides and ceiling, with mirrors. The "long little doggie" hasn't had experience with mirrors before, and when he gazes around the room and sees what he believes to be scores of other dachshunds, he goes into a frenzy.

TROUBLES continue to assail Dick Powell's first house-building experience. As construction was nearing completion, Powell made a discovery: his property was located a quarter-mile from the nearest gas main, and to get gas in his home, he would have had to pay for the piping for that

distance—a fabulous amount. So again his plans were changed. Everything in Dick's new home is operated by electricity. And is *this* funny: Although his house adjoins a golf course, the Lakeside Club would not permit him to cut a gate through the fence, so Dick has to go around the lake, nearly two miles, to reach the club house.

THERE was considerable ado in Hollywood when Rudy Vallee failed to go to the depot to greet Alice Faye on her return from the East. Everybody had been so sure he would be on hand.

What most people don't know is that Alice was supposed to have arrived a week previous to her actual coming. She failed to notify Rudy of her change of plans.



Climaxing a battle of wits! Here's one of the tense scenes in the film version of "Father Brown, Detective." Paul Lukas as *Flambeau*, Robert Loraine as *Inspector Valentine*, and Walter Connolly as *Father Brown*.

Carole Lombard has no corner on luscious curves! Help yourself to a Hollywood Figure with James Davies' advice

HOLLYWOOD FIGURE

MANY of you write that I am neglecting the underweights and giving all my attention to the girls who need to reduce. So this month I'll devote myself to the girls who should put on poundage.

It's all very well to be slender—though in 1935 it isn't fashionable to have the picket-fence type of figure—but it is certainly *not* at all well to be skinny.

Americans, on the whole, are inclined to be energetic, high-strung, nervous and easily exhausted. It's the "go-getter" temperament. If care is not taken to provide proper food and rest for this type of person, they grow haggard, cadaverous, stringy-looking, and easily fall prey to infectious disease.

Because food is so important for underweights, I'll discuss it at some length.

Why are you skinny? Because you are not taking enough food, or not assimilating what food you eat; because you are not getting enough sleep; because you are wasting energy or worrying.

Of course inability to gain weight may be due to some long-continued minor ailment, such as a septic condition of mouth, nose or throat which is causing you to absorb toxic poisons. You must consult your doctor if there is a chance of some such condition being at the root of your lack of curves.

The most important thing for a too-thin person to cultivate is an even temperament. Don't let yourself be excited by trifles. Make up your mind that nothing will be improved by your getting wrought up over it. Deliberately control yourself when you feel your pulse racing, your heart beating too fast, your temperature going up.

Try deep breathing at such times. That is the secret of mental control. Breathing exercises increase the efficiency of the body's functions, steady the nerves, and help give you poise.

The habit of deep and rhythmic breathing is of great importance. This will do you more good than any other thing you can do. Take breathing exercises for ten minutes night and morning. Whenever you think of it during the day, straighten up and take a few deep, even breaths.

There are three kinds of breathing: abdominal breathing, breathing that expands the chest walls outward, and breathing in which the chest is raised upward at each breath. The last type is the nervous, emotional breathing and should be avoided.

Try to attain the breathing that begins by slowly expanding the lower lungs, (ab-
(Cont. on p. 68)

The stars' favorite guide to grace and health, James Davies, conducts this department exclusively for SCREENLAND readers. Follow his exercises and menus. Write him your own weight and diet problems

Hollywood Figure

Continued from page 67

dominal type), without raising the collar bone. Don't attempt to stretch the lungs; just breathe easily. You can take these breathing exercises standing, sitting, or lying down.

Inhale through one nostril, while closing another; exhale through the opposite nostril. Then inhale and exhale in usual fashion.

The first thing to do when you are beginning to build up your body is to eliminate poisons. But you must not eliminate them only from the body; they must also be eliminated from the mind. Destructive thinking must go if you are to regain perfect health.

After you have eliminated the poisons in your body, according to your physician's advice, you must begin a program of body-building.

You can keep your digestive tract in order by using plenty of the leafy vegetables and fresh juicy fruits. These can be combined with the body-builders.

My favorite breakfast when I am in a hurry is a glass of milk, warmed but not brought to a boil, into which is broken two egg yolks. Add a little salt. On hot days I use instead the two raw eggs beaten

up with the juice of two oranges.

However, a good body-building breakfast is necessary for those of you who are under-nourished. It is an American habit—and a bad one—to omit this first meal or snatch a bite on the way to the front door.

Cooked cereals are excellent for you under-weights, but these should be cooked slowly. Among breakfast foods that have real nourishment are Steel Cut Oats, Grapenuts, Whole Grain Wheat, Kellogg's All-Bran.

You should always include fruit or fruit juice in this first meal. Don't have the same fruit every day, but vary it. Orange juice one day, grape fruit the next, a dish of prunes, a baked apple, sliced figs, sliced bananas or fresh apricots, if they are in season.

Bran muffins are excellent breakfast dishes. You can serve plain bran muffins with bacon, or if you prefer bran corn bread with bacon. I'm including the recipe for this, as you may not have it:

Bran Corn Bread with Bacon

2 eggs, well beaten	$\frac{1}{3}$ cup flour
1 tablespoon melted shortening	1 tsp. salt
	1 tsp. soda

2 cups sour milk	1 tsp. baking powder
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup bran	1 tbsp. sugar
2 cups cornmeal	$\frac{1}{4}$ lb. bacon, diced

Combine the beaten eggs, melted shortening and milk. Add bran and corn meal. Sift remaining dry ingredients and add to first mixture. Pour into greased pan and sprinkle bacon over the top. Bake in a hot oven (425° F.) for about 25 minutes, then slip under broiler for two minutes to brown the crust and crisp the bacon. Other bran muffin recipes that may appeal to you are:

Apple Bran Muffins

2 tablespoons shortening
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar
1 egg (well beaten)
1 cup sour milk
1 cup bran
1 cup flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon soda
$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt

Cream the sugar and shortening, add egg and sour milk. Add bran and let soak until most of the moisture has been taken up. Sift flour with baking powder, soda and salt and add to first mixture, stirring only until flour disappears. Fill greased muffin tins $\frac{2}{3}$ full, place a small slice of apple, sprinkled with cinnamon and sugar, on top of the muffin batter before baking. Bake in a moderate oven (400° F.) for 20 to 25 minutes.

Ry-crisp and shredded wheat are both excellent foods for body-building. Use lots of butter with the one and plenty of cream with the other.

Whole-wheat cakes with maple syrup, or whole wheat waffles with honey; eggs, either soft-boiled, scrambled or poached, are all good breakfast dishes.

If you have eaten a good, nourishing meal to begin the day, you may eat a light luncheon, but thin girls will do well to eat a well-balanced meal with at least one hot dish. If you can possibly arrange to do so, a rest of ten minutes before sitting down to noon and evening meal will help you to put on weight.

Be sure you have either raw fruit or salad in some form on your midday menu. Olive oil and lemon dressing is recommended for your salad.

Here are some sample luncheons:

1. Tuna and chopped lettuce salad, with dressing.
Ry-crisp. Hot artichoke with butter. Dates and almonds.
Pineapple juice to follow the meal.
2. Egg and spinach.
Baked potato and butter.
Orange juice.
3. Apple and celery salad, with dressing.
Small baked potato. Ry-crisp with butter.
Walnuts and raisins.
4. Vegetable soup with whole wheat crackers.
Baked potato. Asparagus. Lettuce. Custard.
5. Omelette. Whole wheat toast.
Grapefruit.
Celery.
6. Cottage cheese, pineapple, lettuce, with dressing.
Whole wheat bread and butter.
Almonds.
Hot cocoa.

If you use spaghetti or macaroni as your starchy food, be sure you get the whole



"Here's How!" say Pert Kelton and Skeets Gallagher, as they quaff the new beverage called: "Here's How." It originated in the Hawaiian Islands, where it is called "Ka-Ko." Here's how it's made: Fill a tall glass one-third full of pineapple juice (unsweetened), add one-quarter glass of whiskey, (or what do you like), juice of half a lime or lemon, cracked ice and then fill with seltzer water.

wheat variety, and include in the same meal a raw salad or fresh fruit.

If you need building up, it is better to take four meals a day than to eat too much at one meal. You will find a cup of hot ovaltine with ry-crisp an excellent before-bedtime snack. The warm drink will help you to sleep.

Don't stuff yourself with the idea that because you're thin you must eat all you can hold. You must eat the *right* food.

Here are some sample dinner menus. You can make up your own from them if you do not care for, or can't get, the items included.

1. Tomato juice.
Baked fish, baked potato.
Celery and ripe olives.
Baked apple with rich cream.
2. Vegetable plate.
Grape fruit and avocado salad.
Prune whip.
3. Lamb chops.
Baked potato. Spinach.
Celery and apple salad.
Nuts.
4. Roast lean meat.
Baked potato with butter.
Vegetables.
Cranberries.
Fruit cup.
5. Roast chicken.
Dressing.
Two vegetables.
Salad.
Custard.
6. Thick soup.
Vegetable plate—lots of them.
Salad with dressing.
Cheese, dates and nuts.

Don't forget to drink at least eight glasses of water every day. Plenty of fresh air is vitally necessary for those who have no curves. Try walking instead of jumping into the car to go short distances. But don't walk along with your head stick-



That old Spanish costume takes on a new and modern radiance under the sprightly influence of Rosita Moreno, who poses prettily for us here.

ing out ahead of your body, your arms jerking, stretching the seams of your dress with every step. Walk well with your head up. Imagine there is a book or a bucket of water on your head and that it will fall off unless you hold your head up. Walk with a swing from the hip, breathing deeply and evenly.

Be sure there is plenty of air in the room where you sleep.

It is well for underweight girls to take regular exercises, but these should be taken

more slowly than overweight would take them.

If you have time for brief rests in the daytime, do the spread-eagle exercise recommended in the first of these articles. In case you have forgotten this exercise, I repeat it. Take a luke-warm shower, put on a light, loose robe, and lie down on the bed without a pillow. Spread-eagle your arms and legs, close your eyes, and tip your head back and count to 500 very slowly, without moving a muscle or a nerve.

Take a warm, soothing bath at night and a tepid sponge in the morning if you are of the nervous type. Cold baths and showers are not for you.

"It's too much trouble to make breakfast. I'm always in a rush," girls tell me, "besides, I never know what to eat."

Get up a little earlier so that you can start the day right and *don't omit* a breakfast of nourishing food. It will fuel your body engine so that you can work well and efficiently.

Here is an excellent relaxing exercise, recommended for girls who are tense and who can't seem to let down:

Stand erect. Relax the muscles of the neck, allowing the head to fall forward. Relax the spine slowly until the trunk swings forward from the hips. With knees extended, swing the trunk freely in all directions, first to the right, then to the left, then forward and backward, allowing the hands and arms to hang loosely from the shoulder. Then rise slowly to an upright position extending lower back, upper back, finally head and neck, assume a posture of ease and balance, exhale when lowering body, inhale while rising.

When you get over the "feeling tired" stage, go in for swimming or skating. Don't try cold water swimming if you're the nervous type, though.

Don't forget that fresh air, sunshine, mild exercise and plenty of nourishing food will give you that enviable figure!

James Davies' Answers to Letters

F. B. Pitts, Ohio: You weigh about 8 lbs. too much.

The following exercises are recommended for reducing waist and hips:

(1) Lie flat on floor, hands clasped behind head, feet under low-runged chair. Sit up without raising feet. Do this 6 times every morning.

(2) Lie flat on floor, arms crossed on chest; roll 3 times to right, 3 times back to position. Do 6 times every morning.

(3) Lie flat on floor; raise right leg as high as you can, then lower slowly; repeat with left leg; then both legs together. Do each movement 10 times.

These exercises are good for all those who asked for hip and waist tips.

M. L. K., Philadelphia, Pa., whose baby is two years old, can use these to advantage in recovering her figure. Use of these will build a natural corset of muscle.

Mrs. Archie J.: You are about 10 lbs. overweight. Above exercises recommended.

Miss L. H., W. W.: Bust reduction dealt with in December issue. Waist line reduction, see above.

Elizabeth May: You are from 10 to 15 lbs. overweight, apparently mainly in hips. See above exercises.

Write to James Davies for advice about your problems of weight and diet, for special exercises designed to correct some fault of over-weight or under-weight, etc. Mr. Davies is too busy to answer by mail, but will select representative letters for attention every month. So look in these columns for advice on your problems. Send your letter to: James Davies, SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th St., New York, N. Y.

Fay S. Kensal, N. D.: Are you sure you weighed correctly? Seems 15 lbs. too much, but your measurements are not bad. Above exercises excellent, but I would recommend walking whenever possible, also sports and dancing.

Jean S., Maurertown, Va.: As you are only 16, I recommend exercise rather than diet. Try to go slow on candy, cake or rich desserts. Substitute fruits, dates and nuts.

You are about 12 lbs. overweight. This must be taken off with exercise. If you make up your mind to find time for it, you can do so. You go to bed too late for a schoolgirl. Get to bed early enough to have 8 or 9 hours' refreshing sleep, and rise early enough to put in at least 12 to 20 minutes' exercise, *every morning*. More, if possible. Also make it a rule to take a brisk walk every day.

Mrs. D. S. B., Cody, Wyoming: Abdomen exercises you can do at home—see above.

Maryland L.: Exercises to fill out legs: Hands on hips, feet together. Rise on toes, then bend knees, holding body erect; then upward stretch and lower heels to floor. Especially for calves: Put book on floor. Place toes on book, heels on floor. Balance up and down. Do these to music.

You say you are in good condition; then exercise 10 or 15 minutes a day to keep so. No, do not stick to one group of exercises; vary them, and work out a routine that will take in every part of the body, doing a few exercises each day and completing the routine in a week.

M. A. C., Seattle, Washington: Varicose veins belong in your physician's realm. They may be the result of over-exercise, or too strenuous running, or violent sports. Women often have them for other causes. Reducing creams are not efficacious.

The use of a bicycle will correct fallen arches, if the pedal is pressed properly. Since you can't afford a bicycle, try a small rolling pin, place foot on it and roll back and forth. You can do this as you sew or read. Of course, first remove your shoe.

The exercise on the book, given above, is also good for fallen arches.

Master of the Hit Formula

Continued from page 12

world, accomplishing things in a big way.

You saw the glamorous effectiveness achieved in his "Golddiggers of 1933"; you watched the sordid, impressive realism of "A Fugitive From A Chain-Gang"; you felt your pulse stir seeing "Five-Star Final"; you roared with mirth over the uproarious vulgarisms of "Tugboat Annie"; you thrilled to the power of the "The World Changes." You have, then, come in contact with the workings of one of the most dynamic, incisive minds known to the world of the cinema, that of Mervyn LeRoy. Here, indeed, is The King Of The Lot!

It was several years ago that I met Mervyn for the first time, on the set of "Tonight Or Never," starring Gloria Swanson. If you want to experience a strange sensation, you want to sit in one of those immense barn-like rooms on a motion picture lot, face a woman like Gloria, sophisticated to the tips of her tiny toes, regal rather, an experienced and accomplished actress, and have her smile up at a blue-eyed slip of a boy in a camel's-hair coat and say, "May I present Mr. LeRoy? My director, you know."

Call it what you like, the irony of Fate or whatever, but in those few words of Gloria's lies a story. Ten years ago Mervyn was playing the part, a small one, of Gloria's brother in one of her silent pictures. Today—well, you catch a certain ring of deep respect and admiration in the young woman's voice when she says, "My director, you know."

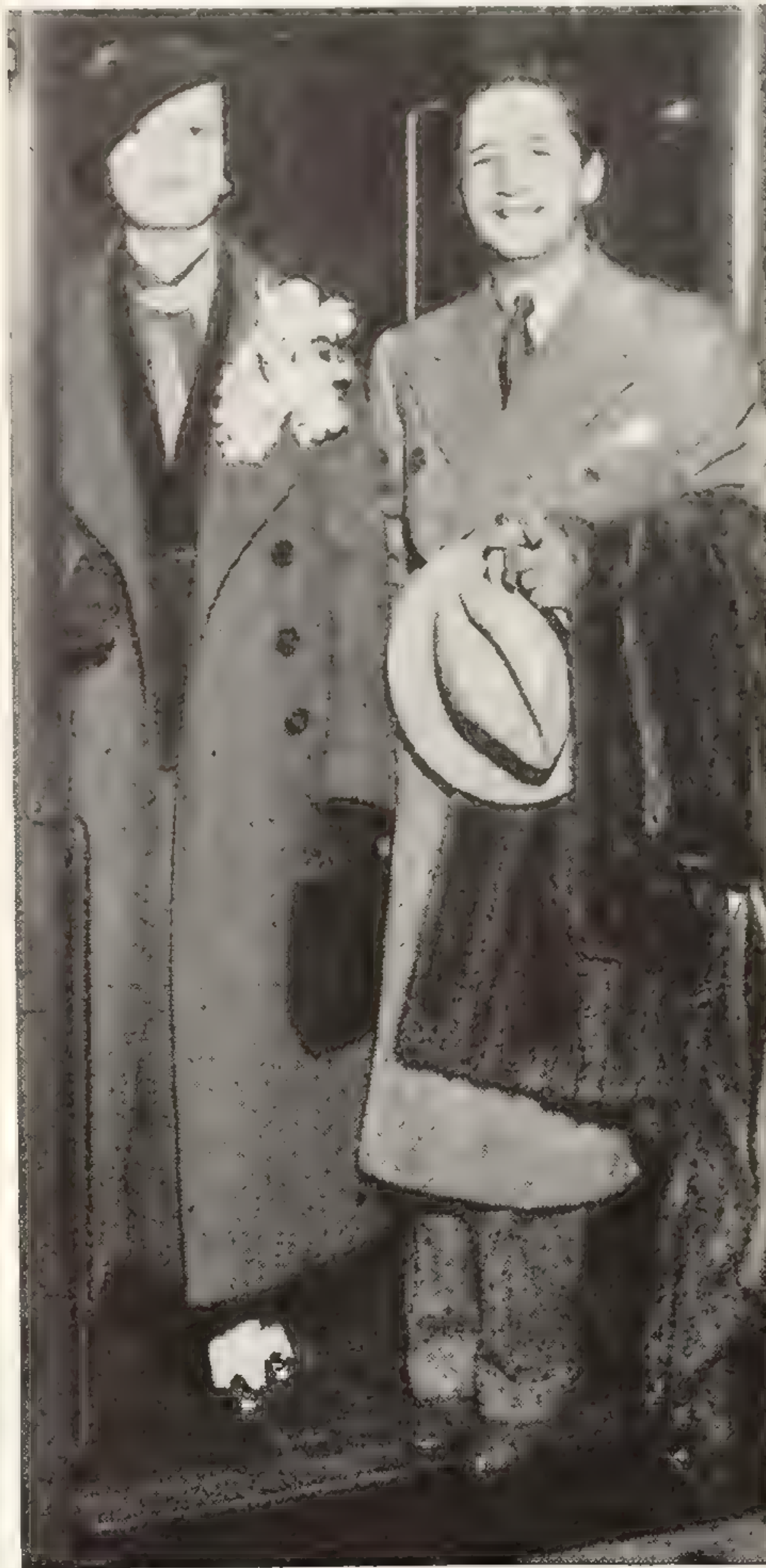
Since that day, I have come to know Mervyn LeRoy rather well. He is a very real sort of person. One can find, in a half hour's conversation with him, more vividly interesting material, relative to the battle of success in a great field than could be found in the diaries of the most celebrated stars. Mervyn has lived the game of the theatre from the ground up. He knows what he's talking about. Yet he never talks just to hear his head roar. He has bigger things to do.

"Tempo," he says, "tempo and speech. These are the most vitally important things in the making of a good picture. Let a scene drag for so much as a fraction of a moment, and you have a failure, a ghastly flop. The action, the dialogue—they must live!"

"The director, you see, sits where the audience sits. He must be that audience. If, during the filming of a picture, there comes a scene wherein I feel myself slumping in my chair, like this," (the enaction is most convincing), "then, were I to leave that scene unchanged, I would rest assured that the world, when it saw it, would slump, too. But if the scene is good, the tempo up to the mark and my audience I feel to be sitting upright and interested—then we've hit. The scene stands. What I strive to attain, however, is to get my audience dangling on the very edge of their seats, avid for more. If I ever do that—well, that's marvelous!"

Later on, speaking, without the slightest essence of ego (of which this young man shows the most surprising lack), about his various box-office records, Mervyn knocked on wood.

"I feel, in making such a picture as 'Fugitive' that I have done a good job. But I'm not satisfied yet. I've not done my best. I've better things to do. I don't like people calling me 'the boy-genius' or 'the boy-wonder.' It's silly. I mean that. There's no such thing any more as genius. It's only human effort. Why, I've been in this game for twenty years. I guess I'd be



Mervyn LeRoy and his wife, the former Doris Warner, arriving in New York on a recent visit to see the shows and shop for tiny articles.

pretty dumb if I didn't know something about it! None of us is better than the next fellow. We do our best, that's all. And if we're earnest, sincere and ambitious, of course, we get ahead.

"It isn't the director alone who makes a picture a success. It's everyone involved. From the fellow who sharpens the pencils for the script-girl to the cameraman and electrician—we've all got to co-operate. The day of the yelling, commanding high-mogul with the megaphone is over. It's a matter of combined interest and intelligence."

There are infinite highlights on the technicalities of motion pictures that Mervyn can tell you—absorbing facts. But there are other things, little intimate glimpses of his life that aren't so glowing, so glamorous. Mervyn, you see, knows what it means to strive, to fight for what is termed success. The fact that he was born a first cousin to a man by the name of Jesse Lasky didn't help much; only made the going a bit tougher.

"You can't win on another's laurels, no matter how big a name he's got," Mervyn will tell you. "Maybe that's what made me try so hard."

There isn't an angle that I can think of that Mervyn LeRoy hasn't tackled in the show business. Hooper in Broadway shows and vaudeville at the age of twelve, wardrobe boy at the old Lasky Studio, cutter, cameraman.

Mervyn recalls a rather important incident in his life at this point, his cameraman days. "The director wanted a 'moon' shot, moonlight on water, you know. Well, they couldn't get the effect. Finally I took a hand. Nobody asked me to. I worked day and night on the darned thing. I got a big

box, like they use to mix mortar in. Painted it black and filled it with water. Then I fooled around with all kinds of lights, strung up over the box, trying to get that look of moonlight reflected on rippling waves. I must have used up plenty of film, but I got it, finally. And next day, when the boss saw it, I was promoted to second cameraman!"

Once, when Mervyn was a comedy constructor (gag-man), on a Warner Brothers' lot, he put out some mighty good work in the way of comedy. Jealousy amongst several of the higher-ups broke out. He didn't know about it until the following day when he received word from Jack Warner that he was fired.

"Right then," Mervyn says, "was when I decided I'd had enough of gags and was out for becoming a director. Well, here I am."

Yes, here he is; and yet now, at the pinnacle of his career, he can say in that simple, naive way of his. "I get such a kick out of it all! Life's a swell thing, isn't it? See those pictures in there?" He nodded to the photo-lined walls of his study. "I can't tell you what it does to me, just reading over and over again the words those grand people have written above their names. Real friends, those. And friends count, believe me!"

You will find amongst Mervyn's collection of autographed portraits such tributes as this: "To my dear Svengali. From Aline MacMahon." (It was Mervyn, you know, who discovered Aline, gave her her first rôle in "Five-Star Final," and in doing so, gave to us one of the finest character actresses on the screen today.)

Another of Mervyn's protégées has written this: "I owe all my success to you. Glenda Farrell."

These are but two of Mervyn's prize possessions. They are a part of him. "Because," he says, "I know each word to be sincere, and sincerity—well, it's hard to find."

As to whom he considers the screen's greatest actors, Mervyn says, and without the slightest hesitation. "Paul Muni. There's no actor for you. There's an artist! He doesn't act his part. He lives it! Consequently every move he makes is flawless, real."

Others he mentioned were Helen Hayes, Marie Dressler and May Robson. An indisputable selection, surely.

In comparing Mervyn LeRoy with other successful men, I should say that, in my opinion, he is a Noel Coward in his directorial field. A prolific, versatile past-master in his line, who can turn from one type of story to another with the same remarkable perspicacity and skill with which Mr. Coward turns out his "Cavalcade" and "Design For Living."

This thirty-two year old director has gone far since the days of "playing movie" in his old back yard, and he's not stopped going yet. He wants—Little Man, What Now? Of course. He wants to become a producer. That's the next step. Well, he'll make it. But as he goes, he'll continue to gather unto himself the very things he values most in life—the respect and sincere encouragement of true and trusted friends. Values most, that is, next to the very smart and pretty little person who not so long ago changed her name from Doris Warner to Mrs. Mervyn LeRoy. For Mervyn's amazing success story has the happiest of endings—he fell in love with the boss' daughter and she fell in love with him—and now they're two of the most blissful "young marrieds" in Hollywood.

Now It's My Turn

Continued from page 57

It was an un-Hollywood scene, but to say that Bette is un-starlike sounds hackneyed and dull. Vital, frank, and completely lacking in pose or pretence, she knows the simple things she wants, and gets them.

"This is not to be a story about me," she said. "Since 'Of Human Bondage' there have been plenty of those. This is to be about my husband, Harmon Nelson. He deserves one. He has stood up so well under this fire of gossip and slander. They called him a gigolo, and I don't believe there's another man living who could have taken it as he did. Yet he has never mentioned a word of his feelings to me, and his attitude has been to laugh it off. Thank God he's kept that attitude!"

She had a few sheets of notepaper in her hand, and explained, "I was so furious this morning that I jotted down a few things. I'll read them to you." After a moment, she stopped, rather shamefaced. "It sounds silly. I was furious. I didn't think of expressing myself well, or of grammar. I just dashed off what was in my mind."

As she started to tear the sheets, I stopped her, horror-stricken. Here was a document telling the inside story of a Hollywood marriage, more personal and intimate than the best interview could hope to be. The very value was contained in the fact that Bette hadn't stopped to think and to censor—she'd simply struck off what was in her heart. Reluctantly she gave it to me as a basis for this story. The following declarations are the facts.

"I have always believed that Hollywood marriages were talked about too much, and Nelson and I decided we would try very hard to keep ours a thing for ourselves alone. We have been more successful than most people, but what has been the result? Things said and written so erroneous and heartbreaking to both of us that I am going to try to give you an idea of the man that married me.

"As you know, we were graduates of the same school in the East. He went on through college. I started earning my living in the theatre at the age of twenty, six years ago. When he graduated from college I had a head start in the world of four years. I was also in Hollywood where salaries for girls of my age are amazingly big.

"He came out to visit me and persuaded me to marry him even though as I knew and he suspected the odds were against us as far as the world—in this case Hollywood—was concerned. I had been here two years and seen many boys who married actresses unable to stand the gaff of everyone saying 'Just a gigolo.' Frankly, at that time I was afraid for him."

To avoid the slightest suspicion of dependence on his wife, the struggling young musician suggested an arrangement under which he would pay for his own living expenses, and half their household bills. Bette's salary would cover her expenses as a star—beautiful gowns, a maid, and her own car.

"Things as far as we were concerned," Bette continued, "were very right. Ham went east for radio work and stayed six months. During that time he read daily of our not too distant divorce—of the men I was madly in love with—and read articles saying I was supporting him. When he wasn't even out here with me and was doing very well himself in New York!

"At the end of six months we decided that a marriage apart was deadly. I was so lonely life meant nothing. And he the same. So giving up a very good start in

his profession of music he came out here to be with me, come what may. And you must admit that was a very generous thing for him to do. I felt so, anyway. He also knew he was landing in a town where motion pictures are the only profession of any importance—not a pleasant outlook!

"I was working hard on 'Bondage' and away from the house day and night. He tried to find something to do—nothing. More dirt in the papers—more people laughing at us, saying we were on the brink of divorce. Then he got a job as orchestra leader in a local night club, and day-times he is studying at a secretarial school, so he can get a position as a producer's secretary and work up in the executive end of the picture business. He always wanted to be a musician but doesn't see much future in that. He has been offered the secretary job at a different studio than where I'm under contract, incidentally—and I did not have anything to do with it!

"Isn't it awful, the way you have to explain yourself out here in Hollywood? But the gossips still refuse to understand. Just the other day there was printed a note about Ham's car, saying he gave me \$20 to buy him one and naturally expected that I would add to it. *He did not expect me to add to it*—and I spent one whole day touring the second-hand automobile places until I found a Model T Ford roadster for \$19.50."

This car, which is christened Ham's Folly, by Bette and her friends, is the subject of an amusing anecdote. A fan came to visit the star, and Bette took her to the studio in this machine, her own was being repaired. The fan bounced and rattled along for a few blocks, her face growing grimmer and grimmer. At last she exclaimed, "I'll never believe another word I read about those high movie salaries!"

This is the sort of infectious anecdote the young Harmon Nelsons are always telling about themselves. Bette says, "If the gossips could only meet Ham, they would see he isn't the type to be a gigolo. He has too much pride."

He has also, we discovered when he returned from golf, too lively a sense of hu-

mor. Gigolos are handsome, smooth, facile. "Ham" Nelson is decidedly not handsome but there is character and breeding in his face, and he is the typical young college graduate, easy-going, likable, and completely lacking in any attempt at social poise. Sprawled in any easy-chair, he looked rather nervous on learning that he'd been the subject of our discussion.

The fact that newspapers have featured stories of his wife's earnings of approximately \$1,000 a week and his own salary of about \$100 a week has made him sensitive to the curiosity of reporters. But their arrangement of living in complete economic independence of each other, while Bette is a glittering movie star with costly gowns, a big black Packard, and necessary entertaining, makes Hollywood's most unusual marital agreement.

Each contributes to the family budget, and a business manager sees to it that each pays a fair percentage of every bill. Bette pays for all the things necessary to her as a star—clothes, car, maid, and so forth. Harmon buys his own clothes, his car, and other expenses.

But another anecdote will tell you the sort of man Nelson is even more clearly than Bette's own description, and should convince the gossips of his economic independence even more than a recital of the details of their "percentage" agreement.

Very much the devoted wife, Bette noticed "Ham" struggling to pull a splinter from his finger, and sent for a maid to bring a sterilized needle. It was brought, rather grandly, on a small needle-sized tray. This pomp was a little too much for young Mr. Nelson, who can be imagined taking Bette down a peg if she ever tries to play the Personage, the Movie Star, around their home. Finished with the needle, he rang the bell for the maid, and when she appeared, said with perfect solemnity, "I'm through now. Bring back the needle-tray and I'll hand you the needle!"

Gigolo? Not in a thousand years! As Bette says, he is the sort of fellow who would maintain his independence if she had one hundred millions, and he had two cents!



Ruth Etting, radio and screen star, enjoys a pause in the day's occupation as she sits in the charming living room of her home in Hollywood.

George Brent's Future

Continued from page 17

Planet and the Planet which rules Pisces is Neptune. And what has that to do with it? Everything! For Neptune is the Planet which rules the moving picture industry. Neptune is the Planet of pretense, of camouflage, of make-believe, of acting. It is the Planet of shadow, and therefore rules moving pictures more than the stage. *No one has ever reached stardom in the motion picture world unless Neptune was well placed in his or her chart!*

Mr. Brent's ruling Planet is Neptune and Neptune is well placed in his chart. In addition to this good influence, the Planet Venus rules the Mid-Heaven and the Fifth House, (the House of Drama), in his chart. This, according to astrology, indicates success on the stage or the screen, particularly the screen; and that Mr. Brent would excel in the hero-type rôle.

The position of Saturn and Uranus indicated many changes in the dramatic career of Mr. Brent. The aspects to the Fifth House, which has much to do with the drama, point to great success in that line of endeavor. Certainly he can play varied rôles successfully, and due to the fact that the Moon is in a strong degree, indicating an aptitude for originality, he should be allowed to create his own characters, and play a variety of rôles for complete success.

In June, 1933, I cast Mr. Brent's chart for him. He has given me permission to use a few paragraphs from it here, showing just how my predictions made at that time have worked out:

"The latter part of September, 1933, you will have trouble with your employers, which will come to a climax in January and February, 1934. Your stars indicate that you will lose your case in court at that time, but in reality you will win by losing, for the studio will give you better rôles in better pictures. 1934 is the beginning of your rapid rise to stardom.

"Your stars also indicate that you will appear in some very good pictures, playing the leading male rôles, away from the place in which you draw your salary. From May 15th to June 15, 1934, there seems to be a decided change for the better for you in your work. You will be drawing money from one studio while you are working at another and the pictures for which negotiations were begun during that period will be very much to your credit."

Subsequent events proved that my predictions were correct. Mr. Brent's trouble with his employers ended in a lawsuit early in March. He lost the suit but really, he won it, for he returned to work under favorable conditions and with the renewed faith of his employers. He was given better rôles than he had been given before. And, just as I had told him, between May 14th and June 15th, he was loaned to M-G-M to play opposite Myrna Loy in "Stamboul Quest," in which he had an opportunity to prove his ability and charm as an actor and was again brought favorably to the notice of the public. *He was drawing his salary from Warner Brothers and working at M-G-M!* Shortly after that he was chosen by Miss Garbo herself to play the lover in her new picture.

"During this same period," his chart read, "you will change your residence. You will probably move near a body of water, which does not seem to be salt water."



Character study in close-up! The blonde lovely with the quiz-zical expression is Lucille Ball, in the mood for her rôle in "Men of the Night."

On May 14th, he moved to a house on Toluca Lake. He had absolutely no idea of making this move at the time I cast his chart. It happened that the Charles Farrell house on the lake was for rent and an agent secured it for Mr. Brent.

"Due to the position of the Planets Uranus and Mars," his chart continued, "you will have a narrow escape from an accident at the beginning of the summer. This will probably be an airplane accident."

Newspapers recorded the story of the accident, which occurred as I predicted it. Brent was rushing out of the studio to meet his instructor for a flying lesson. He was stopped and asked to return to the set for retakes. Impatiently, he said he couldn't; he had to be on the field in twenty minutes. Nevertheless he did return to the set and finished the scenes. He then hurried to the airport and was told that his pilot had given him up and taken another passenger. A few minutes later, word arrived that both the pilot and the passenger had been killed in a crash!

"Following closely after this accident you will be involved but victorious in a lawsuit brought about by an automobile accident in which you will be indirectly connected. It would be advisable for you to carry heavy liability insurance. Again you are fortunate, for there seems to be no harm come to you physically."

On June 3, 1934, Mr. Brent's chauffeur took Mr. Brent's car without his knowledge or permission and collided with another car in which three people were riding. One woman was killed and other people injured in the accident. A court action was filed against Mr. Brent.

"Uncanny!" you say. Well, perhaps it is, but I see these predictions work out day after day and I could not, if I would, prevent myself from having the utmost faith in the influence the stars exert on our lives. But I know you are anxious to hear what I have learned from the stars about Mr. Brent's personality, his characteristics, and particularly his romantic future.

His horoscope didn't promise him unearned success. It shows, rather, that he had very serious problems to face; many difficulties to overcome.

"How does it happen," you may ask, "that Brent, a Pisces person, is an actor?" That is a question that may well be asked, too, for very few people born under this sign choose the theatrical profession. Peggy Hopkins Joyce, Joan Bennett, Edmund Lowe, Dorothy Mackaill, Lois Moran, Conrad Nagel, Charlotte Henry and Guy Kibbee are a few who were born under this sign but who, like Mr. Brent, had contributing forces active at the time of their birth which have helped them become successful actors. The contributing factors in Brent's chart are the Planets Neptune and Venus which, as I told you in a previous paragraph, are the Planets that rule the acting profession.

If a young lady were to ask me what qualities she should have in order to attract Mr. Brent in a romantic way, I would study first her physical attractions, for his ideal girl would appeal to him first through the eye. Secondly, and more importantly, however, she would appeal to his mind. A woman must have a very keen intellect to hold George Brent's attention for long. He soon tires of women unless they are intelligent enough to keep him interested. She would have to be amusing and sometimes a little indifferent. She would have to give him plenty of freedom because the minute she began to tighten the reins he would find some method of escape no matter how high a wall of love she had built around him. He has a very independent nature. He has always wanted to stand alone.

On the day of his marriage to Ruth Chatterton there were several adverse aspects in both their charts. In Brent's chart the Moon was afflicted to Jupiter from the Seventh House, (of marriage), influencing his Fourth House, which has to do with home conditions. The Moon in Miss Chatterton's chart was afflicting Neptune, which is Brent's ruling Planet. These conditions indicated their marriage could not last longer than March, 1934; that the separation at that time would be final. Due to the position of the planets at his birth, this marriage brought him unhappiness rather than happiness. These conditions prevented him from doing his best work, which accounts for the fact that he did not at once fulfill the promise made in his first picture.

Nothing will retard his progress now except a hasty marriage, and that would retard him only temporarily. He was not married when he made "The Rich Are Always With Us," his first Warner picture which promised so much. And although his recent pictures have brought him personal success in a degree, it is only the beginning. There are no heights he cannot attain in the field of acting, particularly in motion pictures.

"The aspects from the Moon to Neptune and the Moon to Venus and the aspects of the Eleventh House, which rules friendship, in your progressed chart for 1934, indicate that a woman who follows your profession, is probably light complexioned, crosses your path in the early summer. The meeting with this woman is the beginning of a beautiful friendship, a comradeship which borders on romance;" I wrote in his chart more than a year ago.

"I ADORE YOU..."

THRILLING WORDS ... BUT NOBODY SAYS THEM TO THE GIRL WHO HAS COSMETIC SKIN

SOFT, LOVELY SKIN is thrilling to a man. Every girl should have it—and *keep* it!

So what a shame when a girl lets unattractive Cosmetic Skin rob her of this charm! This modern complexion trouble can be so easily guarded against.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Cosmetics need not harm even delicate skin unless they are allowed to *choke the pores*. Many a woman who *thinks* she removes make-up thoroughly actually leaves bits of stale rouge and powder in the pores. Gradually they become enlarged—tiny blemishes appear—blackheads, perhaps. These are warning signals of Cosmetic Skin.

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its rich, ACTIVE lather sinks deeply into the pores, gently removes every vestige of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

Before you apply fresh make-up during the day—
ALWAYS before you go to bed at night, protect *your* skin with the care 9 out of 10 lovely screen stars use!

OF COURSE, I USE
COSMETICS, BUT I NEVER
WORRY ABOUT COSMETIC
SKIN — THANKS TO
LUX TOILET SOAP.
IT'S EASY TO HAVE A
GORGEOUS SKIN THIS WAY.

GINGER ROGERS

STAR OF RKO-RADIO'S "ROMANCE IN MANHATTAN"



To the Lovely Lady

IN THIS PICTURE



LADY, you're lovely!

Radiant, fresh, and in the bloom of young womanhood. And behind that young and lovely face is a mind full of an old wisdom... old as womankind itself... and it decrees "keep lovely."

So your dressing table is laden with fine creams and lotions and cosmetics fragrant as a garden in June... and every other aid devised to make lovely woman lovelier still... and to keep her that way!

Among these aids... and you're very wise... is a certain little blue box.

It won't be on your dressing table, but discreetly placed in your medicine chest. Its name is Ex-Lax. Its purpose... to combat that ancient enemy to loveliness and health... constipation... to relieve it gently, pleasantly, painlessly.

You see, while Ex-Lax is an ideal laxative for anyone of any age or either sex, it is especially good for women. You should never shock your delicate feminine system with harsh laxatives. They cause pain, upset you, leave you weak. Ex-Lax is gentle in action. Yet it is as thorough as any laxative you could take. And... this is so important!... Ex-Lax won't form a habit. You don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results. And it's so charmingly easy to take—for it tastes just like delicious chocolate.

In 10c and 25c boxes—at any drug store. Or use the coupon below for free sample.

**When Nature forgets—
remember**

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

MAIL THIS COUPON—TODAY!

EX-LAX, Inc., P. O. Box 170
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.
825 Please send free sample of Ex-Lax.

Name _____

Address _____

So let us look at Miss Garbo's chart and see what it has to tell us. The aspects from the Moon to Venus and from the Moon to Neptune indicates that this would be one of the best periods in her life in which to decide on a husband, for when Miss Garbo marries, she marries for love alone.

Is it a coincidence that George Brent should have come into her life at this time, or is it the stars that have brought them together? Most certainly both their charts indicate that this is a very auspicious time for romance. And George Brent would understand her better than anyone she has ever known.

The Moon afflicting Jupiter from the Seventh House, ruling marriage and partnership, and influencing the Fourth and Fifth Houses in his chart, signifies that much caution must be exercised in choosing his next marriage partner in order to avoid unhappiness. He could find much happiness and married life could mean a great deal to him provided he did not rush into it. A long courtship rather than a short one resulting in a hasty marriage, would bring him more lasting happiness. He must be especially tactful as well as judicious in the selection of his next wife, particularly if he contemplates marriage in 1935.

He is the type of man who lives his life and gets plenty out of it and he can do just that successfully. He has been disappointed several times in his search for his ideal woman, but he is truly a great lover. Those women who have been romantically associated with him will never be able entirely to forget him. Women of all ages see in him their ideal man. He is inclined to want a duplicate of his own character in the next woman he marries, which I strongly advise against.

To some extent Miss Garbo combines many of the qualities that Brent seeks. He appreciates and understands her re-

ticence, her shyness. Most certainly he is not one who would force his attentions upon her.

It is the most natural thing in the world that these two people should be drawn to each other, because of the position of the planets in their charts at this time.

The fact that she is reluctant to enter the matrimonial state and Brent so recently stepped out of his matrimonial obligations influences their association. Each one can give the other complete relaxation. I doubt if there is anyone who has touched Miss Garbo's life closely who has made or ever will make the lasting impression on her that George Brent has.

Will they marry? If Mr. Brent had been free to marry at the time he met Miss Garbo last summer, he would have swept her off her feet in a whirlwind courtship that surely would have ended at the altar. But he was not free to marry at that time, he is still not free to marry, and many things can happen before his divorce from Ruth Chatterton is final next October. The charts of both indicate that this forced delay will prevent their romance from ending in marriage.

The fact that they met under such good aspects promises them an enduring friendship. Mr. Brent will continue to be her protector and best friend; the one in whom she confides, from whom she asks advice, *but they will not marry.*

Miss Garbo's chart shows a marriage for her, however, and Mr. Brent will certainly marry again. His chart shows that the greatest love of his life will come to him in 1936.

As the astrological predictions worked out for Mr. Brent last year, they certainly will fulfill their promises for his future. Barring accidents, 1935, 1936, 1937, and 1938 will be outstanding years in his motion picture career and nothing can hold him back for any great length of time.

Do You Know—?

Continued from page 32

Mae and Mary, you must be somewhat astonished.

And once, during a golf game, Jimmy Dunn drove a ball that struck and killed a bird on the wing. Janet Gaynor's first job was as an usherette in a San Francisco theatre. Anna May Wong's first job was helping her father, a Chinese laundryman, wash clothes. Anna laundered the small, fragile pieces.

Edna Mae Oliver's father and brother died of heart failure, and she, fearing the same fate, visits a fortune-teller at least twice monthly, constantly in dread of hearing that she herself may die. Madge Evans was the original *Fairy Soap Baby*—the tiny cherub in the advertisements.

Lew Ayres has a penchant for shoes that button up the side—the kind that are called "Wellington Springs" in England. He has two dozen pairs, but does not dare to wear them because his pals would kid him unmercifully. John Boles was a baseball pitcher in the Texas League, and he was offered a big league job. That was before he became an actor. Lupe Velez gives three Christmas gifts to each friend, one for each of the three Spanish Santas—*Melchor, Gaspart and Baltasar.*

Frank Morgan was once a Fuller Brush Man (withhold your jokes, please.) Shirley Temple weighs exactly her height—forty-three inches, forty-three pounds. Will Rogers courted his present wife, whom he married in Arkansas many years ago, by performing on a bicycle in front of her home. Victor Jory was born in Dawson

City, Alaska, because his parents joined the 1902 gold rush.

Warner Oland carries his lunch to the studio in a dinner pail; Claudette Colbert takes her lunch to work in a basket; Rochelle Hudson has a specially-made lunch container for the same purpose. Victor McLaglen does not own a radio set. He depends on a portable phonograph for musical entertainment.

Every time Jean Harlow eats one pound of chocolates, she gains three pounds in weight—and she wants to know why. "Pat" Patterson once worked in a velvet mill. Stepin Fetchit sang tenor in a church choir in Florida. He wanted to be a bass, so he tried swallowing sand, and almost ruined his voice. Dick Powell's new house had only shower baths (no tubs), until Mary Brian made a tour of inspection and suggested a change.

May Robson *personally* makes over two hundred neckties yearly and gives them at Christmas. Stuart Erwin was once a janitor at the high-school he attended. He had to light twenty-seven fires every morning because the school building had no central heating system. Leo Carrillo's present home occupies a site that was once the playground of the school he attended during childhood. Norma Shearer can walk on her hands.

Alice Faye goes to work earlier on days when Rudy Vallee broadcasts, so that she may leave the set in time to hear Rudy croon. Spencer Tracy enlisted in the Navy during the World War, but never once

glimpsed the ocean. Claire Trevor, who looks like a sixteen-year-old, is the original *Stetson Girl*. Richard Arlen and Charles Farrell, when they were extras and lived together, once had a fist fight because they had simultaneous calls to work in white pants—and they owned but one pair between them. Edmund Lowe is the inventor of a vegetable called "Topepo" (tomato and green pepper) that is fast becoming a popular delicacy in the West.

Director James Tinling was blind for two years (age three to five), when bees attacked him while he was trying to retrieve a piece of honey-iced cake from them. Mary Brian has been reported engaged fourteen times to as many eligible young men—but she has yet to appear wearing an engagement solitaire. Greta Garbo, on her last trip to Sweden, told her native editors that she will never marry.

Norma Shearer twice surrendered her career because she was advised that her physical defects made success impossible. Max Baer's only distasteful vision of the future (confided to a few personal friends) is that one day he may be forced to fight his own brother, Buddy Baer, for the championship. Ramon Novarro was once a taxi driver. At fourteen years of age, Marion Davies was a chorus girl on Broadway. Elizabeth Allen, in Hollywood, telephones her husband, in England, daily (and the 'phone company has been complaining about business being bad!).

Bing Crosby has not yet found an alarm clock sufficiently noisy to awaken him; he depends on household servants. Lee Tracy once had an impediment in his voice; he now talks fast because he got into the habit when, as a child, he discovered that by so doing, he could avoid stuttering. Cary Grant has an irrepressible love of fires. He will get out of bed any hour of the night, dress, and hurry for miles to witness a good house-burning. (He never starts them, though.)

Dolores Del Rio came by her figure naturally—but she indulges *two full hours* of exercise daily to keep those curves svelte. Following the release of old Mack Sennett comedies not long ago, Wallace Beery received several fan letters addressed to *Mrs. Beery*—(Wally played a feminine Swedish cook in those ancient comedies). After all these months, Virginia Gilbert still writes charming weekly letters to John Gilbert, her divorced husband. (But they are merely reports on the welfare of their chee-ild, so don't get excited.)

Yeahs and yeahs ago, a back-stage friend asked to borrow five dollars from Ned Sparks. At the precise instant a curtain fell and knocked Sparks unconscious—now don't ask when he'll recover! Ned "came to" twenty minutes later, and reached into his pocket for the loan, momentarily unaware that anything had happened. Gary Cooper is six feet, three inches tall, but he once weighed only 148 pounds—less than a five foot, seven inch man should normally weigh.

Thrice in her life, Jean Harlow has read newspaper rumors (once banner-lined) of her own death. Francis Lederer learned to speak the English language in less than two months—and it is the most difficult language, too. Jimmy Durante has ten dogs all with the same name, so that when he yells once they all come arunning. Jack Oakie was once expelled from school for playfully sounding the fire gong; they had to "fire" him to keep from wasting the drill, sillies.

Now that I have told you all these things about your favorite movie stars, let me tell you a little something about *yourself*:

Do you know that if you read and enjoy such trivia as this story, learned professors aver that you are a moron?

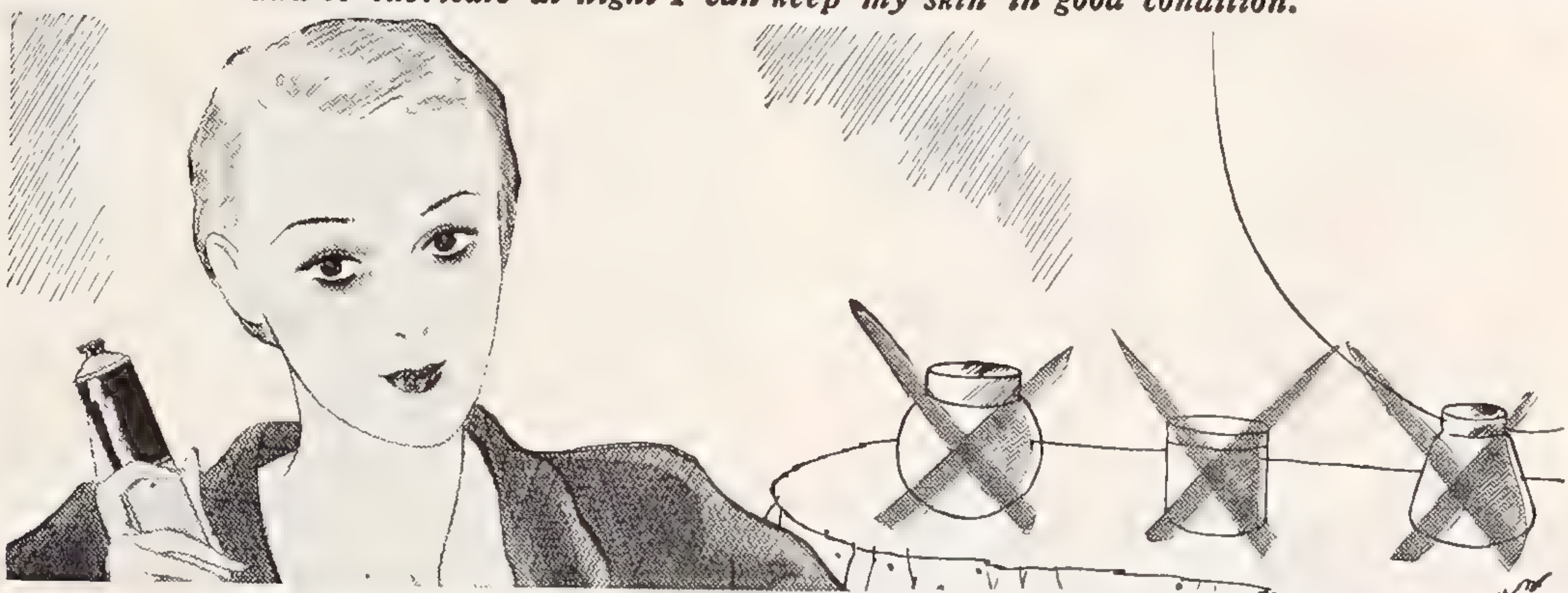
So move over, moron, and make room for me—I like 'em, too!

"Nothing helped my dry skin, until.."

says Miss E. L. of Pittsburgh, Pa.



"I have a very tender but dry skin and many of the creams on the market, even the expensive ones, only irritated it more."



"Up until now I had been using several different creams for different purposes. Today Junis does the work of all other creams I had been buying."

YOU use a cleansing cream to remove dirt. You should remove dirt from the pores, for otherwise this dirt may lead to blackheads, enlarged pores, rough skin.

You massage your cream deep into the skin. Then you wipe it off. But all of the cream does not wipe away... *part stays in the pores*. And because part does remain, it is vitally important what that cream contains. So we made a face cream that *does more* than remove dirt and make-up. It is truly revolutionary!

You see, scientists have at last discovered what happens to skin as you grow older. They have found that *all* young skin contains a certain *natural* substance which acts to lubricate the skin... keep it soft and radiantly alive. As skin grows older, this precious substance decreases.

We searched the world for this natural substance and found at *great expense* that it could be obtained in *pure* form. Then we found a way to put this rare element into

a new face cream! We named the new cream Junis Facial Cream. And we called the rare, natural substance Sebisol. No other cream contains Sebisol. When applied externally, this natural substance again softens and lubricates the skin.

Results astonished women. Women of twenty were delighted to feel the freshness and smoothness it gave to their skin. Older women, especially, rejoiced to see ugly blemishes begin to disappear. In their place came a lustrous, glowing, healthy skin that "over 30" women had never hoped to see again.

We invite you to use Junis Cream regularly as an all-purpose cosmetic. Then watch results. You need no other cream. For Junis cleans perfectly, gently. In addition, it contains Sebisol... to soften, lubricate, beautify. See what this new kind of cream can do for *your* skin. Junis Cream is on sale at all toilet goods counters.



JUNIS CREAM IS A PEPSODENT PRODUCT

KOOL

**MILDLY MENTHOLATED
CIGARETTES**

CORK-TIPPED



THE FINISHING TOUCH

Ho!...for the season of galoshes, sneezes, sniffles—and overheated rooms. Hurray for KOOLS, the cigarette that refreshes and soothes your sorely tried winter throat! Mildly mentholated: your throat never gets dry. Cork-tipped: KOOLS don't stick to your lips. B & W coupon in each pack good for gilt-edge Congress Quality U. S. Playing Cards and other nationally advertised merchandise. Send for latest illustrated premium booklet. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.)



Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

A Mouse in a Million

Continued from page 51

percentage, the mouse is as real as Greta Garbo or Charlie Chaplin.

How confused those fans would be were it possible for them to stroll through the Walt Disney studios! There they would find, not one Mickey Mouse rollicking through ridiculously comic antics, *but thousands and thousands of Mickey Mouses*, and no two of them exactly alike.

It is necessary to draw from twelve to sixteen thousand separate caricatures to complete *one* of his comedies. The Walt Disney studios turn out twenty-six Mickey Mouse pictures annually. The first was produced in 1928, more than six years ago. Multiply the number of cartoon-drawings necessary for each picture by the number of pictures produced annually by the number of years Mickey has been a star, and you will arrive at a figure above one million. *More than one million drawings of the mouse-hero have been necessary in the production of all Mickey Mouse comedies to date.* Truly, Mickey is a mouse in a million!

But let me tell you how the mouse comedies are made:

To begin with, the Walt Disney studios have a scenario department. Stories are outlined exactly as they are for Jean Harlow or Clark Gable. When a suitable story has been agreed upon, the plot is turned over to the "gag department." Harold Lloyd, Eddie Cantor, the Marx Brothers—none have more efficient "gagsters" than Disney employs. It is of course the duty of this department to inject funny situations into the original story.

The final script, complete with gags, is written in two parts. One part goes to the artists' department, or "animators." The second goes to the sound department. Photography and sound cannot be done simultaneously for the reason, as I have already explained, that the photography is done one frame at a time. Therefore, it is necessary first to complete the photography, and later to synchronize the sound to fit the actions of the cartoon-actors and actresses.

Actual production is a slow, tedious process. Approximately two weeks are required in which to photograph a picture that is projected in about seven minutes. Strangely, the most laborious work is not the multitudinous drawings of Mickey, but the cameraman's duties. *He photographs the cartoon comedies one frame at a time—twelve to sixteen thousand separate, slight turns of the camera crank.*

Each drawing of Mickey, as seen on a screen, really consists of two drawings. One is of Mickey himself; the other of the setting in which the mouse appears. Suppose, for example, the scene shows Mickey dancing on a table in a cabaret. The drawing of the cabaret and its furnishings is done on white cardboard. The series of drawings of Mickey, showing various positions of his dance, are done on transparent celluloid.

Thus to photograph Mickey Mouse dancing in the cabaret, the cameraman has only to place the transparent celluloid drawings, one at a time, on top of the cardboard sketch of the cabaret. The effect is that Mickey is actually in the cabaret.

Motion in animated cartoons is really an optical illusion. It is attained by drawing out the action pose by pose. Sixteen such poses are necessary for each foot of motion picture film. Actually, there is no motion, for of course each pose is only a black-and-white drawing. But when a series of still photographs, each depicting a slightly advanced pose toward an ultimate active move, are shown in rapid-succession, the

illusion of motion is attained.

Here is a little trade secret that I reveal for the first time: Many drawings of Mickey Mouse on celluloid are preserved in files. For example, one file is that of Mickey running from left to right across the screen. Tonight you may see a cartoon comedy in which the mouse runs from left to right across a room. Next week you may see another picture in which he will run from left to right across a tennis court. Actually, only the settings may be changed, and by "settings," I mean the cardboard drawings that are placed behind the celluloid series of drawings showing Mickey in the act of running.

There are two ways of synchronizing sound for cartoon comedies. The most common is to have the various sound technicians watch the cartoon on a screen, and to fit noises, voices and music to the action.

The more accurate method is the use of a second script, called "sound script." This method injects sound by the "time process." At a certain exact second of the sound script, the proper voice or sound or music is recorded. The timing is done in this way: There are sixteen separate drawings to each foot of film, so a metronome is set to beat sixteen strokes to the exact number of seconds required to project one foot of film. Thus, when the sound script indicates that on the tenth drawing of the 456th foot in the picture, Mickey is to speak the words, "Hello, Minnie" (Minnie, you may know, is Mickey's sweetheart), the voice dubber who is to utter that line knows exactly when to speak it—on the tenth beat of the metronome during the 456th foot of the film.

The "voice of Mickey Mouse" is that of Walt Disney himself. The weird voices of others of Mickey's cartoon pals are dubbed by specialists. Remember the operatic hen in a recent comedy? A woman who practiced for years did the "singing," which sounded like a combination of a human voice and cackling hen. One "dubber's" entire job is to bark for Mickey's dog.

Incidental sounds are seldom what they seem on the screen. Wind is obtained by swinging a cat-o-nine-tails near a microphone. Thunder is no more than a sheet of iron that is made to rumble by buckling. An airplane is simulated by an electric fan. Sounds of a running horse are made by a man striking his bare chest with cupped hands; try it and hear for yourself.

Disney told me something of the history of cartoon comedies: "The first record of an animated drawing was in 1906, but this was not a real picture. It was simply a brief episode titled 'Humorous Phases of Funny Faces,' and it was merely a novelty produced by J. Stuart Blackton for Vitagraph. It consisted only of such incidents as a man blowing smoke from his mouth, a woman rolling her eyes, and a dog jumping through a hoop.

"The first complete animated cartoon was 'Little Nemo,' which was also produced by Blackton for Vitagraph. Windsor McKay, the famous newspaper cartoonist, made the drawings.

"This was followed by the most famous animated picture of its day, 'An Artist's Dream,' drawn by J. R. Bray. The reel depicted Bray going to sleep at his drawing board. During his sleep, his cartoon-characters came to life.

"Then followed the most popular cartoon series of that era, Bray's series entitled 'Colonel Heeza Liar.' The first was 'Col. Heeza Liar in Africa,' which was released in December of 1913. The series continued

for five years."

Disney started his own cartoon career in 1921. At that time he drew the "Laugh-O-Gram" series in Kansas City. He experienced such success with these pictures that in 1923 he and his brother, Roy, now business manager of the Walt Disney Studios, went to Hollywood. There they produced the "Alice Cartoons," a combination of real-life characters and animated drawings.

Disney introduced his rodent character in 1928, when he created "Plane Crazy" and "Steamboat Willie," the initial two of the now overwhelmingly popular Mickey Mouse comedies. About two years later, Mickey had become a popular figure on the screen. Today theatres showing these comedies are assured plentiful audiences. Disney possesses photographs (which he will reveal only after persuasion, and with a touch of embarrassment), of theatre marquees on which Mickey is billed in huge letters above Greta Garbo in smaller letters of a Kansas City theatre marquee on which appears: "MICKEY MOUSE. ALSO JOAN CRAWFORD AND CLARK GABLE."

Now Mickey is about to take a new step. Starting with this month, the mouse actor is making his appearance *in color*! Mr. Mouse has graduated from the ordinary black and white films.

Of course, this is an experiment. Disney frankly admits that his experiment is daring. The public may not like Mickey in his new array of brilliant colors. For that reason, only a few of the cartoon comedies starring the mouse actor will be produced this new way. Then Disney will await the public response. If that response is favorable, Mickey will keep his "coat of colors." If not, Mickey will be returned to his old black and white formula.

Mickey's most recent outstanding achievement comes with the news that, after looking over the entire field for film attractions, the directors of the popular radio feature, "Hall of Fame," selected Mickey Mouse to be the star of their Xmas Holiday show broadcast on December 23.

There is little wonder that Mickey is so popular, for he is actually a cartoon version of the screen's greatest comedian, Charles Spencer Chaplin.

Chaplin is Disney's idol and ideal. Walt goes to see Charlie's pictures time and again, and laments that Chaplin doesn't make them more often. Disney thinks they are the most humane, as well as the funniest, documents the screen has ever known.

Disney blushing admits that in Mickey, he attempts to emulate the wistfulness and the charm of Chaplin. If you will pause a second to think, you'll doubtless agree that the same theoretical process is apparent in the stories of both Chaplin and Mickey. Neither star relies wholly on comedy for audience appeal. Both Disney and Chaplin toss heavy drama whole-heartedly into their pictures. Mickey seeking to save Minnie from the clutches of a super-villain is as full of pathos as any scene depicting Chaplin hurrying to the aid of his screen sweetheart. Mickey is no more helpless, facing his gigantic enemies, than is the slight figure of Chaplin when Charlie faces the towering heavies of his own comedies.

There is little that is new that may be written about the man, Disney. His modesty, earnestness, and sincerity have been glorified in hundreds of stories. His business ability speaks for itself.

Perhaps the most human and charming description of the man may be contained in these few words: Although he has been welcomed by crowned heads of Europe, and his pictures have earned millions of dollars, Walt Disney still continues to dub the screen voice of Mickey—the mouse in a million!



Keep MIRROR FRESH

WITH MARVELOUS FACE POWDER!

WHEN your big moment comes, will you grab for your powder puff, long for a mirror—be fussed and nose-conscious—and spoil it?

Or, will your complexion be *mirror fresh*—as soft and lovely as it was when you left your mirror? It will—if you're wearing Marvelous!

Marvelous Face Powder is a Richard Hudnut product—made with a brand-new ingredient never discovered for

powder before. It makes the powder cling longer than any you ever tried.

Don't take our word for it—take our samples! They cost you nothing (a mere 6¢ for postage and packing). In four shades—clip the coupon.

Or don't wait for the postman. The name is MARVELOUS. The maker is Richard Hudnut. The price—for the full-size box—is only 55¢. Drop in at the nearest drug or department store!

New Discovery BY RICHARD HUDNUT

NOW MAKES FACE POWDER STAY ON FROM 4 to 6 HOURS
(BY ACTUAL TEST)

MARVELOUS Face Powder 55¢



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FREE—Marvelous Make-up Guide—and FOUR generous trial boxes of four popular shades of Marvelous Face Powder. Mail coupon now!

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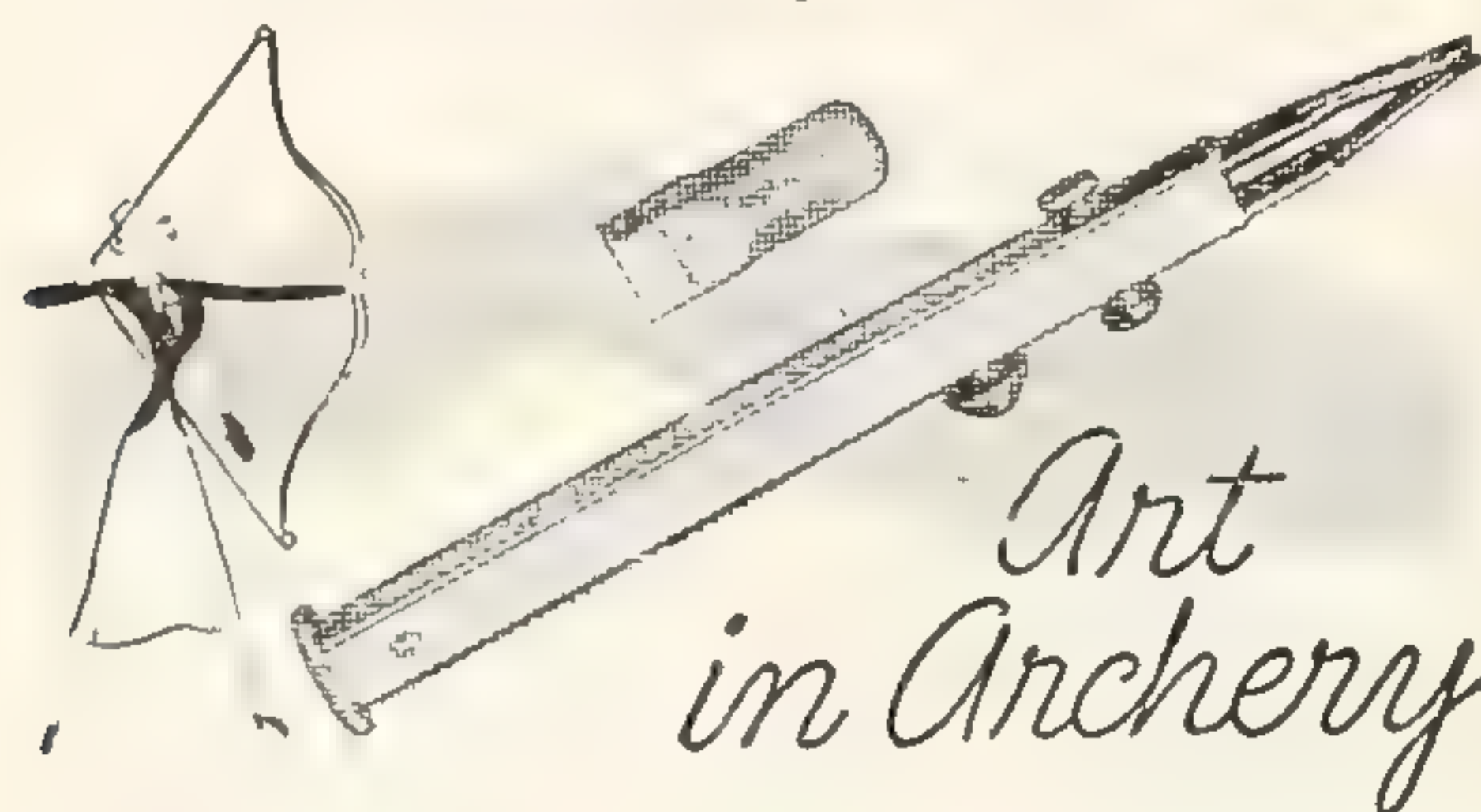
B R I G H T

EYE IDEAS



by
Jane
Heath

CAN EVERY MAN you know name the color of your eyes, this minute? If not, you are not making good in the beauty game and it's time to *take steps*. You might take to *Kurlash* too. Slip your lashes into this fascinating little implement—press for an instant—and presto! They're curled back like a movie star's, looking *twice* as long, dark and glamorous. Notice how they frame your eyes, deepening and accentuating the color! No heat—no practice—no cosmetics . . . and Kurlash costs just \$1 too!



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in Archery

JANE L. is right when she writes that it's worth the trouble to pluck her brows slightly along the upper line because it makes her eyes seem larger. But the reddened skin and discomfort she complains about are caused by using an old-fashioned tweezer. Do you know *Tweezette*? It works automatically, plucking out the straggly offending hair, accurately and instantly, without even a twinge. It costs \$1 in any good store.



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Kurlash

Jane Heath will gladly give you personal advice on eye beauty if you write her a note care of Department C-2, The Kurlash Company, Rochester, N. Y. The Kurlash Company of Canada, at Toronto, 3.

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Bringing Up Daddy

Continued from page 28

I do with a bunch of boys hanging around?" Then, with a grin, he added, "My daughters have undertaken a big job in bringing up their father. Parents don't rear their children these days, it's the other way around. The children bring up the parents. And how we love it! They're always a little ahead of us and we have to step lively to keep in the procession. Funny, how their tastes and desires influence us and how quickly we fall in with their ideas, and profit by their suggestions. "But that's the way it should be, for children must learn independence, how to look out for themselves. Modern life is too complex for us grown-ups and we're going to have to depend upon these young people to rescue us.

"I believe that every girl should learn to work so she can take care of herself. Marjorie is my secretary, and a competent one. Natalie is taking up bookkeeping and stenography, and Edna is preparing to be a pianist. I want them to learn the value of money and how to strike the happy medium between being too thrifty and being a spendthrift—to get all the pleasure out of today but to keep an eye on tomorrow."

Marjorie took up the story when Cantor was again called away. "I'm the only one they really accepted," she said. "Being their first they didn't care if it was a boy or a girl, but with every other baby they expected a boy. Daddy was never home when we children were born and so mother would send a wire, 'Hope you won't be disappointed but it's another girl!'

"They named the third daughter Edna, for they were becoming discouraged about an Eddie, Junior; and when the fifth girl arrived they tacked on Hope for the second name."

"Yes, and Janet doesn't like it," spoke up Marilyn, adding with anxious proprietorship, "Maybe she doesn't think we wanted her."

"I began traveling when I was two weeks old," Marjorie went on, "for mother took me to Chicago where Daddy was playing. We always joined Daddy after each baby and they used to carry us around in suitcases. Having a family didn't tie mother down and she and father have never been separated very much. You know, they have always been sweethearts and Daddy used to carry her books to school when they were children."

"And send her valentines," chirped Marilyn.

"Separations aren't good for married people," grinned Eddie, recovering his balance after a perilous contact with Janet and the barking Jolie. "Stay together if you want to be happy has been our motto and it has worked out beautifully. We're all chums, pals, the seven of us, and have our best times when we are all together."

"Nope, none of us ever had the acting bug or wanted to go on the stage or the screen," it was the 10 year-old Marilyn answering my question. "We can't even sing and outside of Edna's music there's nothing artistic about us." She sighed dramatically. "But we all love to see plays and pictures and we're all simply crazy about Jimmy Cagney, we think he is too divine. All except Janet, she's a Bing Crosby fan."

"When we came to Hollywood this year we hoped we could meet Mr. Cagney and one night just as we were sitting down to dinner he called. Natalie raced to the door when the bell rang thinking it was a messenger boy and when she saw it was our idol, our Jimmy, she almost fainted! She tried to speak and then ran upstairs.

Can you think of anyone with such manners?

"He came into the dining-room and we girls 'most passed out we were so excited, for he is even nicer than we had thought. I didn't want to embarrass him by staring so I squirmed around in my chair until I could watch him in the mirror. Daddy teased him and asked what he did to make us all such rabid Cagney fans and he just blushed, really he did." She giggled, a merry girlish giggle, "and when he left we scrapped as to who would be first to touch the glass he had used and sit in his chair. It was more fun. We ran up to tell Janet. She was in bed with a picture of Bing Crosby and her doll beside her and she wouldn't believe that Jimmy had actually been there."

"Of course, Daddy is our favorite radio star, all except Janet. She is always asking Daddy why he isn't as funny as Joe Penner, she thinks he's grand."

It was Marjorie, the calm secretary, who took up the story. "The change from stage to screen and then, to radio, offers a splendid variety in Daddy's work, and he loves each one. He says radio broadcasting is a great responsibility and very tiring, but always fascinating. He tries all his programs out on us for he says we are an average American family and if we don't like it neither will the public. When his hour is on we all sit together in our living-room at home, each with a script, and listen to the broadcast. We check off the laughs and the minute he goes off the air he comes right home and we talk it all over, everyone expressing their opinions."

"Daddy is the pioneer on the radio and has grown right along with it. He has to prepare about forty typewritten pages of new material each week and after it is once used he scraps it. You can't repeat on the radio like you can with a musical comedy that goes on for months without a change. Too, you have no previews, you can't try out your show before opening to register the laughs. So it must be as perfect as possible, and this means lots of work."

"I'm not going into a stage play this winter," said Cantor, as he joined us again. "I'm booked for two big radio programs and when the first is completed around December first, Mrs. Cantor and I are going to London and we are taking Marjorie and Natalie with us. Oh, yes, they're greatly excited about it. We'll remain but a few weeks, for in February I start another broadcast, and in April we return to California for another picture Samuel Goldwyn has already outlined for me. We all think this a pretty nice arrangement: New York in the winter and Hollywood in the summer."

Marilyn edged into the conversation. "Daddy likes to have some of us with him at the studio and I watched them make that colored fantasy in 'Kid Millions.' There were about 300 children and it was like a great big picnic."

"Daddy forgets the show world when he comes home and is interested in our affairs. He wants to know what we are doing, where we have been. He knows all our friends and watches our grade cards."

"He's just naturally funny; he doesn't realize how amusing he really is, and we all get such a kick out of his comedy. He is always up to something. Last night when he answered the phone he pretended he was a Chinese boy and put on a screamingly funny act that convulsed us. It would have fooled anyone, too. I guess we

did a pretty good job in bringing up Daddy and we think he is the greatest star and the greatest man in the world!"

Eddie, returning in time to hear this tribute, pinched Marilyn's round cheek as he made a funny grimace at her, then he took another flying leap to the ringing phone.

A merry, happy family, the Cantors. Always laughing, always appreciative of Eddie's impromptu shows. Which doubtless is the secret of his bubbling humor that flows on and on for the world's delight.

Salutes and Snubs

Continued from page 6

Publicity is vital to a screen star's success. A "Salute" to SCREENLAND for calling her hand. The fans are avid for stories concerning their favorites. If Miss Harding "goes into her shell" her popularity is doomed.

Mrs. D. W. McCravy,
544 Poplar St.,
Spartanburg, S. C.

PUBLIC LIVES!

I know what Joan Crawford usually has for lunch; Kay Francis' idea on love; that Sylvia Sydney prefers the screen to the stage; that Lupe loves the fights, and Connie Bennett has a huge appetite.

All such trivia makes swell reading for me. But am I interested in the grocer's, or the postman's idea of love? Hardly! S'funny world!

Gladys Moses,
Morris Run, Pa.

PRIVATE LIVES!

Some of you fans make me sick! Who cares how the stars brush their teeth, whether they use scarlet lipstick and green eye-shadow? Why aren't you interested in their ability as actors? Leave the stars some privacy, a life they can call their own!

Harold Chapman,
1739 N. Sycamore,
Hollywood, Calif.

THAT'S WHY MOVIES WERE BORN!

For years I've dreamed of seeing Fred Astaire dance! But New York is so far.

Now I can watch his bewitched toes and expressive hands for hours and warm to that winning personality and engaging smile. All because of that ever-wonderous miracle—the movies!

Rowena Devine,
1405 Superior St.,
Duluth, Minn.

BIGGER RÔLES FOR LYLE!

A flagon of hemlock for the producers who won't give Lyle Talbot a decent break. The latest mistreatment is the insignificant rôle foisted upon him in "One Night of Love"—a sour note in an otherwise great picture.

Hope Wynn,
West Bay Annex,
Jacksonville, Fla.

HARDING'S GREAT ART

Ann Harding's handling of the subtle philosophy in "The Fountain" was truly a manifestation of greatness. I had feared to see the screened production. Her work was perfectly done.

Estelle Bonner,
P. O. Box 372,
Salina, Kas.

To prevent this!

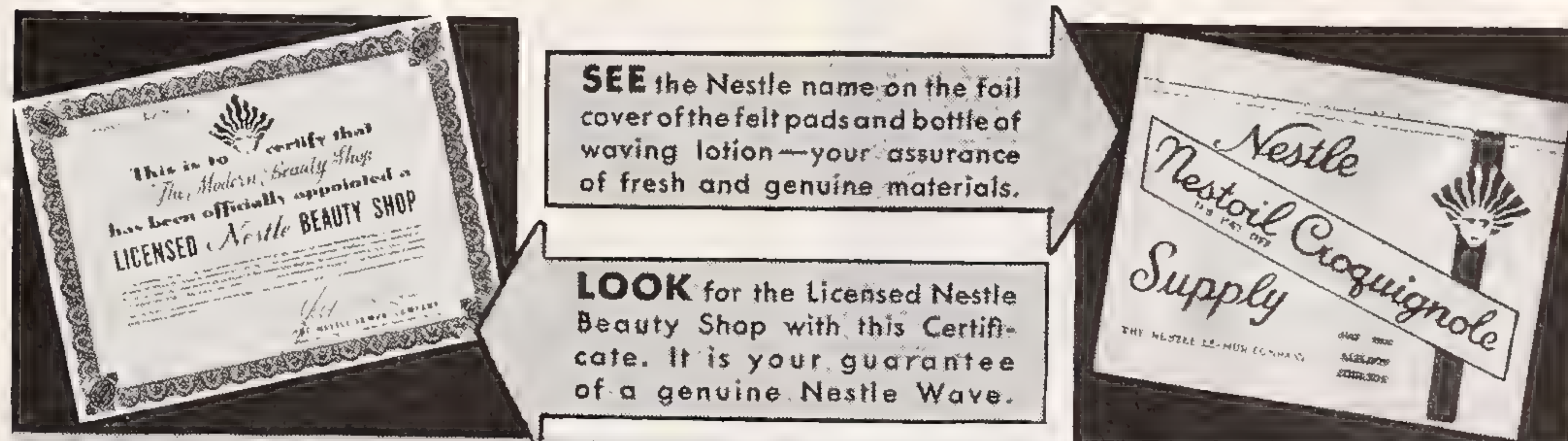


Insist and see that clean, fresh pads are used on your hair!

Don't take chances with your hair. The risk is too dreadful; the penalties too severe. Falling hair, scalp infection, loss of lustre and hair vitality are a high price to pay for any permanent. All too frequently they follow the use of improper materials and the alarming practice some shops employ of using the same pads repeatedly, thus transferring hair and scalp disorders of another woman's head to your own. Most women are unaware of such

things but Nestle feels that the facts should be known. For Nestle is thoroughly protecting you against unsanitary and dangerous waves. To those beauty shops guaranteeing the use of genuine Nestle materials, Nestle has issued a certificate that readily identifies them as a Licensed Nestle Shop. Look for it when you enter a beauty shop. It is your assurance that sanitary conditions in permanent waving prevail at that shop.

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SU-2 Caledonia Road, Toronto, Ontario.

Working Girl

Continued from page 29

let the splinters stick where they would! Then how did she ever out-grow her first part, that of a corpse in "The Bureau of Missing Persons"?

By sheer ability, and more work than most of us ever dreamed of. Work; unrelenting, grim, dogged, heart-breaking work.

When, in her first big part, in "As The Earth Turns," where she played the lead, she disobeyed director Al Greene's orders to appear at the wardrobe for fittings, and went, instead, to a small farm in the country, to learn exactly how country people lived, she actually risked her career because she wanted to be "sure she was right."

Regarding this, director Greene says: "I overlooked that insubordination because of her lack of Hollywood experience—and, later, I had to admit that her time had been exceedingly well spent."

At first the wise ones of Hollywood put Jean's appearance at previews, night after night, day in and day out, as a bid for publicity; then as a sop to the vanity which she strangled in her work and contacts on the sets; then as relief from lonesomeness—and the strain of her ever-lasting, nerve-racking work.

But finally they realized it was for the purpose of studying the work of others; to be the first to learn some new and especially expressive gesture—which she would practice until she perfected.

Work, deadly sincerity, unlimited patience and a never-dying eagerness to learn. Gradually those who came into daily contact with her recognized those qualities, together with absolute honesty and frankness, as Jean herself—not merely as a pose. Consequently, on the Warner lot it is taken for granted that, sooner or later, Jean Muir will be the outstanding actress in pictures.

That is a big order—but Jean is preparing for it in a big way. Dick Powell summoned up the collective opinion of his lot when he said: "No one can question Jean's future. She will keep on getting better and better because she doesn't think she is a great actress now—but *knows* she will be before she is through."

In spite of what this girl has accomplished, she feels she is just beginning to learn. And, believe it or not, she is actually planning and working for her success of twenty years from now.

"It takes a life-time to become a great actress," explains Jean, "and if I can progress, even ever so slowly, for the next ten years, I'll begin to feel I'm getting somewhere. No one has a right to imagine she can become an actress in less than twenty years. I mean a real actress, like Helen Hayes. I'm planning on my work twenty years from now, on my fans twenty years from now. That is why I feel these fan clubs among the children are so vitally important. Give me a million children fans now and I wouldn't worry about the future. Strange as it may seem, I'd rather have children fans than adult fans at this stage of my work. Because, ten years from now, those children will be the determining factor in a star's popularity."

"I want desperately to become really good in pictures. I know it means an enormous amount of work. But work is a habit, and once you form that habit you accomplish a great deal while others are getting set to start working."

"It seems that Hollywood attaches a great deal of importance to social doings, while I like to think that the most important thing is work. They say you must go out with the right people. I don't think that—and I've never tried to cultivate the

so-called 'right people,' whoever they may be.

"I do not believe that if I fail to become a star it will be because I have not gone out with the right people. I think it will be because I didn't have the qualities necessary, or that I haven't worked hard enough. I don't intend that lack of work shall be the reason for my failure, should I fail. Coupled with hard work must be careful study, and the perpetual battle to discipline oneself."

"One of the most difficult things and exacting things in pictures is to learn to overcome nervous energy and to limit your movements and your gestures. I made only four gestures in 'As The Earth Turns.' I played the part of the girl *Jen*. *Jen* was always very relaxed. And I am so different. I am exactly the opposite. I'm jerky and jumpy and feel, always; that I must keep moving. That is the difference between real life and the screen. There must be no wasted gestures in screen acting."

"The reason I go to so many previews is that it gives me a wonderful opportunity to watch the work of others, to pick out a certain finished actor or actress and watch his or her every movement, gesture, and accent. At previews I attempt to live the part with them—and to sense their reactions. I study all gestures, and try to benefit by what I see. All my plans, you see, are for the actress I hope to be twenty years from now. I think I have the ability to be a good actress, but it is going to take an enormous amount of time and discipline."

"I have not yet trained myself to use one-tenth the discipline I should use. It is mental discipline as well as physical, because in acting one must be able to concentrate, absolutely. I feel it will take twenty years to learn to concentrate at all times."

"As it is now, I go on the set and start to concentrate and then the lamp buzzes or somebody near me hammers—and I lose my train of thought. Outside disturbances lift me out of the characterization I am attempting."

"Some of the younger stars and players will stop and demand silence, with the result that sometimes the stage has to be cleared. That is because they cannot concentrate. But real players like Walter Connolly, May Robson, and Jack Barrymore don't have to have it quiet. They have learned to concentrate. They could play a part in a boiler factory, and never 'blow' a line."

"The hardest thing to do is to restrain one's emotions. Anyone can act if they are allowed to emote all over the place and lose themselves in action. I am looking forward to the time when I can restrain my emotion and yet dominate scenes."

"Do you remember where in 'Mary of Scotland' Helen Hayes stands perfectly quiet on one side of the stage while Helen Menken rants on the other side, and yet Hayes dominates the scene? Do you remember how Helen Hayes gives the impression of height when she is so short, and how she conveys the idea of majesty in that part? She conveys that impression because she *feels* it, and makes her audience feel it, too."

"It is true that many girls come to Hollywood, are cast to some part that fits them and make a hit, and even reach stardom. But that is 'type stardom,' and if I may say so, a very fleeting stardom. That doesn't call for real acting—it calls for personality, and just the right parts."

"Frankly, although I am most eager to make good in pictures, stardom is not the

real goal for me. Being able to really act is my goal and my ambition. I would much rather be a poorly paid great actress than a highly paid personality star.

"I am working hard now—but only a third of my effort is for the present. Two thirds is for the future. I want to be able to find in each picture I do a few more better scenes.

"In 'The World Changes' was one sequence I liked. In 'Son Of A Sailor' there was nothing of mine I liked. In 'Modern Hero' there were a couple of scenes I liked. In 'Dr. Monica' I did a few more scenes I liked. In 'Desirable,' there are a few more. I never want to make myself think that they are all good. The moment we are satisfied we stop progressing. I am aiming for the future so that I cannot possibly be satisfied with the present."

And, speaking of progressing, Jean is progressing in a way she never dreamed. In fact, in a way she was determined she would *not* travel.

"They'll never make a clothes horse out of me," challenged Jean.

"As if they could," murmured one wit who, shortly after her arrival on the lot, described her as the female Hamlet of Hollywood, not only because of her flat heels, long stride and flowing garments, but also because of her complete oblivion to everything but her work.

And, indeed, the idea of this serious and self-willed youngster falling prey to the sartorial *Svengalis* who stalk the studios in search of *Trilbies*, did strain the imagination a little. Especially as the mere mention of clothes made Jean bristle aggressively.

Jean had less than no interest in clothes, her one specification for a dress being that of comfort. Beyond that point her interest ceased. As time passed and Jean climbed in her profession, she continued to regard clothes as covering, no more and no less. If she felt they would have enhanced her art or increased her ability, she would have spent half her time in shops—but as she regarded them as something to increase one's personal beauty only, she was not interested. In other words, Jean looked absolutely fashion proof!

But Warner Brothers did decide to dress Jean up—and designed twenty-four different "creations" for her to wear in "Desirable." Then they broke the news to her, and closed their eyes.

But the expected blow-up did not result. Instead, a steely glitter came into Jean's eye and she said, "When do I have my first fitting?"

"You see," explains Jean, "I figured that the easiest way to discourage them was to prove I just couldn't be dressed up. I felt that once they had hung one or two of their proud creations on me that they would be only too anxious to get me out of the wardrobe department.

"I told Orry-Kelly that I never felt comfortable when I was dressed up—that I always felt like I was wearing some other girl's clothes, and that they cramped my style and hampered my movements. I told him I didn't like 'stylish' clothes or 'smart' clothes or 'chic' clothes because I felt uncomfortable in them; because they wouldn't let me kick up my legs and throw out my arms, or even gesture the way I liked to.

"But, Jean," he protested, "these clothes won't make you feel like anybody else. They are designed especially for you. They were originated exclusively for Jean Muir—to express her personality. So it would be impossible for them to make you feel like somebody else. They would be more likely to make somebody else feel like you."

"I can't say I was convinced," continued Jean with a smile, "because always I had wandered around in forlorn, ill-fitting and



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there should be 50% fewer colds!

*New way in "cold prevention" pointed out in revealing tests with
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loosely-hanging clothes. My own clothes have consisted mostly of a sweater and a skirt, and I've always had a horror of someone trying to dress me up, and of having them merely make a spectacle of me."

But when the first outfit was ready for her, Jean tried it on, cautiously advanced to a full-length mirror, and then uttered a squeal of delight. She whirled and wheeled about, testing her physical freedom in the clothes with mingled astonishment and delight.

Today Jean is a great believer in clothes for the individual, designed to type and made to meet physical requirements.

"The clothes I wore in 'Desirable,'" explains Jean, "were made for me, designed and constructed to meet my individual needs. They are not stagey and they do not give me the feeling that I am all dressed up and must be careful of every move while I am in them. They give me the freedom I must have—and that I would be unhappy if I did not have. They are simple clothes, with almost Grecian lines. Clothing designed along these lines I feel I can wear to advantage."

"I feel I should wear clothes so simple that when I come into a scene girls will say: 'I can copy that,' and will feel that they have seen something practical for their own use."

When you saw Jean proudly flaunting her wardrobe in "Desirable," and you sensed her new grace and confidence, and you wondered if this is a brand new Muir, as she seemed to float through a ball-room scene in a gracefully flowing pink creation—there is a thought you should keep in mind. That thought is that in spite of all Jean's preparation, study, research and what-not regarding human nature, dramatic art, and the little tricks of the trade of the great in her profession, it took a few pretty frocks to bring about a feeling of confidence this girl has never known before; a confidence that finds expression in a certain feminine satisfaction and "sureness" that every man recognizes in a



Wide World

Margaret Sullavan, now Mrs. William Wyler, and her husband, pose for their first picture after their recent marriage at Yuma, Arizona.

woman who feels herself displayed to advantage.

In other words, the "dressing up" Jean didn't want to have any part of has given her a new confidence and respect for herself that is already apparent in her every action whether on the set, in the studio restaurant, or at a preview. From now on Jean will not only be the work-horse she loves to picture herself, but a gaily bedecked work-horse. Nor does Jean object, for she has gained a little feminine lore not taught in dramatic schools—and Warner Brothers' once ugly duckling is fast becoming the pride of the pond where swans abound. Which is to say, the working girl of Hollywood is getting to be a tempting eye-full!

Headline Fashions

Continued from page 27

No beautiful woman ever lived who was long remembered unless she had a keen, active brain to back up the assets of her body. That, probably, is why the screen's greatest actresses are such stunning women—they have remarkable intelligence! When once I know a woman's mind, her real mind—not the one she trots out for popular consumption—and undertake to dress her for a rôle, I must turn my news sense into clothes sense and dovetail the two so completely that there is nothing incongruous or inharmonious to the onlooker.

"Let me make this point clearer. In her private life Jean Harlow's taste for clothes is very simple. She enjoys outdoor diversions and for the most part of her wardrobe she has a large assortment of slack suits which she practically lives in. She seldom chooses her own clothes, her mother doing most of her shopping for her, but she has one very definite idea of her own and that is, 'to be well-dressed is principally a matter of extreme simplicity.'"

"Now for most of Miss Harlow's rôles she is required to wear revealing, exotic, even bizarre clothes. This transposition of personality into screen character is effected by designing clothes that are simple, then exaggerating them appropriately to the rôle. I bridge this chasm between the two by the simple expedient of 'tabloid fashioning'—keeping to the point, yet embroidering the facts. Thus, if you care for Miss Har-

low's costumes in the main, yet feel they are not adaptable to practical street wear, you may simply eliminate those exaggerated details and work backwards to the point where you will have Miss Harlow's own ideas! This is a real test for your clothes sense!

"Which carries us to our second star—and a timely caution that 'news,' style news, must be fit for prints, velvets, lamés, etc. That is, you must decide whether a certain style is adaptable. To amplify this:

"Miss Garbo is practically a law unto herself, I mean so far as pictures are concerned, which is as millions see her every year. Fortunately, we are friends. In me she has placed her entire faith and confidence and knowing her as I do, I approach her costumes from a purely creative angle, without any limitations whatever. This often produces unusual, non-conforming, even spectacular effects. But they are in harmony with her mind, so they are apt. Yet some garments which I have created for her, and which may appeal to her audience to the extent they may wish to copy them, are certainly not adaptable, let us say, to a material which may be in vogue at the moment. When you convert a style to your personal wardrobe be certain you consider the fitness of all things!"

"And so we arrive at the third star—that clothes must tell their own story!"

"Let us ask Miss Shearer to serve as

illustration for this headline. It is she, you know, who offers a graphic picture of the young American matron who is willing to wear clothes with individuality. In 'Rip Tide' she wore them with a certain challenge to life, and it was my problem to establish her mental attitude with a minimum of dialogue. A clever designer, you know, can substitute a single costume for whole scenes through the mere expedient of making clothes talk! In that picture I achieved this explanatory short-cut by introducing the slit skirt and other dramatic deviations, which, as Miss Shearer first flashed on the screen, said, wholly without words: 'I am a woman of fashion, young, beautiful, gay and just a little reckless.' It is sketching character by virtue of scissors, needle, thread, a great deal of experience and virtually endless imagination.

"Let me tell you of an interesting experience which seems to confirm this idea: Two years before the fashion now known as the '1913 silhouette' came into being, I told a young woman identified with one of the leading Chicago papers about it. She used a full page filled with pictures and a story predicting the fashion. This was not mere conjecture. It was applied reasoning. I assumed, naturally, that this would be true because prohibition was about to be abolished. With the doing away of the speakeasy, women were destined to concentrate on more elaborate food, drink, and gracious living in the home—and this, in turn, would call for an expression in more gracious and graceful clothes.

"I was also quoted, last Easter, as predicting hoop skirts before Easter, 1935. The French houses for the past few months have been exporting dresses with a crinoline feeling. I do not intend to intimate that I had anything to do with this influence but to reaffirm my assumption that I am in tune with fashion's evolutionary processes.

"As a matter of exact fact, interest in clothes creates certain evolutionary qualities in the designer. If he is in tune with the trends he will often find himself sounding a new development in spite, as well as because, of himself. It is something that is very difficult to explain. A great deal of it is intuition that comes from creative designing. But it may also be acquired by those in whom there is latent style appreciation. If you know you have this sixth sense read the interesting stories which clothes tell on their wearers and perhaps you will later be able to express yourself in some highly individual versions!

"There has been talk of short dresses, especially since the tunic has been popularized, and I have repeatedly been asked whether the trend is turning in that direction. Visually I prefer long dresses. From the standpoint of practicability, which is often important, women prefer short ones. If, therefore, women are thoroughly tired of long skirts we will have short ones—but this remains entirely in their own hands.

"Star 4 cries out that in pictures the star and designer, together, are afforded a certain latitude. This is true. Dramatic movements must be stressed and over-accentuated through clothes even when the emotional action is restrained. Joan Crawford exemplifies this feature perfectly. She is gowned, always, from an angle of activity, courageousness, and sophisticated youth. This is true, in lesser degree, of her as a person. The now famous 'Letty Lynton' dress, which was sensational in that it instituted a still-continuing vogue in dominant sleeve treatment, beautifully illustrates this point. Through their hugeness, their ruffling, each slight movement of the body produced continuous sleeve vibrations which gave an effect of perpetual action and movement. It is thus that the restlessness of a character or the inarticulate descrip-

THIS TAKES THE "cuss" out of Custards!



EAGLE BRAND BAKED CUSTARD

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk

$2\frac{1}{4}$ cups hot water

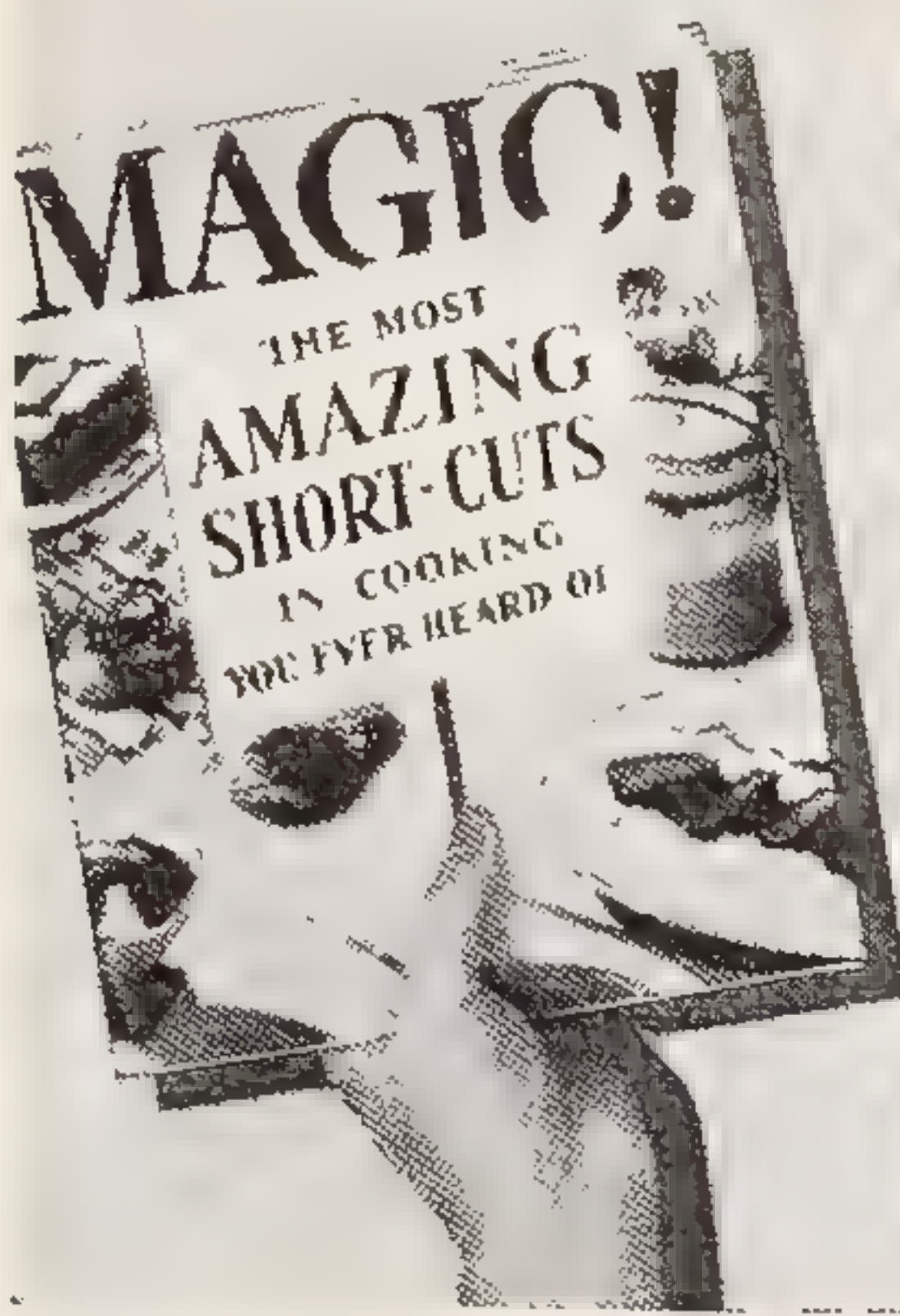
3 eggs

$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt

Grating of nutmeg

Blend Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk with hot water, and pour gradually over slightly-beaten eggs. Add salt. Pour in a baking pan or in custard cups. Sprinkle with nutmeg, place in a pan filled with hot water to depth of custard, and bake about 40 minutes in a slow oven (300° F.) or until custard is set. A knife blade inserted will come out clean when custard is done. Serves six.

• Far less chance of wateriness—or curdling—when you use this recipe. For Eagle Brand—which is milk and sugar already "cooked down"—blends smoothly with eggs, makes custard-cooking so much surer! • But remember—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use Sweetened Condensed Milk. Just remember the name Eagle Brand.



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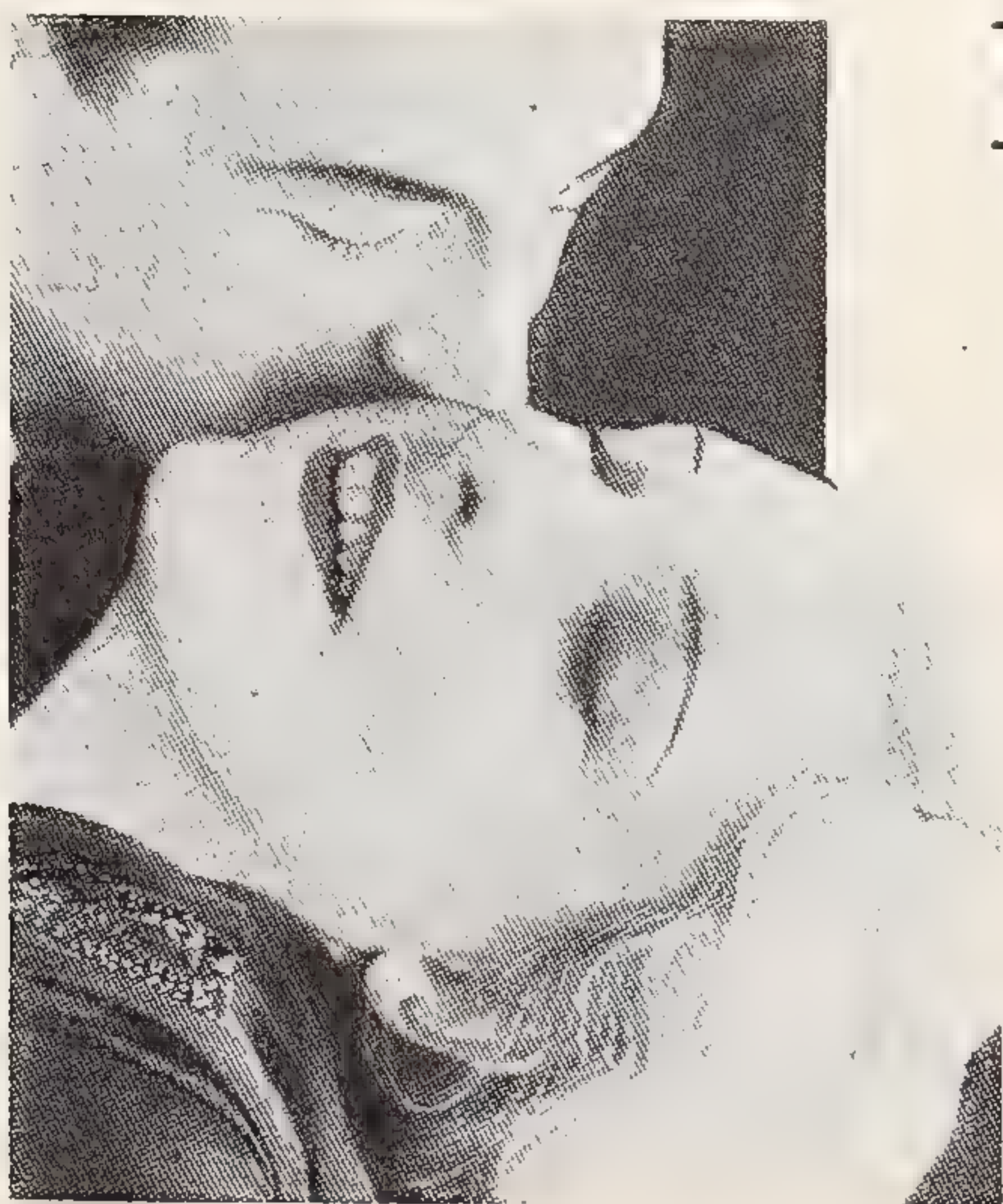
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Hair Men Adore

*Fascinating Glints brought out
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DON'T let drab hair make you look tired and commonplace. A single Blondex shampoo will wake up radiant charm—will fluff your hair to new, enchanting softness. Blondex is not a dye or bleach. It's a glorious shampoo-rinse—made originally for blondes—but quickly adopted by thousands with dark and medium hair—who find it brings out gleaming lights and lustre like nothing else! Wonderfully cleansing, Blondex completely removes all hair-dirt and film. Your scalp feels gloriously clean, refreshed. Your hair is not only brighter, but healthier, too! Try Blondex now—it works magic. At all good drug and department stores. Two sizes, the inexpensive 25¢ package, and the economical \$1 bottle.

LOSE FAT



Lost 55 lbs. "Look ten years younger!" WRITES MICHIGAN LADY

● Why envy other women when it is so easy to be slender! Do as Mrs. L. R. Schulze, 721 So. Pleasant St., Jackson, Mich., did. She writes: "Although I had been overweight almost all my life, I reduced 55 pounds with RE-DUCE-OIDS by following the directions. I look ten years younger and never was in such excellent health as I am since taking RE-DUCE-OIDS." Others write of losing fat in varying amounts, as much as 80 pounds, and report feeling better while and after taking RE-DUCE-OIDS.

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RE-DUCE-OIDS absolutely DO NOT contain the dangerous drug, Dintro-phenol. Laboratory chemists test every ingredient.

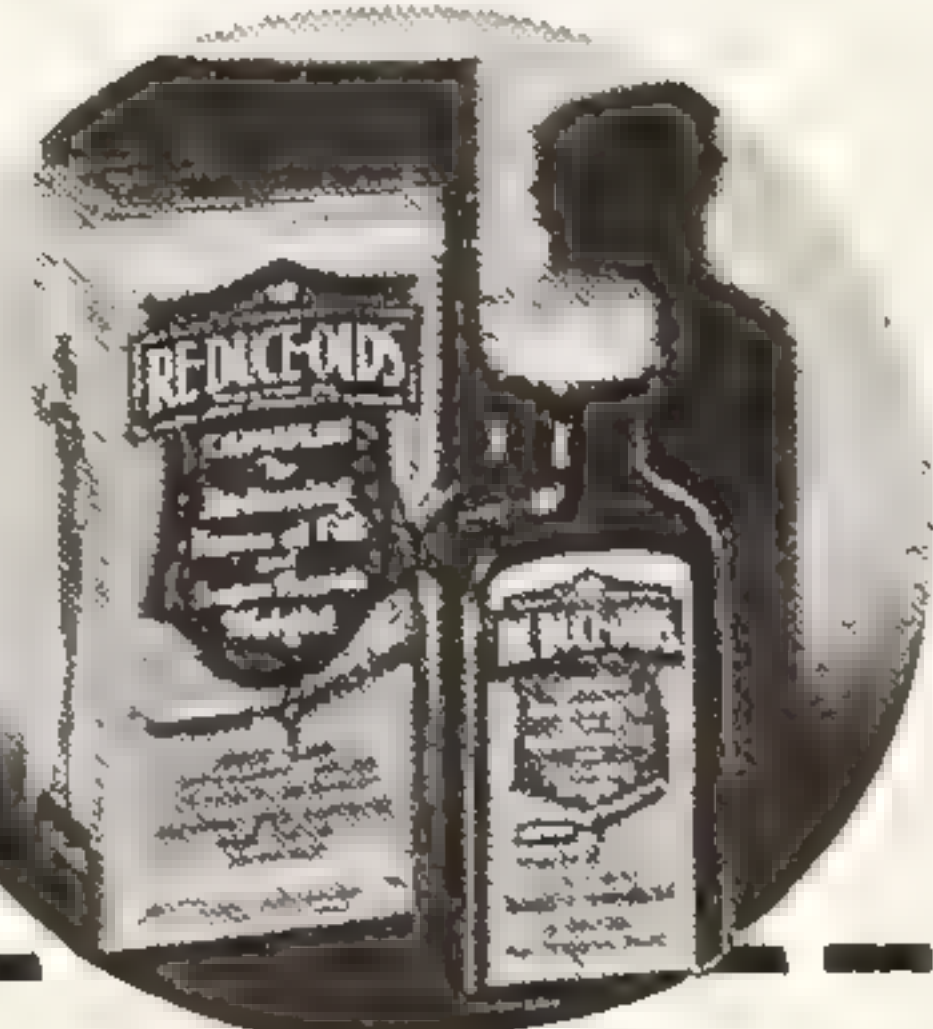
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tion of a hectic period is expressed through costuming. However, such dominant characteristics must be expressed singly, on broad, sweeping lines, as a story should be told with clear-cut, vivid description, dispensing with such befuddling detail which tends only to confuse. That is to say, the onlooker must not be misled.

"This applies in your own case as well. The news you disseminate, through your clothes, should be authentic. Women can moderate their leaning toward the daring because now practical designers, for the first time, are meeting them half way. And let it not be forgotten that *what is becoming is more important than what is fashionable*, for fashions can be made!

"To sum up, let us realize that clothes are no longer a declaration of age, but a state of mind. A woman is as old as she looks, yes, but she doesn't have to look very old! She should remember, when her means are limited, to be considerate of those who have constantly to look at her. If you can afford but three dresses a season I would not suggest brilliant colors with, for instance, geometric trimming that imprints itself on one's subconscious mind. The oft-worn frock should blend with one's personality in a subtle, ingenious manner.

"I have always maintained that a deflated pocket-book is one of smart dressing's most valuable allies! The woman who has a limited amount of money to spend on her clothes is more apt to buy the plain, smart thing. She cannot afford to buy all the jewels, furs, bows and gee-gaws that go to spoil the simplicity of any costume!

"Smart dressing is entirely an individual matter. Clothes have not only to fit the body, but the mind as well. I don't care

if you are an exact double of a beautiful motion picture star, you can't really look like that star unless you think as she does. It is for this reason that it takes an intelligent woman to be really smart where clothes are concerned. She is able to choose from among the things she sees the features that will become her, and eschew those that will be detrimental to her personality. She looks at clothes, as she does on all things, with an open mind. If there is something untried, she is willing to adopt it, provided it suits her particular type. She does not allow herself to be hampered by thoughts of clothes some other woman wore. The stars never do!

"To the woman who is plain, I say—have courage! Beauty is often a handicap. Plain women who *think* are much more interesting to dress than pretty women. By plainness I do not mean they have not great beauty, but their beauty is not the sort we are apt to associate with magazine covers. These interestingly plain women are more clever in sensing style than their prettier sisters—probably because it is their chief protection.

"As I turn back to my busy desk and the business of creating new and fascinating fashions for all the lovely Metro stars I caution you to remember these few important facts:

"There is nothing so dead as yesterday's news—and styles! To keep in step with fashion you do not need to sacrifice individuality! Read the handwriting on the wall—whether it is writ in Hollywood, Paris, or New York. Read it and then put the interesting story into your own words; so that those who run may read. Remember that in your own true life story you are the heroine. See that you dress the part!"

Radio Parade

Continued from page 61

there's the 'Show Boat' show, which I am equally anxious to give everything I've got. If I could do pictures occasionally with stories that I feel I can do, I would like very much to do them—but the stories should be right for me.

"There are lots of other things I want to do. There are languages and my musical studies. There are lots of places I want to go—to Europe, I'd like to sing there. But I don't need all the money in the world to go where I want to go. I have no cravings to travel where I'm going in a Rolls-Royce decked out with chorus cuties or flaunt other evidences of wealth and luxury."

You'd be convinced that Lanny meant every word of that, just by the way he said it. He has had a lot of success for a young chap who came out of college prepared to take his place among the thousands of young lawyers who had plenty of struggles facing them, and suddenly became one of the most popular stars of radio. But you'll never meet a young man who has his feet more firmly planted on the ground than our Mr. Ross!

The mere fact that his quarrel with his studio was over stories shows that Lanny is not far out of tune with what is the chief concern of film actors who have had many years' experience.

Lanny's first picture adventure was not a glowing success. Neither was Rudy Vallee's first starring attempt, and Rudy had had screen experience as a minor factor in a feature film before he made "Vagabond Lover." Young Mr. Ross, with a tremendous radio following, was brought into the studio as a star—with no stage or screen experience behind him. That's a severe test, and one which, perhaps, Lanny

would have been wise to have avoided.

Look over the list of radio stars who were brought to the screen in the first big film featuring radio personalities, "The Big Broadcast," and check off those who continued on with success in features. Bing Crosby, Burns and Allen, Kate Smith, Arthur Tracy, Donald Novis, the Boswell Sisters, were among the radio stars in that film. Crosby, and Burns and Allen were the only ones to go on to screen stardom—and they were the only ones who boasted previous experience of any considerable extent on the stage or screen. That can hardly be ascribed to coincidence.

Lanny Ross shows marked improvement in his second picture, "College Rhythm." If as a final result of popular attention, he comes off second to Joe Penner, there should be nothing discouraging to Lanny in that. Penner is a veteran stage comic, has learned the tricks through years of work in vaudeville, besides having the valuable experience of doing short subjects.

Irrespective of what Lanny Ross decides to do about pictures, his popularity as a radio star is still on the up-grade. His new show, within a short time, has gained a place at the top of the list of half-hour broadcasts, according to the surveys which are the very bible of the radio impresarios and stars in judging popularity. Maybe, too, the chap who above all others in radio gives the impression that he sings because he *likes* to sing, is influenced in wanting to stick to radio exclusively for a while by his radio fans. "They write me," said Lanny, "to come back to radio and let the pictures go."

Well, it remains to be seen if the people who have that contract over him will let go of Lanny Ross!

No More Nonsense

Continued from page 16

that she was an actress, Ginger lashed out with the blow heard round the block.

It landed during the making of her newest picture, "Romance of Manhattan," in which she is face to face with Mr. Francis Lederer, the Czecho-Slovakian charmer. This, by the way, is the picture in which Mr. Lederer does NOT play an Eskimo.

Ginger plays—guess! right!—a little New York show girl. She tells me, incidentally, that this she considers an inspired piece of casting, as she has played but 482 little New York show girls during her entire career on stage and screen.

At any rate, and buffoonery to one side, the Herr Direktor broached the subject of a typical Ginger Rogers scene—that is, minus the frockie. At this point she put down one foot, firmly. Then she put down the other. She learnedly argued the matter, quoting authorities from Aristotle to Samuel Goldwyn. The picture would be just as good, opined Ginger, if she were wearing a Mother Hubbard. Further and more, she said, she wasn't a-goin' to do it! And darned if she did! Instead, she made Rogers history!

All this, as well as other vital matters, I learned from the carmined lips of Ginger herself, as we lolled about the sumptuous living-room of her ornate tower suite in New York's elegant Waldorf-Astoria.

It was eleven in the morning, and the red-head, following the quaint custom of Hollywood on parole from the studios, had been doing the town the night before. You may or may not know that movie actors, though they lived and labored on Broadway for years, always approach New York wild-eyed and ga-ga, like kids having their first look at a merry-go-dizzy.

All the same, Ginger was looking as fresh as the conventional daisy. She was wearing a figure-fitting powder blue dress with silvery threads running through it, and you will be pleased to learn that the little ducky's contours were never more salubrious.

This she attributes to dancing "The Continental" about 7,000 times during the making of "The Gay Divorcée," her partner being, of course, Mr. Fred "Rubber Legs" Astaire. Naturally, she is very happy about the success of that gay musical movie, and is inclined to go into a modest dither about the merits, personal and professional, of this Astaire.

"He's a darling," she told me, "and the longer you know him the better you like him." And nothing, it seems, could be fairer than that.

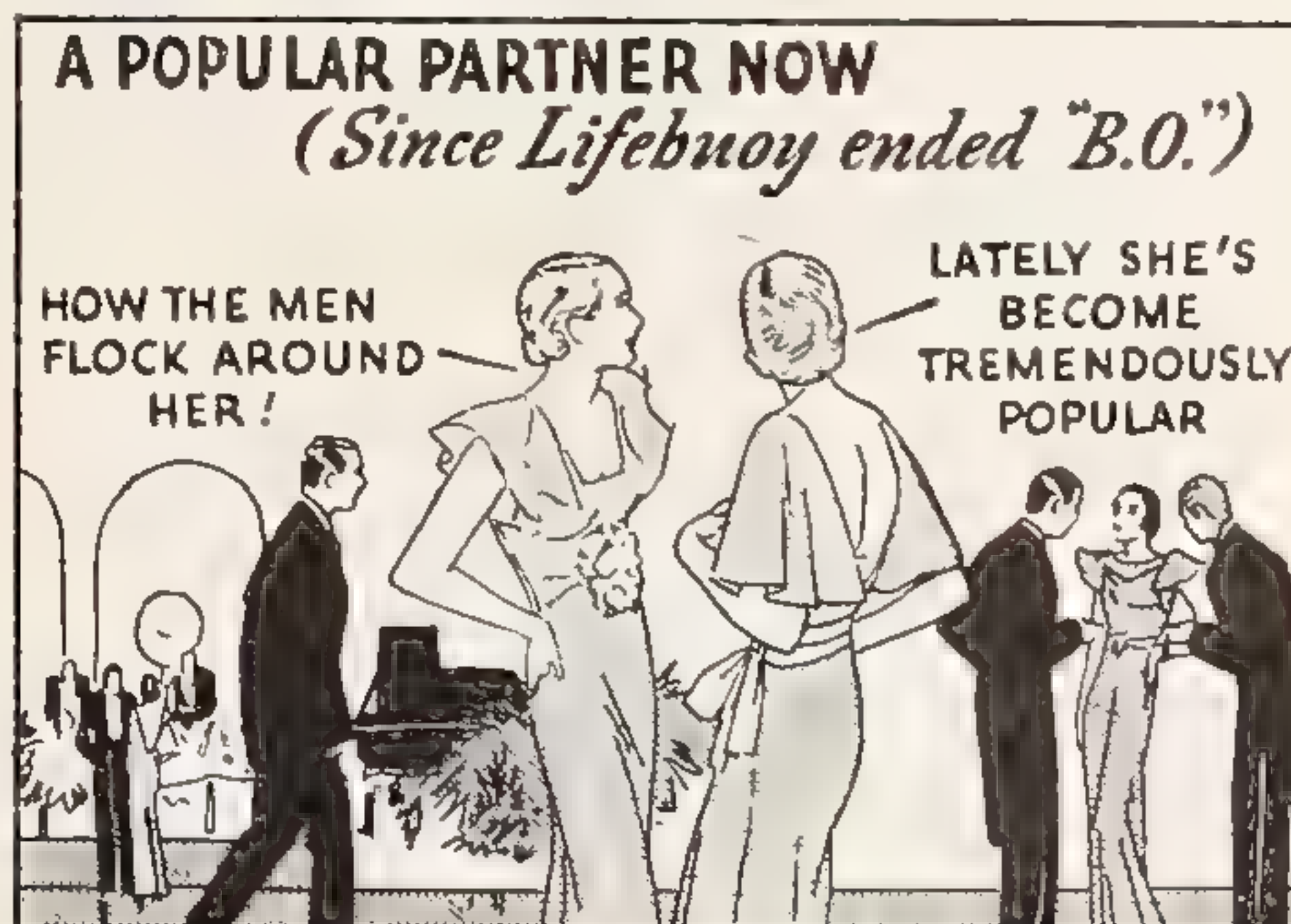
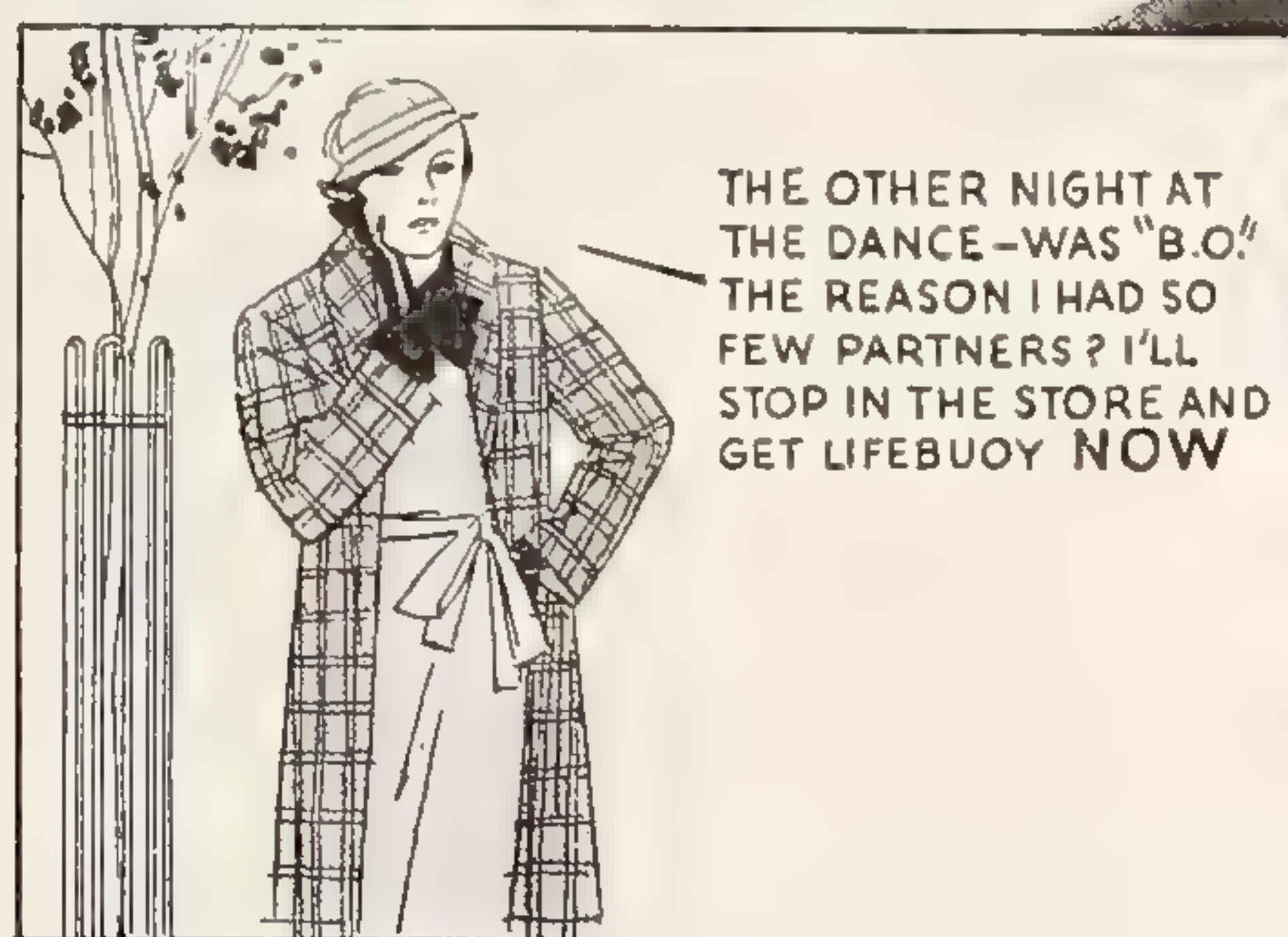
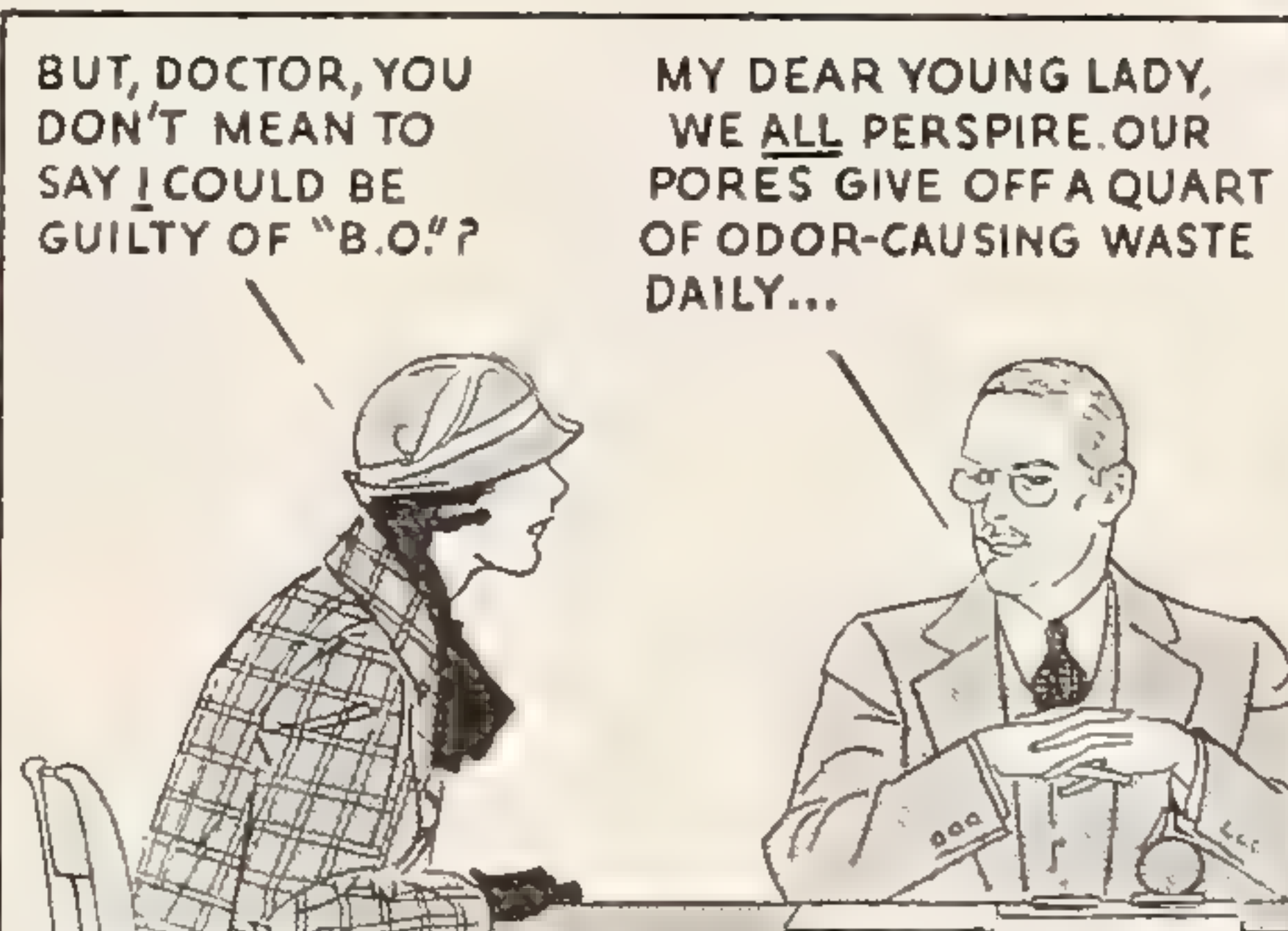
She also revealed that Mr. Astaire is the world's champion worrier, at all weights. Fred, says Ginger, frets about everything, professional and personal, in spite of which his natural-born comedy just sort of bubbles out.

One of the nicest things about the little Rogers is her utter lack of swank. No delusions of grandeur addle her pretty head. For instance—

"'The Gay Divorcée' is strictly a man's picture," she told me. "Of course, there had to be a girl in it, and I was lucky enough to be the one." This sort of crack is deuced refreshing to one who has gone up against scores of ego-crazy Hollywood heads.

While all these vivid matters were transpiring, the Rogers suite was the usual movie-actress madhouse of squeals, glad cries, and clanging bells. With Ginger and I hogging the parlor, the attractive Mama Lela Rogers had turned the bedroom into a clothes shoppey, and every few minutes she popped out at us wearing a new creation,

"B.O."
IS NO JOKE.
MY DOCTOR SAYS EVERYONE
IS SUBJECT TO IT!



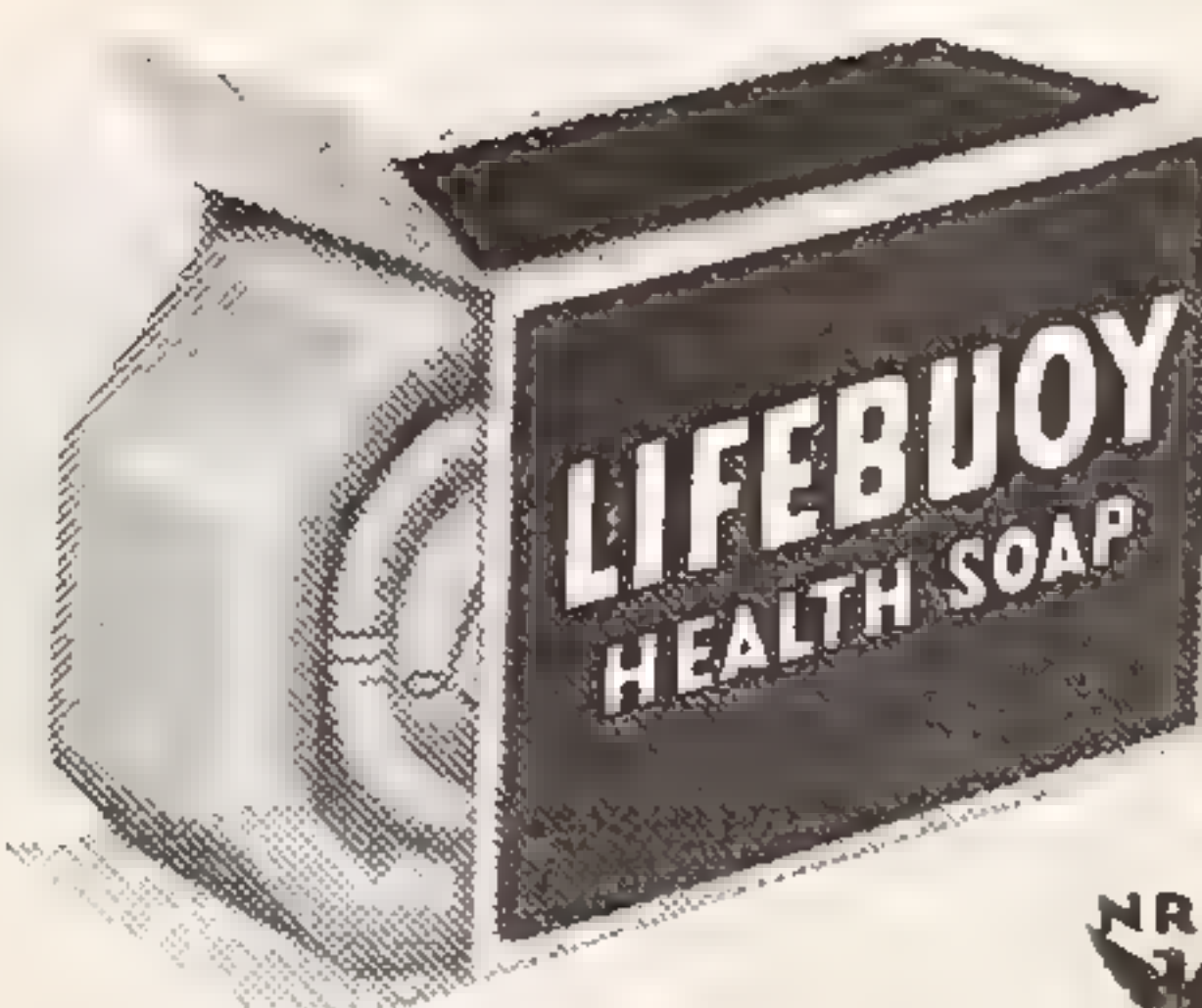
Don't take chances

"B.O." (body odor) can ruin romance, check business advancement. Play safe bathe often with Lifebuoy. Lathers more freely, cleanses deeper, purifies and deodorizes pores. Its own fresh, clean, quickly-vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoy gives extra protection.

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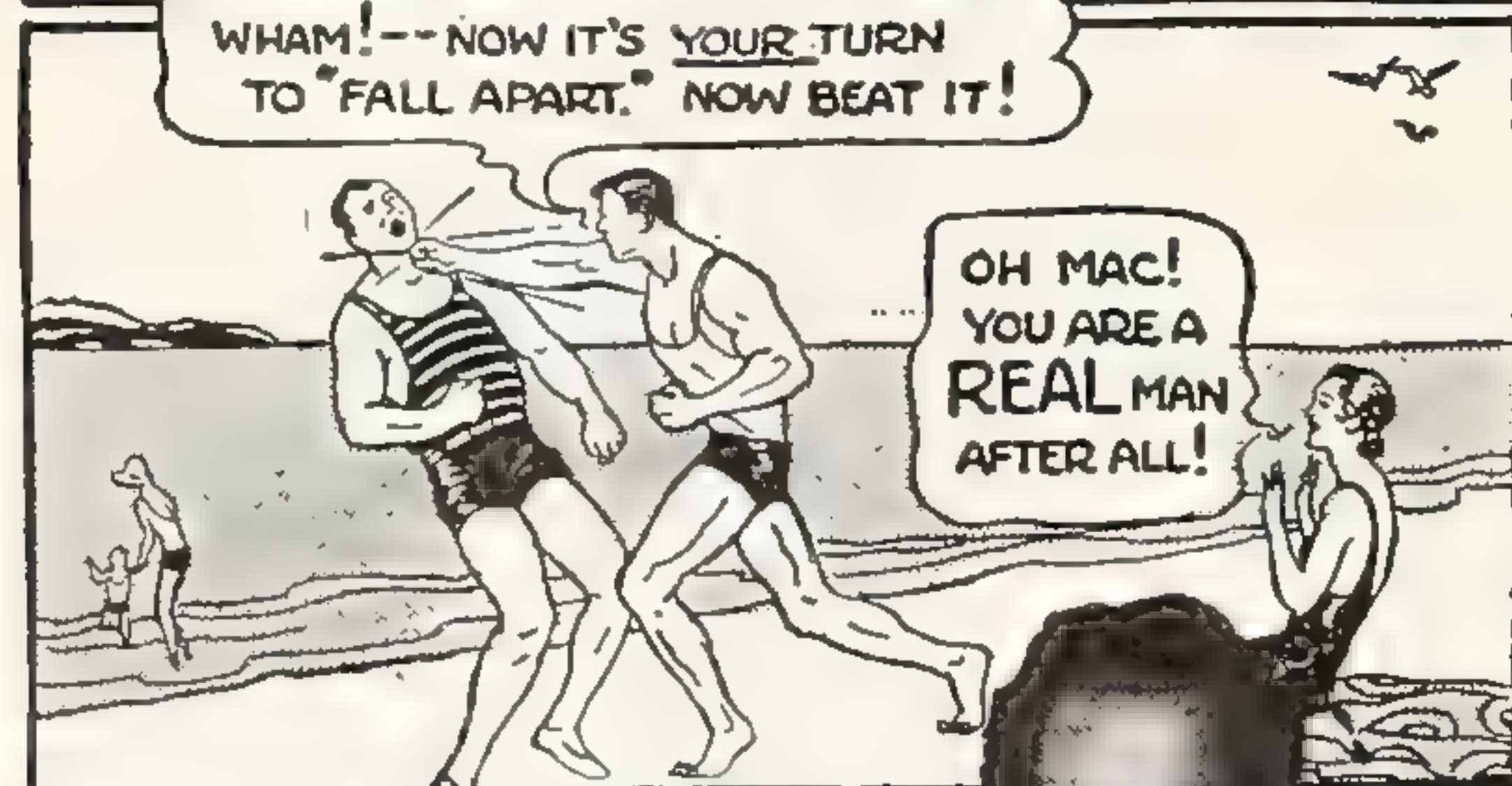
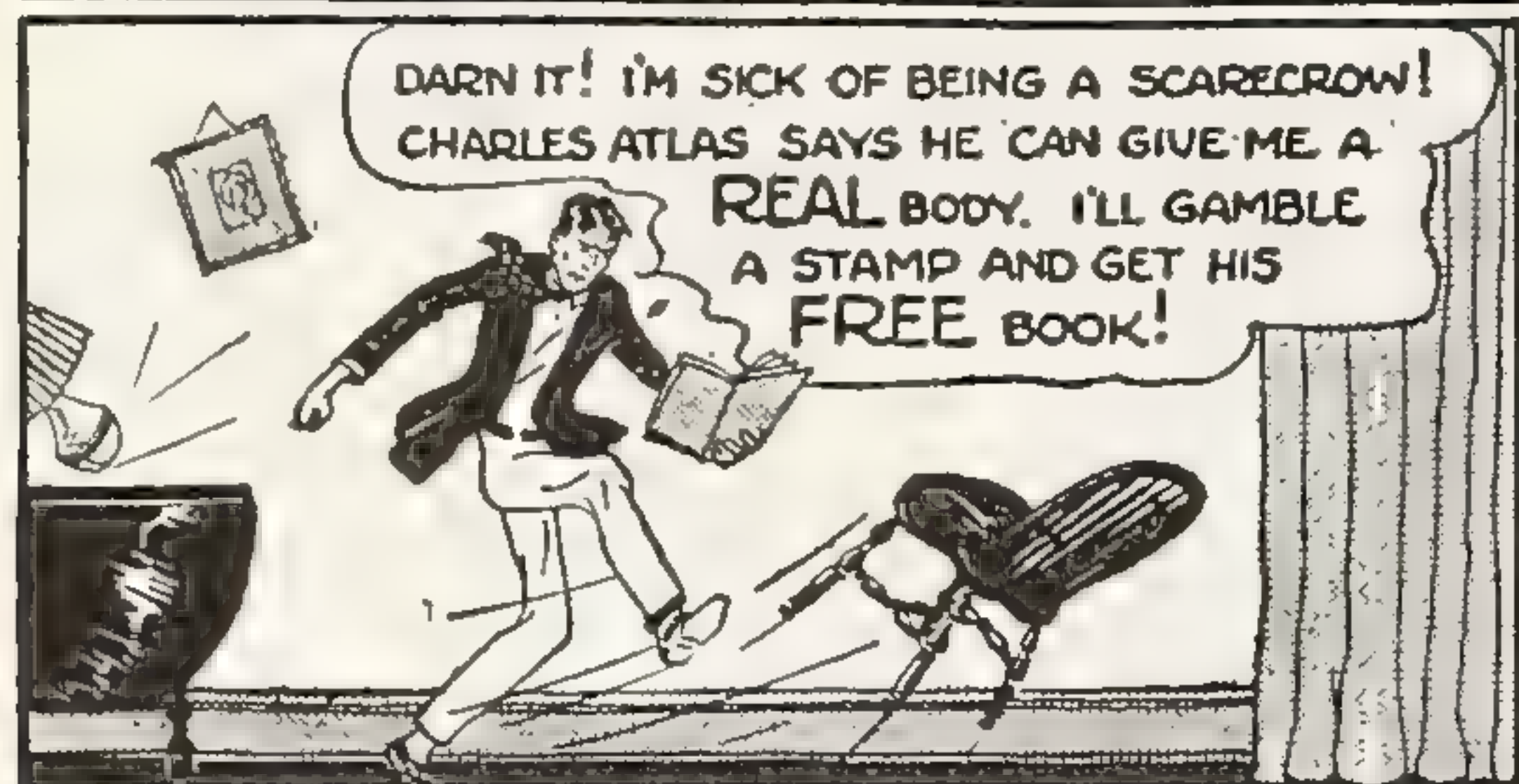
Lifebuoy is wonderfully mild and gentle, kind to every skin. It penetrates deeply; purifies pores of clogged waste; brings fresh, healthy radiance to dull skins.

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They used to think there wasn't much hope for me. I was a 97-pound scarecrow. Then I discovered *Dynamic-Tension*. It gave me the body that twice won the title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

Now I'll give you PROOF in just 7 days that my same method can make YOU a NEW MAN of giant power and energy.

I'LL PROVE You Can Have a Body Like Mine!

No "ifs"—"ands"—or "maybes." Where do you want powerful muscles? Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky? Are you short-winded, pepless? Do you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girl, the best jobs? Give me just 7 days! I'll PROVE that *Dynamic-Tension*—without any pills, or unnatural dieting or weights and pulleys—can make you a healthy, confident, powerful HE-MAN! Mail Coupon NOW for my illustrated book. Address me personally: CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 652, 115 East 23rd St., New York City.

Mail Coupon Now For My FREE BOOK

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115 East 23rd Street, New York City.

I want the proof that your system of *Dynamic Tension* will make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body, and big muscle development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name
(Please print or write plainly)

Address

City..... State.....

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whereupon we shrieked our admiration and delight.

Between gowns the phone rang frantically, with Ginger impersonating her own imaginary secretary, smartly stalling press-clipping bureaus and well-meaning pushers who had just loved her in pictures for years and wanted a look at their dream girl.

Then the door bell went, and in popped Mr. Johnny Green, the eminent young song writer, toting a box of flowers which would have made a full meal for an elephant. Inasmuch as they had broken into show business together some years ago, Johnny rated a pally kiss, though the best I got was a remark that I was "awfully sweet," at which I blushed prettily.

The kiss was pally because Miss Ginger was then getting ready to marry Mr. Ayres—a fact which she told no one, not even the sweet interviewer. I know now, of course, why she was racing frantically from shop to shop. The trousseau was in process of formation even then, but I put the whole matter to feminine vanity.

This little Rogers girl may look like a pretty bon-bon, decorative and even edible, but not especially practical. Don't be fooled—that flaming thatch covers far more than an empty cabin! The girl's come a long way from Independence, Mizzoo, where her mother presented her to a waiting world and Mr. Rogers.

Christened Virginia, she at once set about doing things. The hot breath of fame first beat upon our heroine when, at the tender age of fifteen, she won the Charleston championship of Fort Worth, Texas. You may remember that Miss Joan Crawford won fifteen or twenty of those silver mugs as an expert at that cyclonic dance when it swept the nation a decade ago. Well, I'll bet anything you please that those cups are deep in attic dust right now, with Crawford a Lady now, and a Great Dramatic Star!

Ginger, after a term in vaudeville, hit Broadway and there made—and left—her mark.

She reached her Gotham peak in two hit musical shows, "Top Speed" and "Girl Crazy," and then it was heigho for Hollywood. First, however, she was a minor sensation in the eastern-made "Young Man of Manhattan," which featured Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster. Ginger had a fat little rôle—that of a dumb, dithering sub-deb—and she played it just grand. Remember her "Cigarette me, big boy!" Then the films grabbed her for keeps. She has been doing nicely since, thank you.

She had a long spell at Warners, you remember, with her work in "42nd Street" and "Gold Diggers of 1933." Radio Pictures claimed her then, and maybe you recall her in "Professional Sweetheart," which I consider one of the best talkie comedies yet turned out. A part in "Flying Down to Rio." Now her hit in "Divorcée," with "Romance of Manhattan" to follow.

I like this hundred and eight pounds of cuteness. She's a genuine youngster, who has been around, knows her scallions, and has sorted out pretty smartly her sense of values. Nothing fools the Ginger much—and then only once.

Now with her clear-cut victory over the camera-disrobers, she has acquired new stature, and probably is the leader of a Cause. She's now in a position to prove that she doesn't need that cunnin' little figger to knock over the customers—but I must say it helps!

Yes, sir, she's a right nice little Ginger, with a husband and everything. She'll never startle the world with her cinematic genius, but I propose and submit her as Hollywood's best example of A Good Little Kid Doing All Right.

How's about it? And how are YOU, Mr. Ayres?

Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 11

good because I know he is enjoying his dinner. Rocky (that is Mrs. Cooper's nickname) is so proud because Gary has gained twenty pounds since they were married. Rocky likes to come here, too; she is always so happy to watch Gary eat. I think she hardly notices what she puts in her mouth, she sits and counts the pounds he is putting on!

"It is a great thing to go to see Gary's pictures with Rocky! I went with her the other day. When I go with most people, they say: 'That was a good scene' or 'I don't think she gets the spirit of that part,' or 'I would not have played it so,' or some remark about the picture. But Rocky does not notice the picture. She says: 'Did you see how well he looked in that close-up?—Is his face not getting rounder?—That was a very good shot of Gary. He is looking much better, don't you think?'"

"Which is very sweet!"

"Do you like my salad? I invented it myself. One day, about two years ago, I thought: 'I wish I had a salad with sugar in it!' I had a longing for such a salad but I did not know of one, so I went to the kitchen and tried it. I knew I wanted it sweet, and with a lemon flavor. I thought lettuce would be nice, then I added oil and vinegar, sugar and mayonnaise. I liked it, so I served it, and those who eat it here find it good. My guests christened it the Dolores Del Rio salad. I would like SCREENLAND to have the recipe."

Dolores Del Rio Salad

Rub a salad bowl with onion to give it flavor. Cut up two small heads of

lettuce, add 2 tablespoons olive oil, 2 tablespoons lemon juice, 3 tablespoons granulated sugar, 3 tablespoons vinegar and 1 cup mayonnaise dressing. Mix thoroughly and let stand on ice for half an hour before serving.

Where the stairway from the entrance hall, which rises to the living-room above, indents the ceiling of the dining-room, its treads are faced with mirrors. The table with its modernistic linen in soft greens and yellows, its glass and silver, and its



Dolores Del Rio partakes of one of the dishes for which her Hollywood home is famous, and which she tells you about here.

radiant hostess, was reflected there, upside down, a picture to gladden the soul of a 1935 artist. Never did a setting so set off the girl who adorned it.

The butler was putting dessert before us when I dragged my gaze from the inverted reflection.

"If you want to make Gary happy, you need only serve a dessert like this," confided Dolores, gaily. "He loves whipped cream. There is nothing very special about this dish, except that I like it, but I will give you the recipe if you think people do not know how it is made."

Chocolate Charlotte Russe

- 1 pint cream, beaten until stiff
- 1½ teaspoons vanilla
- 12 lady fingers
- Unsweetened grated chocolate
- ¼ cup brown sugar

Cut lady fingers in half lengthwise and arrange around edge of individual sherbet glasses; fill center with whipped cream, flavored with the brown sugar and vanilla. Sprinkle the top with grated chocolate. Chill in ice box and serve.

"Oh, the pounds this dish will put on!" sighed the star, shaking her dark curls. "I am always glad when my guests do not worry about their figures. Once upon a time, women didn't worry. A girl was fat, and that was that, but she had a nice disposition. Now, she isn't so fat maybe, but still she hasn't a good figure because she reduces by spasms, she gets hollow-cheeked, and she is always fussing about her food so she has spoiled her disposition.

"I know girls in Hollywood who are not fat, but who are afraid they will become so, who come to my Sunday night suppers and go around the table selecting food, crying: 'Oh, dear, I shouldn't have any of this, because it's fattening. . . . I positively mustn't have a bite. . . . Well, maybe just a taste, but I really shouldn't!' And they go off and eat it and come back for more, all the time protesting that they really shouldn't, but they *do*.

"I like to have Fay Wray come over to my suppers, for she is like me—she does not need to worry about weight, because she always stays the same, no matter what she eats. So Fay and I go around and take something of everything, pile up our plates and eat it all. That I like! I never saw Fay refuse a dish at my table, but I do not have to get something special for her because she is so easy to please.

"Always when I am having guests I try to think what is their favorite food, and if they enjoy a special dish, so I can serve it. They are flattered that I remember and they like it that I take the trouble to please them.

"I have a marvelous cook! Last week we had a wager, Rocky and I, who had the best cook. She says her cook is finest; I say no, it is mine! Gary and Rocky, Cedric and I went duck-hunting together and brought home plenty of ducks, and so we decided that first we would have a dinner here and then we would have one at their house, and see which one had the best cook. And we still don't know which it is, because it all depends on how you like your duck! My cook knows that Cedric likes all game well-done, and therefore our ducks were well-done, and it was very nice. But Gary likes his duck the way I like mine, with the blood running and hardly cooked at all, so I liked their dinner best. But half of us liked one and half the other, so nobody's cook won."

I know nothing of Gary's cook personally, but I am joining the cheering section for the Gibbons' cook, who is perfection.

When I left my gracious hostess I assure you that I was "pleased that I had come" and wished indeed that I needn't go home!



End pimples, blackheads with famous medicated cream

DON'T let a poor complexion spoil your romance. Don't permit coarse pores, blackheads, stubborn blemishes to rob you of your natural loveliness. Rid yourself of these distressing faults. But not with ordinary complexion creams. They cleanse only the surface.

Try the treatment that nurses use themselves. Already 6,000,000 women know this "perfect way to a perfect complexion" . . . Noxzema, the famous

snow-white medicated cream that works beauty "miracles".

Not a salve. Snow-white—greaseless, instantly absorbed. Its gentle, soothing medication penetrates deep into the affected pores. Cleanses them of germ-breeding impurities that cause skin blemishes. Soothes irritated skin. Refines coarse pores. Note how Noxzema's first application leaves your skin far clearer, finer, smoother than before.

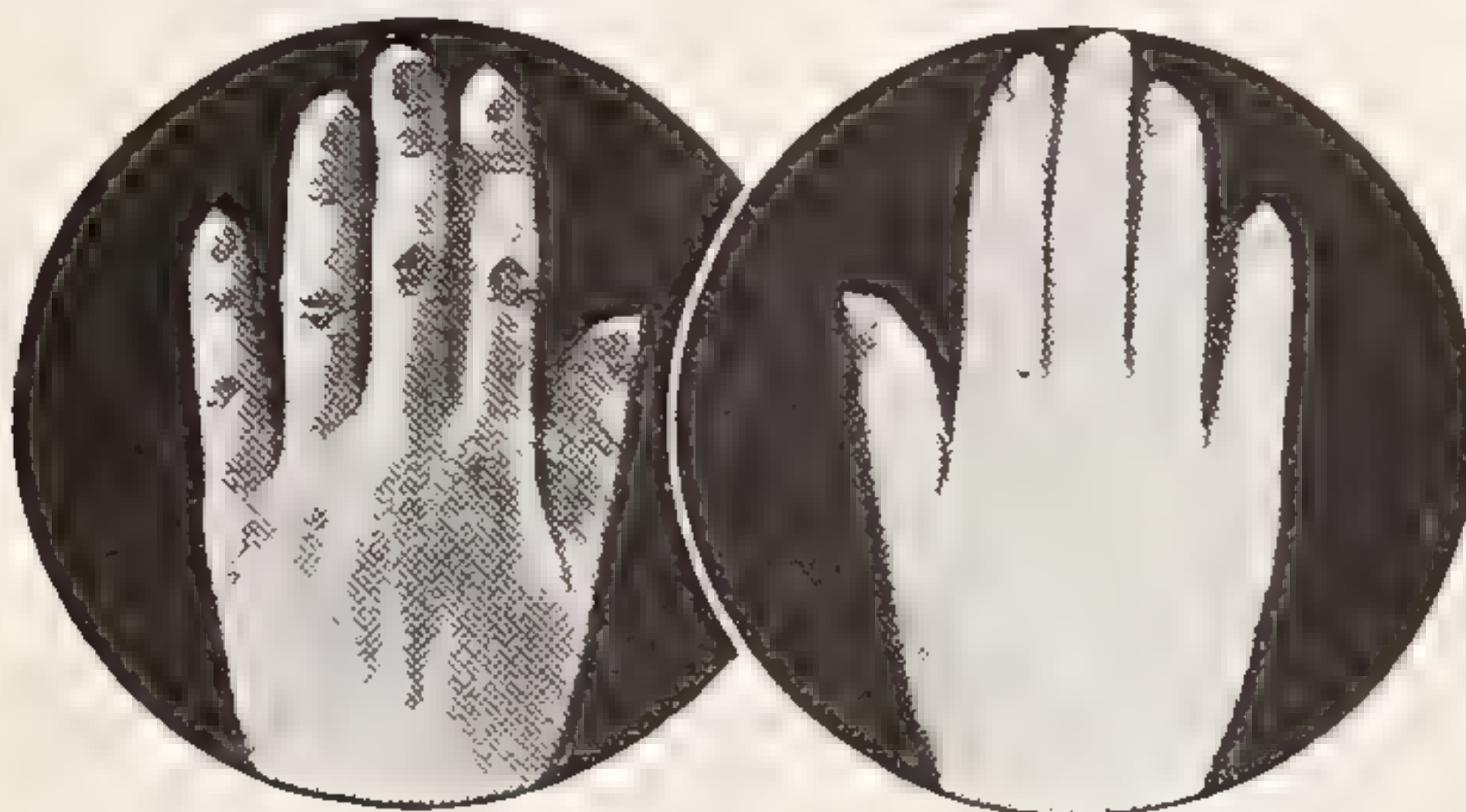
HOW TO USE: Apply Noxzema every night after all make-up has been removed. Wash off in the morning with warm water, followed by cold water or ice. Apply a little Noxzema again before you powder as a protective powder base. With this medicated complexion aid, you, too, may soon glory in a skin so clean and clear and lovely it will stand closest scrutiny.

Special Trial Offer

Try Noxzema today. Get a jar at any drug or department store—start improving your skin tonight! If your dealer can't supply you, send only 15c for a generous 25c trial jar to the Noxzema Chemical Co., Dept. 82, Baltimore, Md.



Wonderful for Chapped Hands, too



Improve them overnight
with this famous cream

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Make this convincing overnight test. Apply Noxzema on *one* hand tonight. In the morning note how soothed it feels—how much softer, smoother, whiter *that hand* is! Noxzema improves hands overnight.

Noxzema



the secret of
beautiful
body skin

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FREE

YES, you can have a lovely, alluring body skin! Easily! Quickly! Just add to your bath a sprinkle of Bathasweet and what luxurious delight is yours!

You might be bathing in rose petals, so soft and fragrant is your bath—so beautifying. Gone is all harshness from the water. Bathasweet softens it to a caress—softens it until the water dissolves the impurities in your pores. The best evidence of this fine bland softness is that no "ring" is left around the tub when Bathasweet is used. Skin imperfections disappear—your body takes on a new loveliness—a new immaculateness—a new health... Yet Bathasweet costs very little—25¢ and 50¢ and \$1.00 the can at drug and department stores.

Free—a gift package sent free anywhere in the U. S. if you mail this coupon with name and address to C. S. Welch Co., Dept. S-B, 1907 Park Ave., New York.

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NEVER SQUEEZE BLACKHEADS. IT CAUSES SCARS, INFECTION!

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Get all the fun out of
life by keeping fit!

BEAUTY is more than skin deep, much more. And what goes on under your skin, the things you eat, how wise you are, have a great deal to do with how well you look.

Take this matter of reducing wisely. So many letters come to us from girls who are reducing in order to have the perfect figures which make it so much easier to buy clothes, and to look well in them. They want to know what to do about foods.

We always recommend Kellogg's All-Bran as a delicious extra precaution in dieting. It contains plenty of vitamin D and iron. It gives that certain amount of bulk food which is so essential. And it tastes so good!

Whether you are reducing or not, it is a good item to add to your beauty diet. A clear complexion depends among other things, on proper foods you know. We always say, "Keep the inside of you in perfect shape, and it is more than likely the outside of you will take care of itself."

It is smart to be fluffy, perhaps, as to hair and disposition. But it is smart to be sleek as to clothes, particularly sports clothes or tailor made. They used to say of the Frenchwoman that she always looked as if the cat had just licked her. Just so smooth, and not a thread out of place in her whole costume.

The new version of this sleek smartness, 1934 model, streamline, built for speed and convenience, is called Talon. Rumbly from all directions about how exciting these hookless fasteners are, have set me investigating for you.

What I found! Not content with zipping us in and out of our skirts in two winks of our long eyelashes, as if we were all college girls with just a good shake of a lamb's tail to get us from gymnasium to class, not content with this, I found, they are determined to zip us into our shoes, our girdles, our unmentionables and our handbags! Life is certainly zipping along. And what a blessing!

"She looks so smooth," you hear admir-

Femi-nifties

Beauty is as beauty has!



Zip into your clothes in a
jiffy! Talons mean speed,
security, smartness.

ing voices say. It is often zipper fasteners that do the trick. They contrive to make life easier than any other invention since electricity started cooking, washing, and building fires for us. Alas and alack! We still have to dress ourselves. And a Talon zipper fastener here and there makes for speed, security and smartness.

Other things being equal, the girl with the clear complexion wins the job; she wins the man; she wins admiration wherever she goes. People see the clear, glowing color that shines through her skin and think, "I'd like to know that girl!" Perhaps they couldn't explain. They don't know just what it is that makes them feel that way. But to us who are more or less versed in feminine wiles, the answer is easy. A clear complexion wins.

Now a beautiful skin can be acquired. If yours isn't all you'd like it to be, there are a host of things you can do about it. You can and you should! And here's a tip for you.

Get hold of that fine lotion called "Kleerplex." Nice name, isn't it? Well, it has helped clear more muddy complexions than you can count on a sunny day. It has a way of annihilating sallowness,

roughness, those annoying little bumps under the skin that ruin your appearance. The best explanation. I know for why it does so, is that it is stimulating as well as cleansing. It peps your skin up to work for itself and throw off impurities.

It comes in a good-sized bottle and one application a day, either put on with a gentle rotary motion of your fingers, or with a piece of absorbent cotton, for a period of a month, they tell me, will show definite and startling results.

Remember that you must not expect to get in

a day, help for a condition which you have allowed to grow up over a long period of time. But from the first you will see an improvement in your skin and this will encourage you to go on.

If you are going to hold hands, you will find that smooth soft fingers are the greatest asset you could possibly have.

You wouldn't particularly relish an unshaven scratchy cheek against yours, would you? Neither does he want to hold a harsh, rough, ungroomed hand. Pretty



Smooth, soft hands!
Mighty nice to have...and
to hold.

hands not only look better in the pictures. They look better in real life too!

Take care of your hands properly and see how soon he will be saying, "How soft your hands are! How smooth! How sweet!" He will remember them, and want to see you again—soon.

Did you know that the skin on the hands is far thicker and less oily than is the skin on the face? It is. That is why it needs greater care. Hands are used more. They get dirty and need washing more often.

Be sure to wash them with a mild soap, one which makes them feel softened and pliant, not dry and scratchy. Then smooth on Jergen's Lotion. You will notice a marvelous difference at once. Jergen's Lotion penetrates quickly because it puts the natural oils which are so scarce in the hands and wrists, back into the skin. Hands absorb the oils of Jergen's lotion, instantly. There is no sticky, greasy feeling after. And Jergen's leaves your hands so soft!

Sing With Your Feet

Continued from page 33

through the theatre when King George and Queen Mary stepped into a box. Backstage we were electrified. Well-manicured fingernails were nervously chewed. Everyone was on tiptoes. I'm sure Adele and I did our very best. Later we were requested to appear at a benefit performance."

He seems anxious to drop the subject. There were many others, he firmly insists, who had received similar tribute from the "purple."

"Will you ever have another 'permanent' partner?" we ask.

"No more partners," he snaps. "Absolutely not. And I was glad when Adele married Lord Charles Cavendish. It was what she wanted—be a wife, have a home. And she couldn't do that and go on dancing. She was lucky. Her husband is a great fellow. Both very sensible. But I'm the breadwinner. I've got to keep on until my wife and I can do all the things we've planned."

It is difficult not to envy such a person as Fred. His success has been uninterrupted. No sudden black-outs in his career. No heartbreaking fade-outs over dull and anxious years. "Envy me?" He smiles at our gullibility.

"Don't fool yourself! It's been work. Work all the time. Even now I practice several hours each day. I've always been dubious about a quick success. Flop too soon. I spend months working up a new routine. On the stage it wasn't so bad. A play would run for years. But with three pictures to make in six months I've got to keep the old bean inventing new steps every minute."

"How do you think up new dances? What gives you the idea?"

"Oh, I don't know. Music helps. Some catchy tune that gets into the blood. Sometimes a poem fills you with enthusiasm. You just naturally begin to translate it into movement. Sometimes a painting. Anything that gives you a lift or a thrill. I always practice by myself. But I want to have people nearby. I'll bounce in and say, 'What do you think of this?' I can't judge myself. Got to have reactions. I discovered that a prop boy or any kind of laborer is really the best critic. They tell you what they feel, not what they think."

He flicks a cigarette between his lips and stretches his legs onto a chair. He

OVERHEARD IN A DRUG STORE ABOUT THE NEW PEPSODENT TUBE



NO BETTER TIME TO TRY THIS Special Film-Removing Tooth Paste

WITH this announcement, The Pepsodent Co. invites you to try Pepsodent Tooth Paste . . . in a new and larger tube at a lower price.

Today, Pepsodent stands as an example of the finest scientific tooth paste modern science can produce. Pepsodent is famous for removing dingy film—that sticky, germ-laden coating that stains teeth and encourages decay.

In 67 different countries Pepsodent is known as the "special film-removing tooth paste." Only recently, in scientific tests, Pepsodent was proved the least abrasive . . . and therefore *safest* . . . of 15 leading tooth pastes and 6 tooth powders. Until new scientific discoveries are made in the field of dentistry, our

laboratories know no way to improve Pepsodent . . . or the remarkable polishing agent, exclusive with Pepsodent.

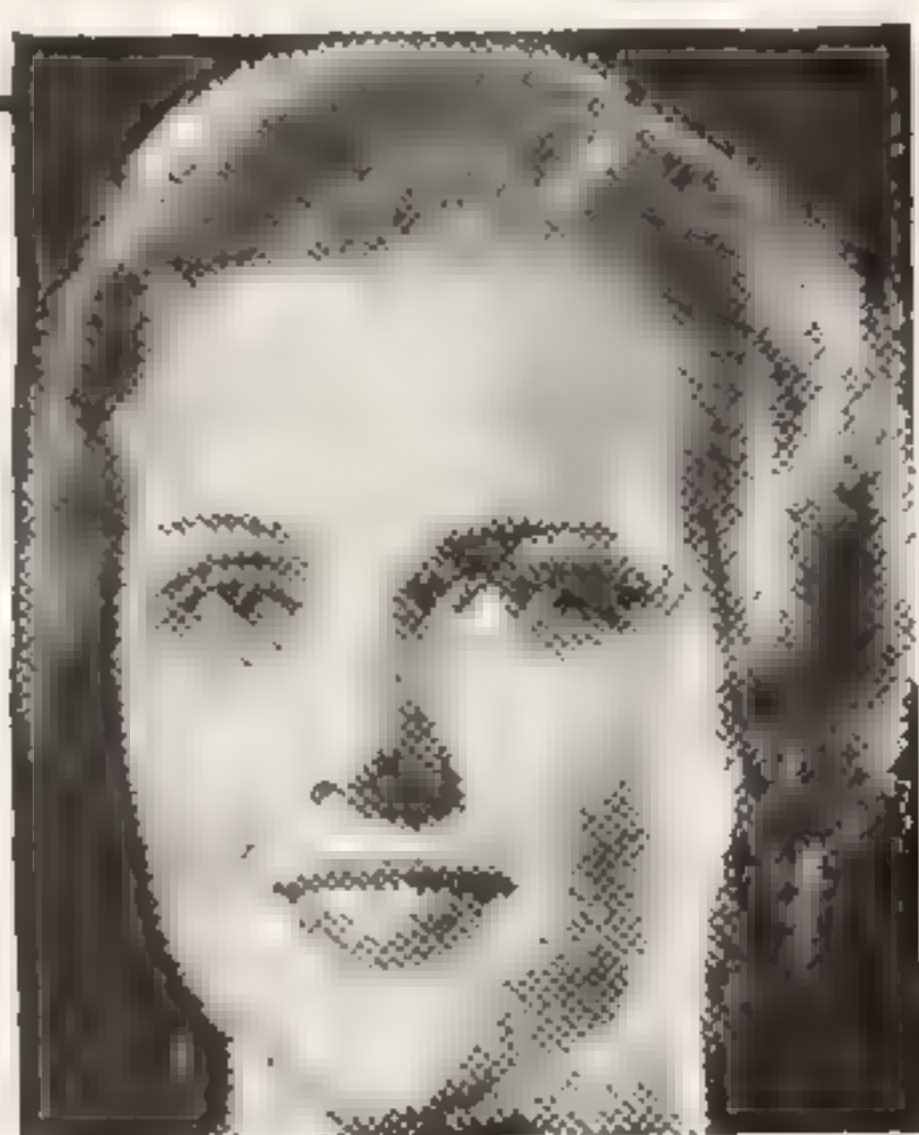
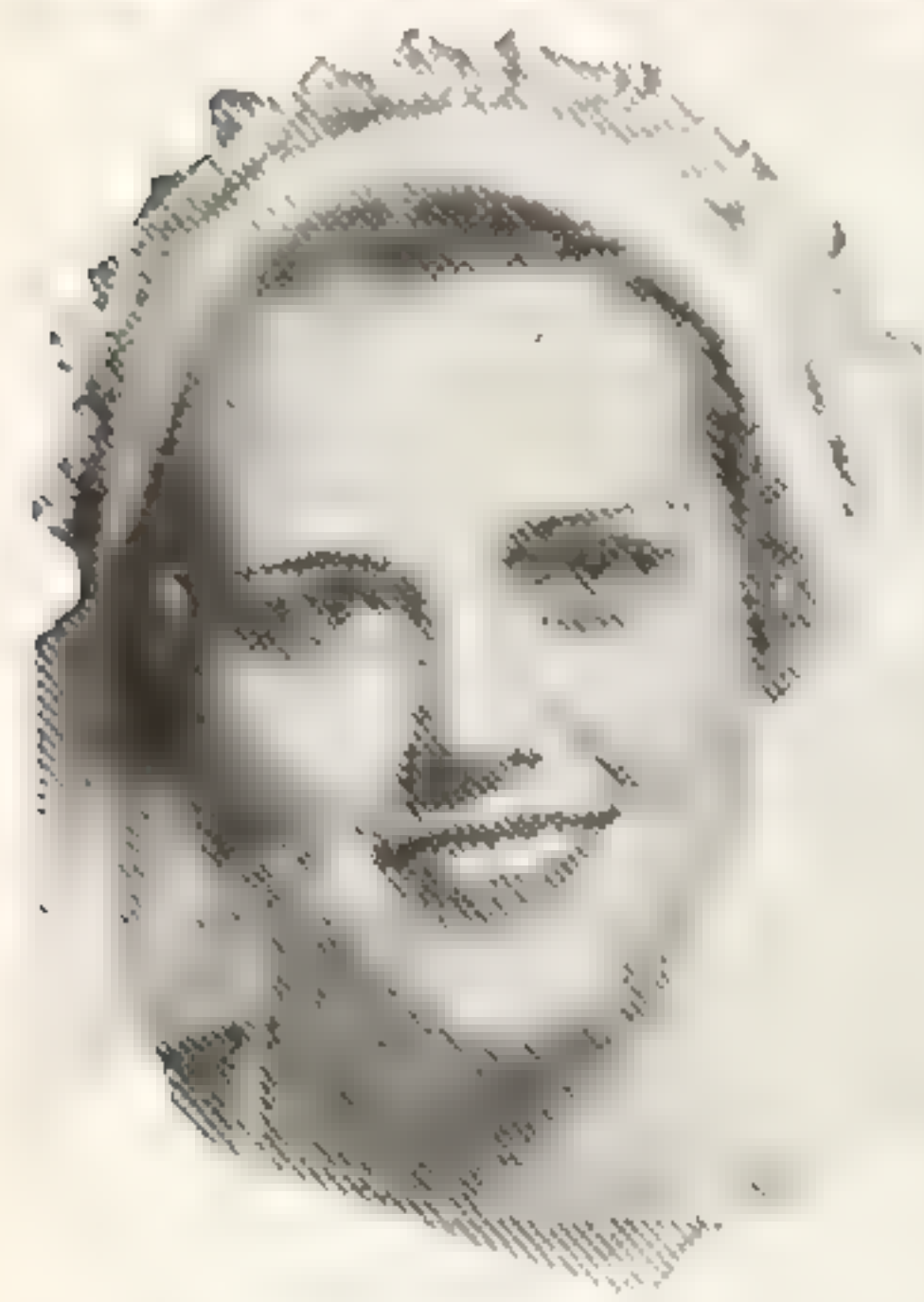
But we have found a way to give you Pepsodent at a greater saving. The identical, time-proved Pepsodent is ready for you—with the tube alone changed and the quantity increased. Druggists are selling the new tube at a new low price.

WHY this greater saving is possible

Over a hundred million tubes of Pepsodent have been sold. Year after year, people have gladly bought Pepsodent . . . rather than endanger teeth by buying harsh, gritty "bargain" tooth pastes. Now, new processes have cut costs . . . and we're passing this saving on to you. Today, dealers are selling Pepsodent in a new larger tube . . . at a new low price.



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ALRIGHT 25c BOX

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Absorb blemishes and discolorations using Mercolized Wax daily as directed. Invisible particles of aged skin are freed and all defects such as blackheads, tan, freckles and large pores disappear. Skin is then beautifully clear, velvety and so soft—face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. At all leading druggists.

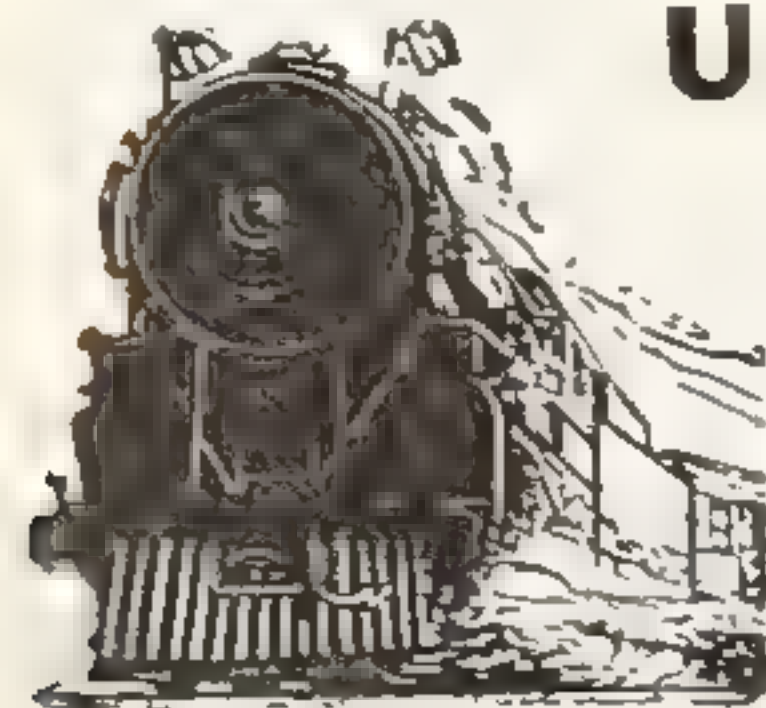
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Reduces wrinkles and other age-signs. Simply dissolve one ounce Saxolite in half-pint witch hazel and use daily as face lotion.

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examinations. **FRANKLIN INSTI-
TUTE, Dept. L299, Rochester, N. Y.**

relaxes beautifully. Perfect repose. It's the secret all trained athletes must master. Complete relaxation is necessary for concentrated effort.

"What do you feel is most responsible for your success?"

"Know when to stop," he answers without hesitation. "That's the important thing. A dance may be great up to a certain point. Thirty seconds longer and the audience is wondering when you're going to stop. Quit while they're still anxious for more. Two minutes is my limit at any one time."

This inviolate rule, according to Fred, can be applied just as well to any other form of artistic expression. Time your effects. Enough is too much. "As a matter of fact, when I first started in picture work I was dubious about the whole thing. I've always been a rabid movie fan. And I hated to see the story interrupted by some specialty act which had nothing to do with the plot; resented it. I thought the audience would resent me in just the same way. I didn't want to stay on for over a minute but they made me stretch it out."

Of course Fred does more than dance. He's an accomplished actor. Back in 1923 he and Adele starred as actors in "For Goodness Sake," interspersed, of course, with their inimitable foot work. In his last show, "The Gay Divorce," which recently finished a long run in New York and London, Fred was the principal lead. He has a flair for comedy. He lends a wholesome atmosphere to a sophisticated rôle. Youthful zip makes it human as well as gay.

"But believe me, I suffer! Whenever I'm doing anything I think I'm awful. It's always like that. Can't get over it. But whenever I finish a scene I can tell by the expression of those around me whether I got over or not. What a relief when those

expressions say, 'O.K., old boy. You did your stuff that time!'"

Despite the fact that Fred doesn't like to go to parties he and his wife are one of the most popular couples in Hollywood. His wife, the former Phyllis Potter of New York, is a non-professional and maintains a home of quiet dignity and charm. Their sparkling wit and casual good manners are what endears them to the film folk. Large parties, Fred insists, are the invention of the devil. Personally terrified by a room full of people, he doubts if anyone really enjoys himself in a social gathering of over a dozen. One thing, figuratively speaking, makes him froth at the mouth. Asking him to perform. Impossible! He freezes up. He simply can't do his stuff. In front of a camera or on the stage it's different.

"What do you mean, then, that street dances and carnivals should come back into vogue? That community dancing would help everyone to be happy?"

"There's all the difference in the world. A difference in spirit. One of them is manufactured entertainment. In the other each person has a good time. People dance. It's a tonic. Buoyant spirits are infectious. You discover that happiness doesn't depend upon the stock market going up or down. It's entirely in the way you feel."

"If everyone would dance ten minutes a day this would be a different country inside of a year. Get a partner and try to concoct something new. Put a record on the phonograph. Turn on the radio. Cut loose. Get serious about it. Don't abandon one dance until you are proficient at it. If possible get a good instructor or join some school. Spend weeks on some difficult step. Lick it. It gives you that bodily poise which means confidence and ease of mind. Sing with your feet!"

One More Lawton

Continued from page 56

"On the opening night, the sketch went over very well, and it got good notices from the critics. I was terribly happy. But the next night, when I reported to the theatre, I was informed that the leading man had decided he'd like to play that very funny scene, and it was taken away from me."

It just wasn't cricket (by the way, Lawton *does* play cricket), and that experience made him decide to try the legitimate theatre, where a "bit," well-performed, could not be absorbed by the "lead." He obtained a part in "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," then "was very lucky and got a part in 'Interference,' then was very lucky again and got the lead in 'Young Woodley.'" "Young Woodley" played for two years, and was made into a British movie, with Lawton the screen hero. Followed more English movies, and the American-made "Calvacade." Then, last fall, he appeared in a singing and dancing part with Beatrice Lillie in "Please," a Charlot revue. An appendicitis operation forced him to leave the cast of "Please." No more dancing for a while, but a straight part was possible. When the lead in "The Wind and the Rain" was offered him, Lawton took the first boat to New York. Singularly for an actor, he refused all fanfare and advance publicity. "If they like me," he said, "I'll get plenty of publicity after the show opens. If they don't I'll go quietly home." He got the publicity.

Asked if, because of the same pronunciation of the name, he was ever confused with Charles ("Henry VIII") Laughton, Lawton said, "Occasionally. As a matter

of fact, my family name is really Laughton. Father, with the eternal optimism of the actor, thought Lawton would look better in lights, so he changed it, but I think Charles Laughton looks very well indeed!

"A funny thing happened the other night at a dinner party. I was introduced to a middle-aged gentleman, who shook hands with me and said, 'Lawton? How is it spelled—as in Charles, or in Frank?'"

"A few years ago, Charles Laughton and I were playing in London at the same time. He was playing the title rôle in 'The Man with Red Hair,' while at a nearby theatre I played the title rôle in 'Young Woodley.' Mr. Laughton was simply marvelous as the madman, and wore a gruesome and terrifying make-up. As *Woodley*, I was a school-boy, a young-man-who-worries-about-life. One evening, after the performance, the stage manager came back to my dressing-room and gave me my most cherished compliment. He told me about two elderly ladies who had just left the theatre. Shaking her head with amazement, one of them had said to the other, 'My, that young man's clever. It's only the other day that I saw him in "The Man with Red Hair!"'"

Well, now that Hollywood has two Laughtons, or rather, one Laughton and one Lawton, all sorts of filmgoers should be happy! And after advance views of Frank in "David Copperfield" we've made a vow to keep you informed of his progress in pictureland; and if that rumored romance with lovely Evelyn Laye ever leads to the altar, you may be sure we'll tell you about that, too!

ASK ME!

By Miss Vee Dee

Dolores Frances M. You ask about the "old-timers?" Tush, tush, not so loud! Many of the "old-timers" are young in years as the crow flies. My mistake—crows fly in flocks and let the years take care of themselves. You will see your favorite of the starry eyes, Madge Bellamy, in a recent Charlie Chan picture, "Charlie Chan in London." Then there is Thomas Meighan, a great favorite of old and young several years ago, making his "come-back" appearance with Jackie Cooper in "Peck's Bad Boy." Esther Ralston, a former Paramount star, for a time made personal appearances in vaudeville. She won a name in British pictures and has made a grand "come-back" in American-made films. Esther is now on a long-term contract with M-G-M, showing the producers that her old admirers have not forgotten her. She played with Joan Crawford in "Sadie McKee."

Miss Joanna V. I'll pass on to the Editor your request for a picture of Lanny Ross for the Special Art Section, so be on your toes for it. Lanny's real name is Lancelot Patrick Ross and he's had it since January 19, 1906. Seattle, Washington, claims him as a favorite son. He is 6 feet 1½ inches tall, weighs 165 pounds, and has blue-grey eyes and medium brown hair; not married or engaged. He went to school in Paterson, N. J., Chicago, Pittsburgh, Montreal and other cities, then to the Taft Prep school and Yale. He first started singing at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York City. His first work on the air was over NBC while still at Yale. His newest picture is "College Rhythm" with Jack Oakie, Joe Penner, and Lyda Roberti.

Arlene K. Anne Shirley is playing her first big rôle in "Anne of Green Gables." We have known Anne as Dawn O'Day. A lot of interesting things are being said of Anne and we hope "Green Gables" goes over with a bang! Trent Durkin is not Junior Durkin, but Jr.'s older brother. He has been on the stage for several years and is now giving the screen a chance. His screen début is made in very good company—with Richard Arlen, Ida Lupino, and Marjorie Rambeau in "Ready for Love"; and in "Big Hearted Herbert" he plays with Guy Kibbee, Aline MacMahon, Patricia Ellis and Phillip Reed. You may be able to reach him at Warner Bros. Studios, or at Paramount where he made "Ready for Love."

S. W. E. I hope you won't be disappointed in David Manners' real name and have your hopes wrecked that he is the son of an old friend. Most of us see startling resemblances to our friends, relatives, and sweethearts among the screen stars. David's real name is Rauff Aklom. His mother is a Manners—being related to the Duke of Rutland and Lady Diana Manners.

John C. W. Will all Hollywood stars stand by while we make a search for a real-honest-to-goodness elephant collector? No, timid reader, not the large five-toed proboscidian mammal with a flexible trunk and large tusks, but the carved ivory ones that are supposed to bring good luck to the hobby-est, if you'll permit the word. John would like to get in touch with the collector, if any.



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Thousands have been amazed at how quickly they gained beauty-bringing pounds; also clear skin, freedom from indigestion and constipation, new pep.

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"I was so skinny and weak that everybody laughed at me and called me scarecrow. Finally I tried Ironized Yeast. In 5 weeks I gained 14 lbs. Now I go out regularly and enjoy life." *Irvin Echard, Barberton, O.*

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Making Eyes

Continued from page 60

Then, she puts mascara very carefully on the lash ends. So many girls with dark dark hair think mascara silly. "My lashes are already dark," they say. "Why bother?" All well and good if your lashes are evenly dark. But the ends of the lashes are so often light even though the roots may be very black. Mascara, darkening the ends, adds inches to their apparent length.

She lets her brows arch naturally but she tweezes out a few unruly hairs from the under, not the upper side, of the brow. She uses a new automatic tweezer now that does all the work for her and doesn't hurt. That space between your upper lid and brow is a true beauty space. The wider it can be made, the lovelier the eye will appear. Notice Miss Garbo!

A little shine on the upper lid for daytime wear is considered smart. Only in evening does she wear eyeshadow.

But now we come to her real secret. It is a trick, not with eye make-up but with rouge. She blends it high on her cheeks and uses it generously. How this does bring out the eyes! She brushes her hair so that it shines and her eyes seem to reflect its sparkle. Most important of all, she uses very little lipstick.

Now in giving away these secrets you must realize that I am being your best friend in spite of high water. Imagine how cross all my friends who make lipsticks are going to be with me! Let me hasten to add, lipsticks are important, useful, neces-

sary and indispensable. The point is that when you are concentrating on highlighting your eyes, any other feature accented, draws attention away from them. So beware of too much color on the lips.

Some special evening when you want to whip up a little extra excitement, try a set of those artificial eyelashes that sweep the cheek with such luxuriousness. They can be cut off just the length to suit your personality. Look into the mirror, profile, and see what they do. Ummm—good-looking! But be sure you have them put on well. How awful if the nicest man at the party should suddenly advise you, "I think your left eyelash is slipping!"

Proper attention to eye detail will go a long way toward making the man of your dreams want to wrap you up and take you home for keeps. But remember that the most important detail of all is that light in your eyes.

"Please tell me what I can do to make my eyes beautiful," a pretty girl once begged us.

"Something that will not cost too much!"

A large order but we were ready.

"Fall in love," we told her. "It is not at all expensive and how it makes your eyes shine!"

Good advice, that. We are not so sure about the inexpensive part of it! However, let no beauty editor deceive you. Happiness is the greatest beautifier ever discovered. No make-up can compete with it.

Are They Heroines to Their Hairdressers?

Continued from page 31

room, full of dryers, electric curler holders and shiny aluminum shampoo trays, many stars have bared their souls, as well as their heads, to this efficient, pretty hairdresser who has turned down countless offers from alert directors to go into pictures herself. When no one else could persuade Barbara Stanwyck to change her coiffure or to pose for this or that publicity stunt whom did they turn to? To this slender girl whom Barbara trusted, called "my friend" and would listen to and take advice from. In Helen's cheery home there is countless evidence of Barbara Stanwyck's devotion. And Helen proudly calls attention to "my new drapes Miss Stanwyck just sent over" and describes the merry holiday her little girl has had because this star was not too busy to arrange a pleasure jaunt for the child whose mother had been loyal and helpful to her through many arduous weeks on some difficult picture.

Even Katharine Hepburn was inspired to present her hairdresser at Radio with a trip to New York. The girl was thrilled—she'd never been to New York before—but would Katharine have thought of this if she hadn't been going too and needed the same constant attention she had had at this studio where in her first camera tests her hair hadn't filmed too well and this girl had come to her rescue with daily treatments of egg and brushing which restored her burnished shock to its original tawny vitality so that every hair photographed like a fine silken thread? I wonder.

Another very popular and indispensable member of this "strange sorority" is a girl named Irene, at the Ann Meredith shop on Hollywood's famous Sunset Boulevard.



**Marilyn Knowlden, girl actress
who plays the child Agnes Wick-
field, in "David Copperfield."**

Car after car rolls up to this door and star after star swoops straight into Irene's booth and gives herself up to this expert. I've heard Irene call her home and say: "I won't be home until late tonight—I just found out Joan Bennett is starting another picture tomorrow so I know she'll call and want me to come out there after the shop



Astrid Allwyn is one of the younger actresses currently forging into the foreground of Hollywood's better-knowns. Above, Astrid displays her own interpretation of chic in black and white aided and abetted by her own charm and dash.

closes." Why, the most important event in Irene's life would have to take a graceful flop before the austerity of a star's "retake" or "test" which might require her expert co-operation at a moment's notice.

One day when Adrienne Ames was supposed to come into her studio for "stills" for an important magazine layout that had to be in for a certain deadline there was great consternation because she didn't show up. When a frantic 'phone call finally reached her she was resting calmly at home. She said: "Haven't you heard? Carmen is sick today—you know I never pose for stills unless she does my hair. I'll come in as soon as she feels well enough to be there too."

Not only the feminine hairdresser comes in for this wholehearted devotion from those at the top of Hollywood's ladder. There is a lad named Wally Westmore, one of that great Westmore clan which undisputedly rules the make-up realm of the cinema capitol, who shares amply in the adoration and constant consultation of the stars. Now that the studios are co-operating with each other and lending their biggest stars for important pictures Claudette Colbert is in great demand. Finished in "Cleopatra," Miss Colbert cast off her Egyptian robes and rushed into a dramatic part at Universal in "Imitation of Life." But at the end of the first day's "shooting" she came wearily but intently to Wally Westmore and said, "Look at me! Can't you do something about my make-up?" Wally did something! He made a standing date with Claudette for seven a. m. every morning personally to apply her make-up at Paramount so that she could be on "the set" at Universal in time for her eight or nine o'clock call!

There are hundreds of girls in Hollywood who sacrifice every evening to their famous clients. They'll break any "hot date" if Miss Glamorous has an "early call," for "of course I have to do her hair tonight when she gets off the set." When these girls studied the beauty trade and took up their "irons" in Hollywood they enlisted in a far greater cause than they realized. They pledged allegiance to a

flag that waves twenty-four hours of every day over the greatest industry in the world. They offered their energy, their ceaseless application and constancy to a cause in which they may never be accredited by name.

But to this mighty army of workers behind the "stage" many of the screen's greatest and mightiest pay daily homage. They are the ones who really know the stars. They are the ones who could tell the real secrets of Hollywood, both joyful

and woeful. And in the glory which seeps through lucky locks of hair and responds to their magic touch do these girls find their happiness. They live as though they, too, are stars worshipped the world over.

I went into a popular mid-Hollywood beauty shop one day to give myself over to one of these "star gilders" and found the usually cheery operator in an ocean of tears. I tried to reason her into calming down and telling "ye unfamous client" all about it and she wailed, "You wouldn't, you couldn't understand!" I didn't like that so very much because I am one of those fairly self-satisfied gals who thinks she's half intelligent so I became a bit more firm and forced an explanation from her. The awful truth was that the client just before me had been a thoughtless member of the studio press, fresh from a projection-room preview of the newest film of my hairdresser's greatest idol. Throughout her "hot oil" shampoo and "finger wave with a lot of ringlets" this merciless critic had proceeded to pan the picture, the star, and the producer. It was too much for the hairdresser but she armored herself until this falsifier had left her sacristy because, as she explained to me, "I'd never give her the satisfaction of feeling that anything she said about *our* picture made the slightest bit of difference!"

It goes on forever, too, this reverent devotion of these girls to their clients. Somehow they seem to find fame and fortune in the dependence the stars have on them. You should see their little work booths, covered with pictures of the stars they have served, autographed with the most flowery phrases you can imagine. Why, at Christmas time one hardly dares to breast the barriers of boxes, packages, cartons and cases which are showered on them by their illustrious customers. And although one sits in wonderment and listens to these amazing revelations of the friendships that exist between the known and the unknown in Hollywood one feels just a whit ashamed to strut into a beauty shop and ask these mighty gals to finger locks which are, after all, *not under contract!*

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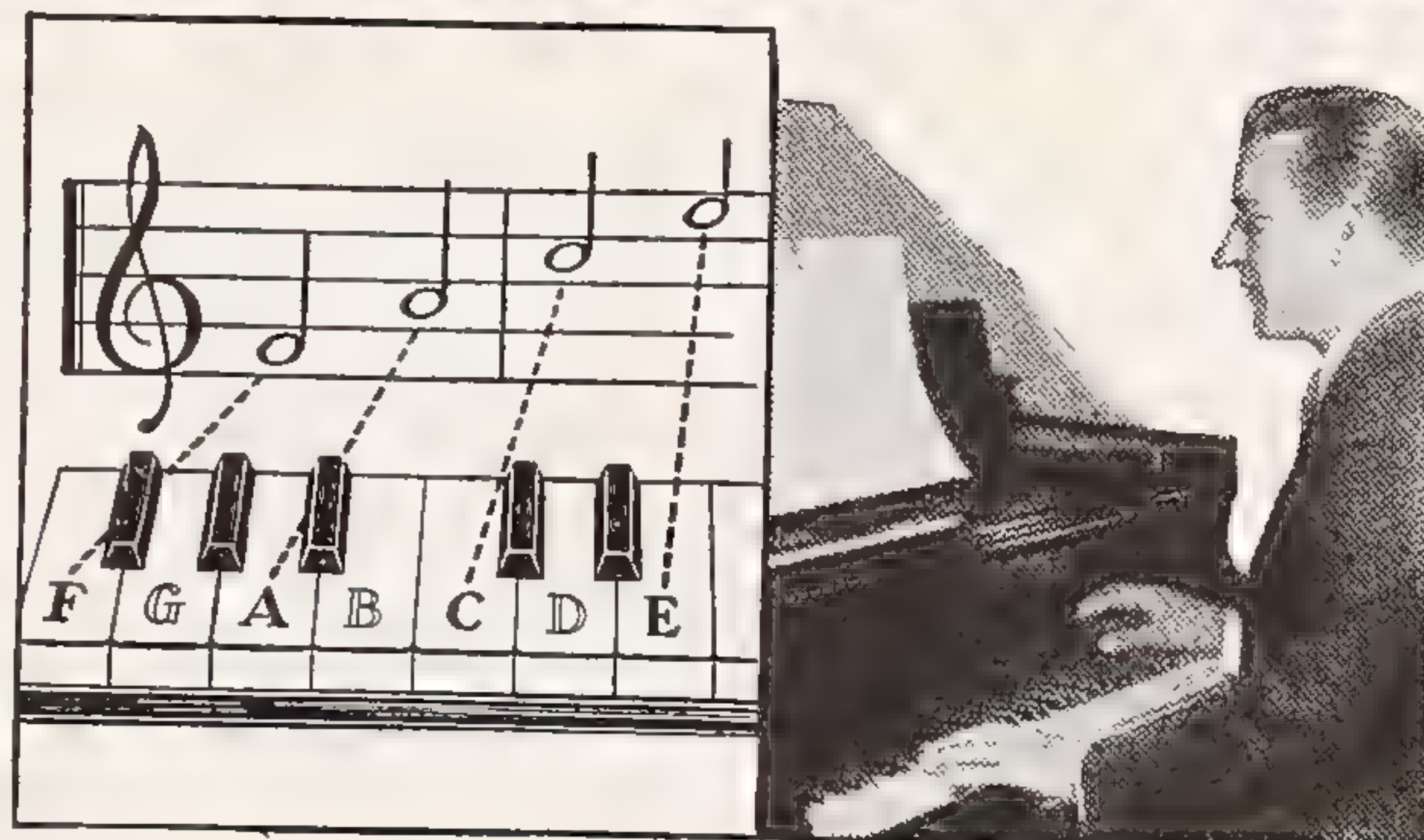
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Man and Wife in Hollywood

Continued from page 19

had made a pact. Their policy was never to owe any money. Now they own a home in Los Angeles for which they paid cash. They paid cash for every stick of furniture in the house, for the spoons, and for the piano. Ken has a plane. Between pictures, they fly everywhere—paying their way in cash. Where but in Hollywood would you find marriage on a cash and carry basis?

The Ralph Morgans have made a success of their professional life because they have never allowed themselves to drift apart.

Mr. Morgan pays his wife this most unusual tribute: "Our home has always been so beautifully managed that I've never been conscious of its management—which, to a man, is priceless."

And Hollywood points with pride not only to one whose marriage has endured but also to the new, fresh note in the wedding march. An actress may be an actress and yet have a baby!

On the screen, the star is Sally Eilers. "But at home," said Sally, "the servants have strict orders to call me Mrs. Harry Joe Brown. Our marriage is a success because Harry didn't expect me to give up my career. I don't say that my career comes first—or that Harry comes first. To me, they are separate phases of my life. We'd like to work in the same pictures so that we will both be working at the same time and off at the same time—and that's liking each other a lot, don't you think?"

Sally led the way through a little white door. There upon a satin bed lay a new satin baby. He opened his blue eyes wide and smiled at his mother.

"You're never alone when you're carrying a baby," said Sally. "As for being off the screen too long—well, I gave up months of work for the baby. But I've been off the screen longer than that. After I finished 'Dance Team,' I waited 9 months for my next story!"

"When I was expecting the baby, Harry promised me the song royalties from his picture 'Sitting Pretty.' One of the song hits happened to be *Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?* It brought in enough in royalties to pay for the doctor and take care of the nurse for a year. And maybe there will be enough left over for two terms in military school for Harry Joe Brown, Junior!"

The Gleasons are considered the most happily married couple in Hollywood. They met while she was playing in stock with his father and mother. Neither were of age so their parents had to accompany them to the marriage bureau.

Lucille hates a home. She loves living in a hotel. James hates hotels. He prefers his home in Hollywood. So they live in Hollywood. She enjoys traveling. He loathes it. She loves music. He loves golf. She goes to the theatre. He stays at home to play bridge. They haven't a single interest in common except their child, their friends, and their work. They do their best work when they work together.

Lucille confesses that they had nothing when they were married. They made a fortune out of "Is Zat So." They lost it. They made money in Hollywood. They spent it. Lucille doesn't care about money except what she can buy with it. "I started in a hall bedroom," she says, "and I don't mind ending up in one. Have we been happy? Of course we've had our trials but why talk about it if the happiness outweighs the unhappiness?"



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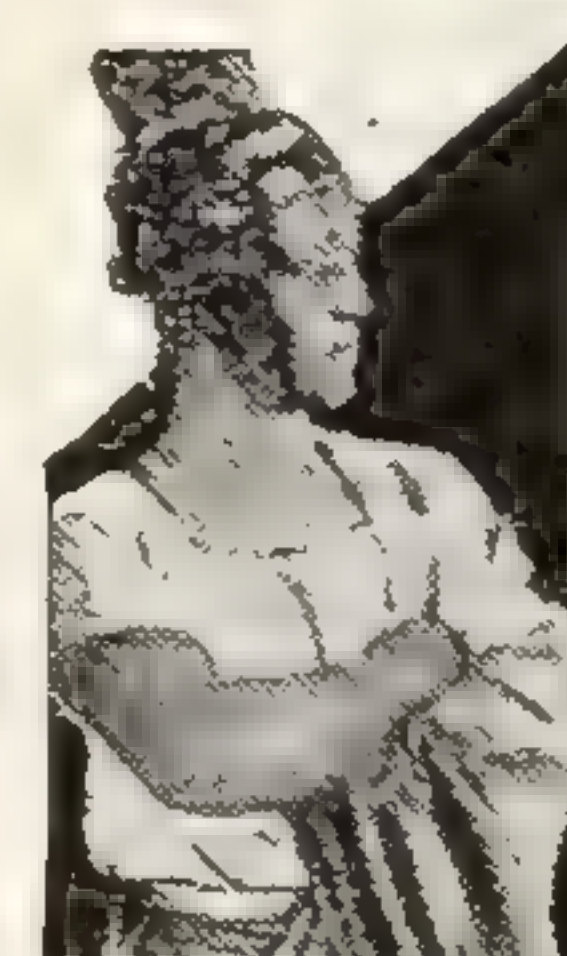
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And where but in Hollywood would you find a camaraderie like that?

You've all seen Louise Fazenda on the screen. I wish you knew her personally so that you'd know her as I do, warm, shining, and sincere.

Over our luncheon at the Brown Derby, she told me about the door that had closed on her. "It happened to Dressler. It happened to Swanson. It happened to me. For no reason at all, suddenly the door is closed. You get no calls from the studios. The silence shuts you in. Two weeks go by. A month. Then it's a year since you've worked."

And this to Fazenda who was not a newcomer by any means. She had been in pictures since 1916. Her husband Hal Wallis is production chief at Warners. But her pride refused to let her capitalize on her husband's influence to get her a job.

One day, at a beach party, she met an agent who offered to manage her. She signed for a year. Nine months went by before she heard from him and then it was only a bit part. Four lines. Four lines for Fazenda! But she delivered them superbly.

The morning after "Wonder Bar" was released, she had three picture contracts tossed into her lap. She chose the Metro contract. She got that contract on merit, not marriage.

With a warm smile, she added: "Misfortune in the guise of a closed door was really fortune in disguise for while I sat there facing that closed door, another door opened and Brent walked in." Brent Wallis is now 17 months old.

"Don't let a disappointment of any kind break you. Life is full of substitutes—if you look for them. You may not like the substitute as well but it answers for the time being. For every door that closes another one will open." And she went on to tell me how she beat the system by saving her money and having another interest. Then she went on to speak of the weather.

I listened, of course. But I was thinking that here was a great artist but an even greater person. She stood up straight on her own two feet. She did not lean on her husband.

And where but in Hollywood would you find a marriage like that?

Manners for Meeting Movie Stars

Continued from page 15

blonde bob. She'll listen politely if you just love her and can't hold it, but she won't remember your smiling pan any longer than she has to! I'll never forget the first time I met Connie. It was for an interview appointment and by the time she put in an appearance in her living-room, I was perfectly furious. It wasn't that she kept me waiting so long (the usual complaint against Bennett), but it was an outlandishly cold day for California and there was no heat turned on! The moment she entered she apologized for keeping me waiting in a cold room. Anger gave me courage. In place of tossing it off as a mere "nothing," I snapped I was freezing to death and asked for a glass of sherry. Since then it is surprising how well the difficult Miss Bennett and I have made out. It's even safe to tell Connie you didn't like her latest picture—if she feels the same way about it!

It wouldn't do you an awful lot of good to meet George Brent right now, what with Greta Garbo on the scene practically all the time. But if you were to meet George any old time, I'd have a stock of small talk on hand, because it's a cinch you'll have to do all of it. I mean, the talking. After about an hour of your saying everything and George saying nothing you may figure you're boring him. He's good for another hour—provided you don't run out of subjects.

Don't let that first broad "a" you're likely to get out of Carole Lombard, frighten you. Carole can behave more like a movie star at first meeting, and more like an old pal at second meeting than any silken sister in Hollywood.

Believe it or not, if I were you I'd flirt with Ronald Colman a little bit; that is, if a mutual friend did the introducing. Far be it from me to insinuate you could catch Ronnie's eye from a street corner, but it is quite possible to do it in a drawing-room. I'd even go so far as to say if you didn't flirt with Ronnie just a little bit, there's a swell possibility that he might flirt with you, oh, politely, and well within the bounds of good taste, of course, (he won't remember five minutes after you're out of sight), but then it's fun while it lasts. There's no other way to describe Mr. Colman's really fetching *entre-nous* manner when he meets a lady. Maybe it is because his voice is so low and well-modu-

lated that it makes everything he says sound so confidential. And then he has a charming way of hesitating when a third person approaches the group, as though he had been discussing something quite intimate that would have to wait past this intrusion. There are any number of happily married women in this town, not to mention some lady reporters who pride themselves on being hard-boiled, who carry around the delightful thought that they're a little secret sorrow with Ronnie. Colman a woman-hater? If you're under seventy years of age and two hundred pounds in weight, you might have a swell five minutes introducing yourself to Ronnie some day.

Norma Shearer is sort of special to meet, just as Norma is sort of special in every other way. She'll forgive you if you just stand there tongue-tied before the spectacle of her immaculate, well-groomed beauty, (she even forgave me for forgetting her name that evening at the theatre because she got such a laugh out of it). She'll be really appreciative if you have anything intelligent to say about her work on the screen. But she will not forgive you for being trite and boring even at introduction, which is our tritest social custom. Unless the conversation goes quickly into subjects of interest, the delightful Norma moves on to other groups. And she doesn't mind how quickly, or abruptly, these subjects are brought up. After Norma has given you her firm, friendly handclasp, you can launch right in on the latest 'round-the-world-flight, or television, or the newest funny story going the rounds of Hollywood. The talk doesn't have to be highbrow, but it has to be something other than the weather, or how have you been?

John Boles is a male Crawford who just loves to be liked. Unless Johnny is really one of your screen favorites, there's no sense in your meeting him, for he immediately assumes you do like him and right away he calls you "honey," "lamb," "shug"—short for sugar—or other terms of Texas endearment. Meeting Johnny for the first, or seventieth time, is just like running into your old Cousin Ben whom you haven't seen since the flood at Ford River. Johnny's conversation is all bound up in little personal things, and like as not you'll wind up in a corner drug-store hav-

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ing an ice cream soda with friend Johnny.

Oddly enough, it is necessary to assure Jean Harlow immediately that you like her. In spite of what you may have assumed from her latest décolleté photographs, Jean has an inferiority complex that really is one! Hollywood is responsible, for Jean wasn't born with it. But when she first started to click on the screen it is no secret that the women of Hollywood did not like her. Some of them made no bones about giving little Harlow the cold shoulder. Later on, the Bern tragedy in her life left her wondering still more who her real friends were. If these things had not happened I think Jean would be a great deal like Joan Crawford to meet. But as it is, unless you make your friendly attitude very apparent to her so that there is no mistaking it, she may hide behind that protective cloak of dignity she assumes among strangers. But don't let it fool you. There's no girl in Hollywood more appreciative of friendliness.

Maurice Chevalier is the least appreciative, and that's not taking out a personal peeve, either. He just doesn't "meet" well, primarily because you will expect something so entirely different from what you find. The Chevalier of the movies is electric, personality-plus. Imagine the greeter's surprise to encounter the dynamic Frenchman eye to eye only to discover a gentleman who seems to suffer from a chronic fatigue. Even the rankest flattery doesn't stir him much, though he will listen until it is over. And then with an exhausted "Thank you" he's off to somewhere less tiring, perhaps. He has frequently been very rude in meeting the press. In case you're the press the only hope you have is to be rude right back and hope he'll snap out of it.

With the exception of actually throwing things, it is perfectly safe to approach Clark Gable on any matter. He is nice even to salesmen and forty-year-old boys who are working their way through college, which is the height of steller niceness, if you ask me. If you want to you can even rave about Clark a little bit and he'll tolerate it. Or if you want to go in for constructive criticism he'll take that, too. Clark likes people and he likes to talk to them. But don't be disappointed if he doesn't remember you from Adam the next time you meet! It isn't the Ritz, either. With Clark it's just a case of bad memory for faces and names. But you forgive him!

With Bing Crosby, skip it—and I mean "It." You can be as alluring as Claudette Colbert in "Cleopatra" but if you gush over Bing you'll be gushing to a blank space pretty soon. In a way Bing is something of a male Connie Bennett, without the temperament. If you rave about his screen work he'll think you're a liar or a salesman or both. He isn't an easy person to know after the first, or even the hundredth meeting. The only time I ever saw a stranger catch Bing's attention was one day right outside the Paramount lot when a lounge at the gate started a conversation about a new golf club on the market. Bing went up to the group and started, for him, a very animated conversation that lasted about a half hour.

If you haven't forgotten how to be an audience, you'll have a swell time meeting Mae West. It is only her truly intimate friends who ever see Mae without the mask of her characterization. Some of her wisecracks when she first meets people are every bit as good as some of her best screen dialogue. And what's more Mae expects the same audience reaction—and you don't know your West if you don't think she gets it. Of the entire Hollywood tribe, Mae is the closest to shaking hands with the perfect illusion.

If you are a nice, well-appearing polite person approaching Gloria Swanson, you will be graciously received and "received".

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is just the word. There is still a slight hang-over from her days as First Lady of the Screen in Gloria's manner that gives it just an edge of royalty unbending. But it's just a very slight edge and nothing at all to keep you from telling Gloria how glad you are that she has consented to return to the screen. If I were you, however, I'd skip the word "come-back." Count on an even warmer and friendlier manner and the same things may be said of Mary Pickford. Also it is well to remember when meeting Mary not to make that crack about loving her on the screen when you were

a mere tot, you'll be striking a wrong note. If meeting strangers embarrasses you, you'll love Elissa Landi for sharing your same social Waterloo. For Elissa will be quite as embarrassed at hearing how much you like her as you are in telling her. You and Elissa will probably be talking at the same time, and hesitating politely at the same time, and then rushing on at the same time. If your sense of humor is as keen as hers you'll probably wind up laughing at the same time and having a lot more fun with the chilly Miss Landi than you would expect.

Madge and Una Talk

Continued from page 21

Una said sweetly and apologetically (Una even apologized to her mother-in-law for hanging up the phone when the world was turning upside down during the earthquake), "but the pencil broke, so I guess I'd just better tell you. I never really tried to think before just why I like Madge. I think that's sort of the grand part about our friendship—there's no rime or reason to it—we just found that we liked each other, and we never tried to analyze it. I had seen Madge several times on the New York stage and thought her an excellent actress, but I had never met her until the day we had to do a scene together on the 'Huddle' set, though Madge had sent me a lovely wire when Ronnie and I were married.

"I guess the chief reason I like Madge is because I feel so utterly at home with her. Around her I am just Una Merkel, average girl and hopeful young actress, and I don't have to pretend to be anything I'm not. And Madge herself has no pretenses. You know exactly where you stand with her, and exactly where everybody else stands. I've never known such a sincere and delightfully frank person in my life.

"Madge is always gay and no matter how far down in the dumps I get she can always pull me out. When I arrive at the studio at seven in the morning, mad because I had to get up, and worried over my lines and a half dozen other things, I'll pass Madge's dressing-room and she'll shout,

'Cheer up, pet, we're lucky we can find work, after 'The Day of Reckoning.'"

I cornered Madge on the "David Copperfield" set later in the day. She had time on her hands to talk as my favorite comedian, W. C. Fields, playing the famous *Mr. Micawber*, was having a bit of difficulty getting sheep, ship, sleep and slit in the same sentence. "Well," I said, taking out the slip of paper, "I guess we'll have to do a little decoding here. What's all this?"

"That's why I like Una," Madge said. "I use the simple system in writing. That 'sense of humor' means that I think that Una has the grandest sense of humor of anyone I have ever known. And in this nerve-racking business you certainly like to have someone around who can laugh and see the ridiculous side of things. Of course, Una has her blues and worries just like all of us do, but if I say 'Let's play, Una,' she can jerk herself right out of her darkest mood and suddenly be the craziest, funniest person in the world. Una is such a comfortable person to know, too; no airs, no swank, no British accent, and when you go to her home there is no ballyhoo. You're there because you're you and Una likes you."

The first time Ronnie Burla, Una's husband, met Madge he blushed for shame, and as soon as he could he got Una to the car where he proceeded to lecture her in no mild tones. "You were positively rude to that girl," he said. "I know you hurt her feelings terribly." Una could hardly wait to get home to call up Madge to tell her. After a few more of those conversations Ronnie was quite convinced that those poisonous insults they hurled at one another didn't mean a thing. Ronnie calls Madge "Eye-tonic," because she's good for sore eyes!

Madge, like all deeply sensitive people, has a brightly shining, and smartly cracking defense mechanism. And woe unto you, a rank amateur, if you enter into banter with Miss Evans. Madge is quick on the uptake, and right there with the snappy answers. She says right off the bat what you wish you'd said after thinking it over all night. But ah, back of that witty repartee is a big hunk of reserve that very few people have ever been able to penetrate. This reserve rather frightens a lot of Hollywood people of the palsy-walsy slap-on-the-back type, and they call Madge "cold and aloof." She isn't at all. She doesn't have a lot of friends, because she doesn't want a lot of friends, and I certainly know no better reason than that. Behind all that poise and reserve—Madge is only twenty-two and she shouldn't have all that poise and reserve—I rather imagine that Madge is pretty badly frightened by people and Hollywood and things. She's so afraid that you will hurt her that she doesn't give you a chance to know her. Some people are crazy like that.

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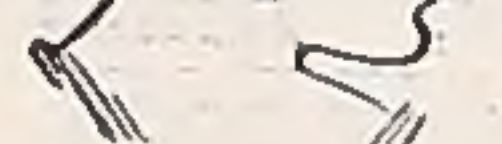
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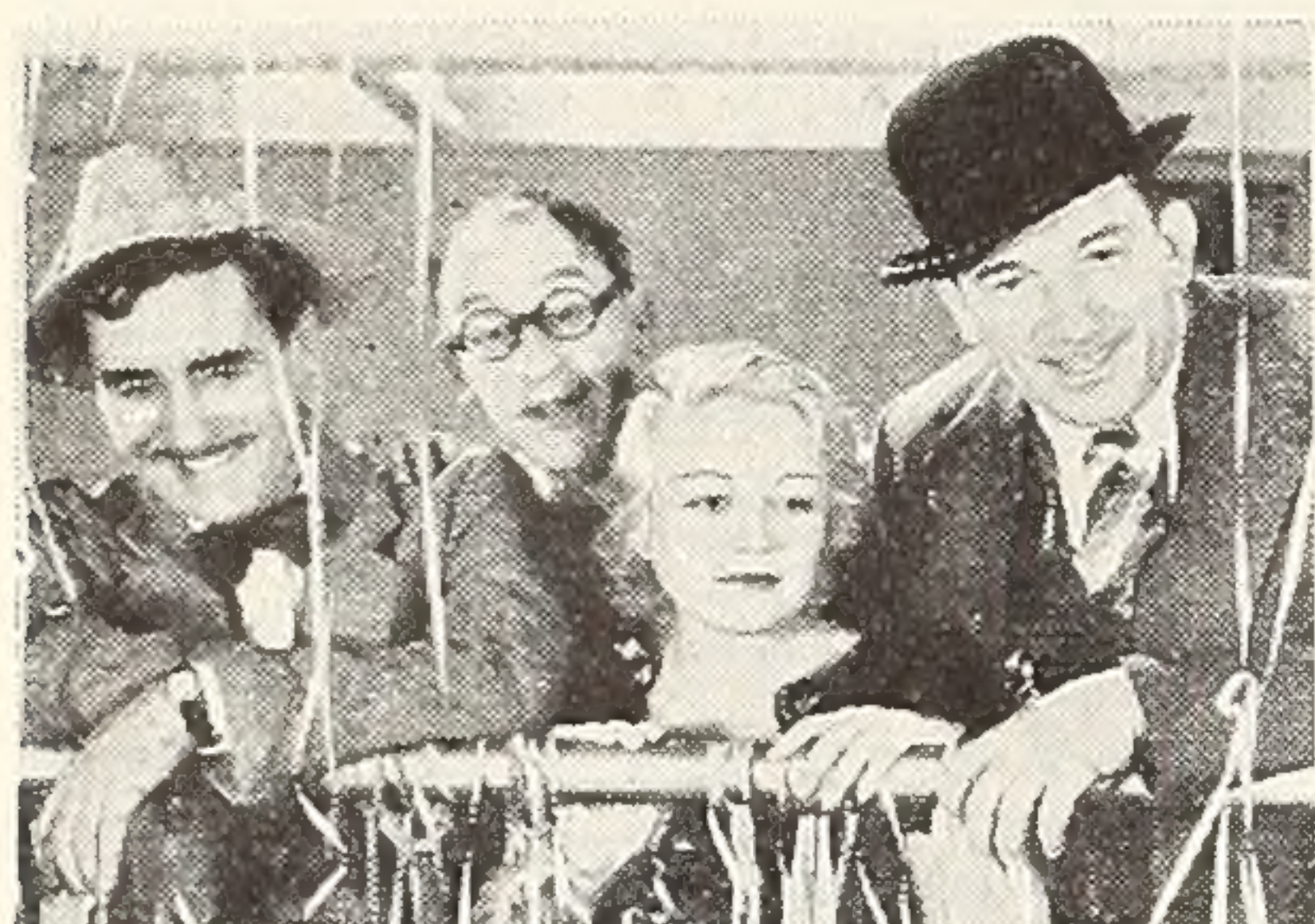
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Man
of
Aran
Gau-
mont-
British

The same fierce struggle for existence which made the stark drama of "Nanook of the North" is captured again by Robert Flaherty in this picture of the people who tear a living from the ponderous seas which lash the rocks of the Isle of Aran. Pictorially this is a masterpiece of the camera, stunning and breath-taking in its realism, and on that ground it can be recommended, but you will find it over-long, we fear.



The
Captain
Hates
the Sea
Co-
lumbia

A sort of floating "Grand Hotel," with mystery and human drama crowding its decks. It has an imposing cast, a super-fine production, and dramatic episodes that have breadth and sweep. You'll wonder, as we did, why it all never quite takes hold of you. Victor McLaglen emerges the star, as the sleuth trailing bonds stolen by Fred Keating (watch him). John Gilbert, Helen Vinson, Walter Connolly are outstanding. It's good



The
Firebird
Warners

A sometimes absorbing mystery drama surrounding the death of a lothario with involvements as a result of his ruthless way with the women. He is an actor, and the action is laid in Vienna. Ricardo Cortez is the dashing, central figure, with stunning Verree Teasdale as the matron who represses her daughter with the result that the girl becomes involved with the actor. Anita Louise is striking in this part. Fairly good.

TAGGING the TALKIES

Delight Evans' Reviews
on Pages 54-55

Anne
of
Green
Gables
RKO-
Radio



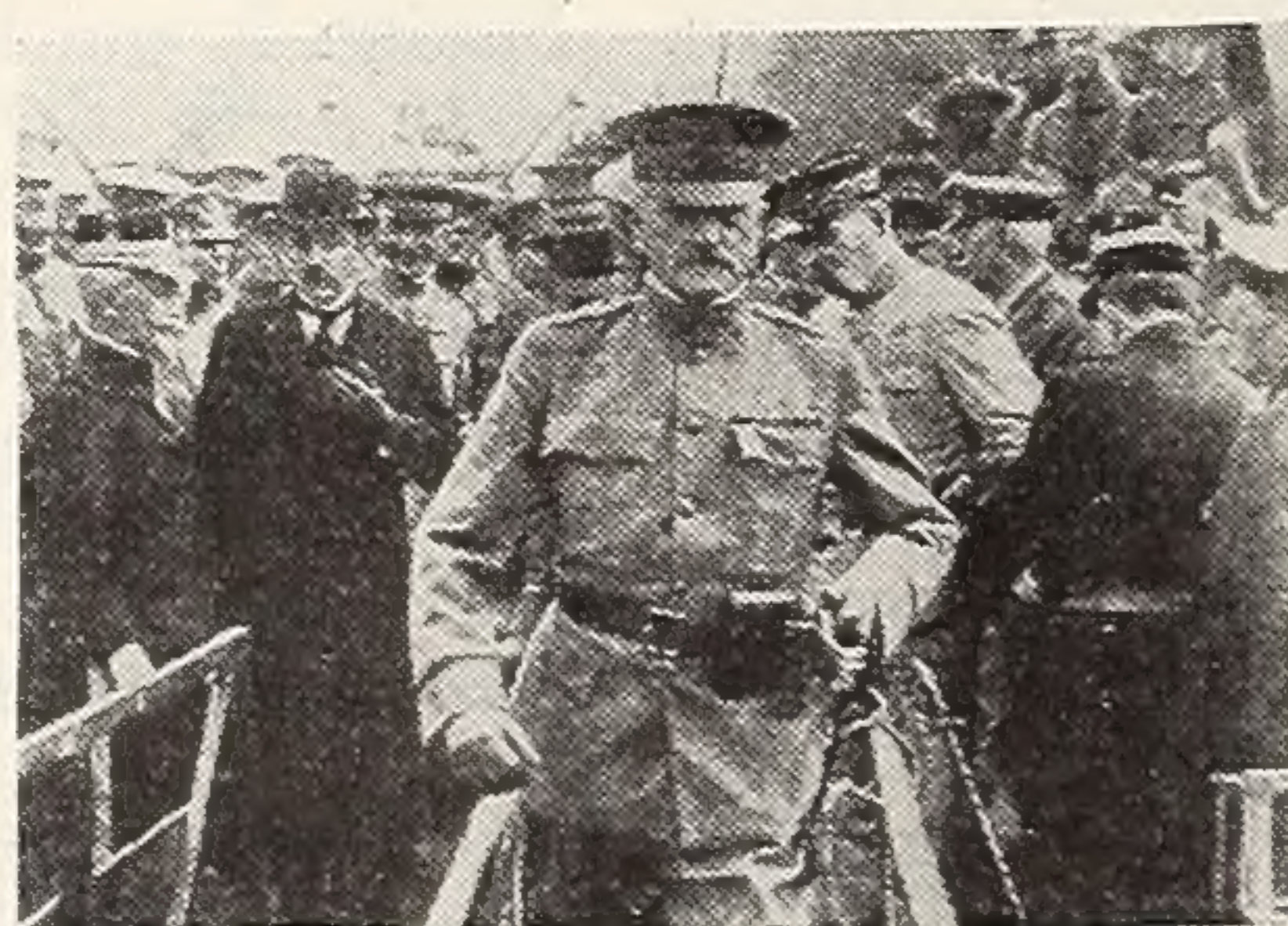
Many will be called to the theatre where this film shows, and few, if any, will be disappointed. It is homespun drama at its best. That means it's not exciting but poignantly affecting and refreshingly amusing. Anne Shirley is lovely and lovable as Anne, the orphan adopted by Matthew and Marilla. Helen Westley's is a magnificent characterization, and Tom Brown is fine as Gilbert. Strong sentimental appeal. See it.



Marie
Galante
Fox

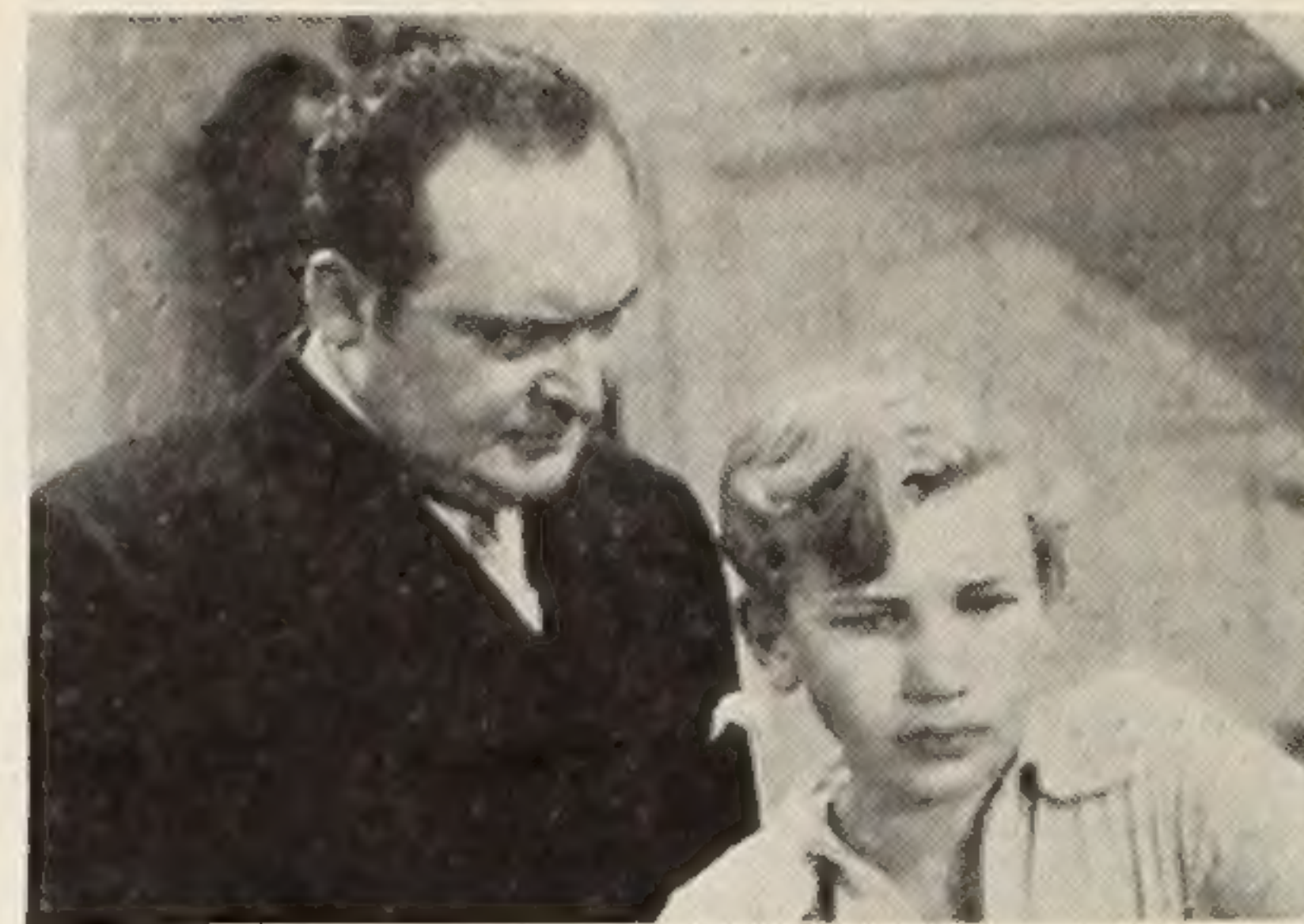
As entertainment this is just so-so. The story is about a girl who is mistaken for a spy and radical, a part played by attractive Ketti Gallian, who is more promising than she is able to be convincing in this rôle. Ned Sparks and Stepin Fetchit inject some real comedy; they might have improved the general strength of the picture had they been given more to do. Spencer Tracy is as convincing as his part allows.

The
First
World
War
Fox



The excellence of the editing, the very intelligently written narrative which describes the world-shaking events, and the scope of the work in showing scenes from the secret archives of all of the embattled countries makes this worth while, even if you have seen many war pictures before. There is no morbid stressing of the horror scenes on battlefields, though actual battles are pictured graphically. A stirring film.

Wednes-
day's
Child
RKO-
Radio



Superbly directed and acted transcription of a stage success. We warn you you'll weep, for this is drama that reaches out and touches the heart. It is the tragedy of a child who loves both his parents, sees them divorced and becomes a sort of football as both wish to marry again. But it ends on a happy note. Frankie Thomas is the new boy star. Edward Arnold and Karen Morley are fine, as the quarrelsome parents.

Trans-
atlantic
Merry-
Go-
Round
United
Artists



A good show, and entertaining, is this combination of murder mystery, vaudeville numbers and romance taking place aboard an ocean liner. It's rather elaborate, with dance scenes, songs, and some pretty fair comedy. Jack Benny is master of ceremonies, but Gene Raymond and Nancy Carroll as the romantic interest take first place in importance, with Sidney Blackmer, Sam Hardy and Mitzi Green also prominent.

Silver
Streak
RKO-
Radio



Here is a chance to see the new streamlined trains in action, with some good fun in the bargain. It is the historical picturization of a cross-country run of the train "The Silver Streak," and there are times when you have the illusion of actually being aboard the flyer. The cast is not one to drag you in, but Charles Starrett, Sally Blane, and William Farnum, will make you glad you went. And the train ride, you'll enjoy that.

Ken-
tucky
Kernels
RKO-
Radio



The best to date from those two very popular comics, Wheeler and Woolsey. The Kentucky part comes in when a child for which the two are responsible, inherits a large estate in the Blue Grass country. The fun is heightened when they walk right into the midst of a southern feud. Mary Carlisle is exceptionally fine as the romantic interest, closely followed by that ace of villains, Noah Beery. If you want laughs, see it.

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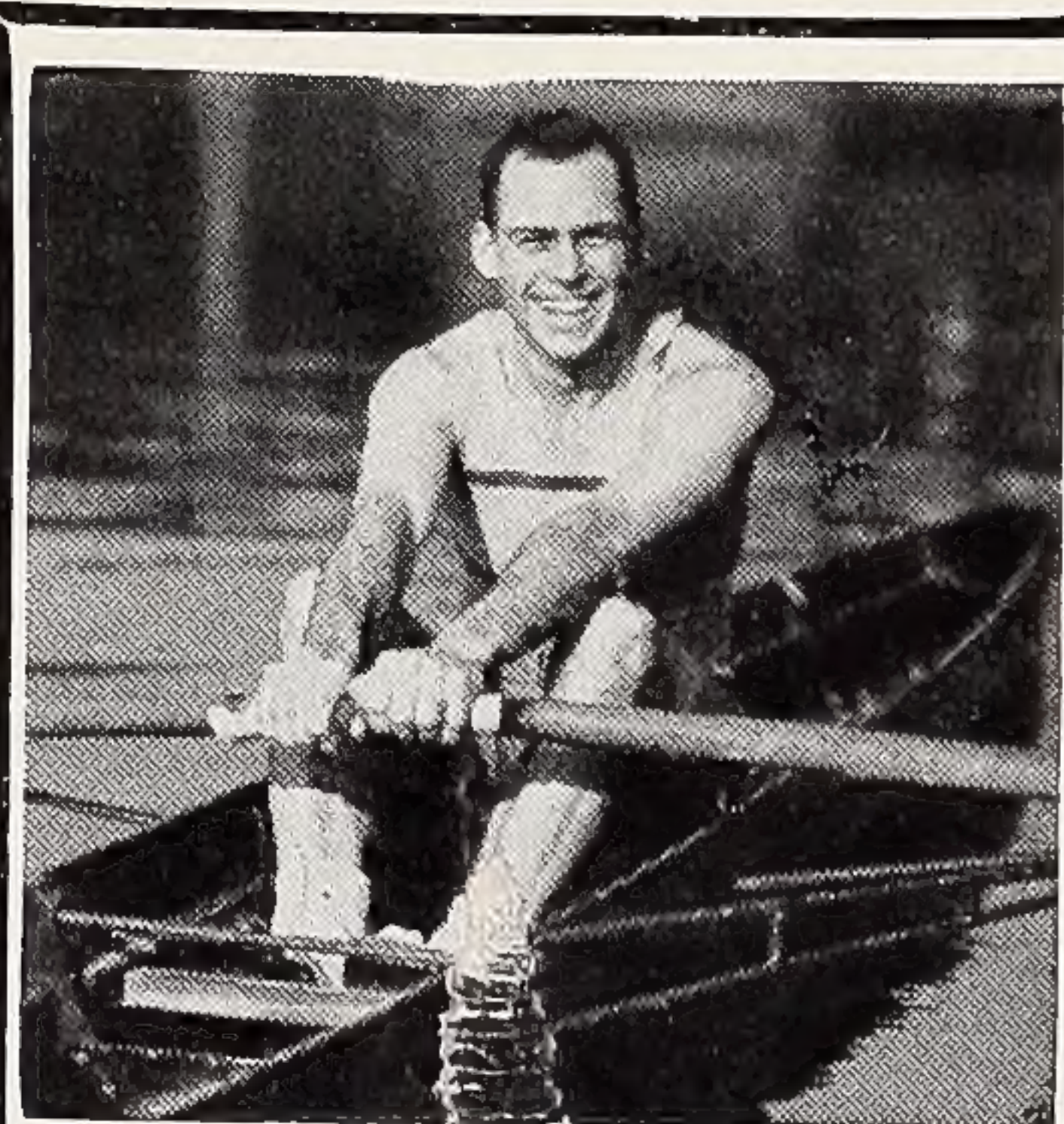
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Another Camel enthusiast is Mrs. Allston Boyer

In the gay young group that dictates what's "done" in New York, Mrs. Boyer plays a charming part. What to wear, where to dance, what to see, how to entertain, what people prefer to eat, to smoke—she knows all the answers. That is why you find Camels in her house and in her slim cigarette case.

"There seems to be more going on this winter than ever," she says. "Lunches, teas, parties, dances—everyone is gay and almost every-

one is smoking Camels. They certainly add to your enjoyment with their mild, rich flavor and I notice that if I'm tired, a Camel freshens me up. Lots of people have told me the same thing. I can smoke all I want, too, and they never upset my nerves."

People find that Camel's finer and MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS give them a healthy "lift" when their energy is low. Smoke one yourself and see.

*Camels are Milder!... made from finer, More Expensive Tobaccos
... Turkish and Domestic... than any other popular brand*